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A CENTURY
OF RUSSIAN SONG

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A Century of

Russian Song

from

GLINKA *to* RACHMANINOFF

Fifty Songs

Collected and edited by

KURT SCHINDLER

Being Vol. XVI of the Golden Treasury of Music

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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A Century of Russian Song

THIS collection of fifty Russian songs, ranging from old-master Glinka well nigh a century ago to present-day composers like Glazunoff and Rachmaninoff, is the first comprehensive anthology of its kind outside Russia, and means the opening of an almost entirely new repertoire for the English and American concert-hall and drawing-room. The collector of these songs hopes that those who read these direct and sincere utterances of a great nation may derive from them a pleasure equalling the delight which he himself has experienced during the years spent in collecting and selecting them. He also ventures to hope that others will follow his initiative, inasmuch as these songs are indeed a key to the understanding of Russia's great symphonic music, so familiar to our concert audiences, and to everything that is national and based on folk-lore.

About my leading principle in the selection of the songs, I want to state, that I have not tried to find the most beautiful ones—a very vague definition, regarding which every man would decide differently—nor the ones that I personally like best (in fact, the limitation of space excluded some of the well-known and still beautiful Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky favorites, that are already available in separate editions);—but I chose those songs that seemed to bring the most characteristic message to the world, that are the most direct expression of the Russian national character.

Until about ten years ago Russian music had been identified chiefly with Tschaikowsky's music. Besides Glinka's operas, which were intermittently taken up in non-Russian opera houses, and Rubinstein's music, which arose and to a great extent vanished with the brilliant meteoric career of this virtuoso-genius, no Russian music came into prominence on the international market before Tschaikowsky; yet it was not the national element in him, not his operas and ballets, and early symphonies deeply rooted in racial feeling, that appealed to foreign nations, but it was the later Tschaikowsky, the polished, cosmopolitan, aristocratic musician, that captivated everywhere. Strongly perfumed, highly seasoned music, which dazzled and agitated the senses, appealed to the emotions, and seemed a particularly characteristic expression of our modern nervous times (before R. Strauss offset it, of course).

Symphonic conductors who were in touch and sympathy with Russian music persevered

here and there in introducing works by Balakirew, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazunoff; some concert singers included in their repertoire romances by Cui, Borodine, Arensky;—yet it remained for the discriminating musicians and the sympathetic understanding of the public of Paris, in the past five years, to discover that Russia's greatest musician, the greatest musical individuality this Slavic nation has possessed, Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky, had lived and died in misery some twenty-five years ago, unknown to the outer world, yet leaving a marvellous bequest to his nation and to the world,—compositions so strikingly new and original, that they seem to rank ahead of the most modern living composers, and which it would take generations thoroughly to absorb and appreciate. Claude Debussy and Alfred Bruneau have testified to his glory, Raoul Pugno has enlisted his noble enthusiasm in his cause, and a Russian admirer of his, Mme. Olénine d'Alheim, has given years of self-sacrificing effort to propagating Moussorgsky's music by lecture-recitals in France and Belgium and by books and pamphlets; with the result that nowadays scarcely a song-recital in Paris or London is given without some of Moussorgsky's music, and that New York is fast following on the trail. The lavish production of his opera "Boris Godounow" in Paris in 1908 by Serge de Diaghileff and Gabriel Astruc, with Th. Chaliapine in the title-rôle, has meant a complete victory for his genius, and most of the European opera houses have included this work of almost Shakespearian breadth and tragedy in their repertoires.

When Sergei Rachmaninoff toured America in 1909–10 as a pianist, this occasion was seized by a few singers to introduce his songs. He, of all living Russian composers, seemed the one most truly gifted in the domain of song. The spirit of the Russian landscape, its delicate fragrance, its vast and melancholy immensity, speak from the pages we have collected.

Glinka, the founder of Russian art-music, who with single-handed effort wakened the dormant elements of Russian folk-lore, elevating them to an artistic standard, and who at once established the national Russian school with all its characteristics of rhythm, harmony, and instrumentation, is represented by celebrated arias from his two best-known operas, music that is closely related to the contemporaneous German music of Weber and Marschner, but which nevertheless speaks its own idiom distinctly and forcibly.

Glinka's and Dargomijsky's ballads represent the period of romanticism in Russian music; they are elegiac, despairing, sentimental; they were written to move hearers to tears, and they did so unfailingly. Wonderful is the atmosphere of the Russian salons of 1840–50, that these

ballads exhale: young men with romantic, lofty ideas; hypersensitive, *schwärmerische* ladies; desperate passions and infinite longing. All the *milieu* of Eugene Onegin, of which Pushkin and Tschaikowsky sang.—It is strange to see how the styles of Beethoven and Schubert become amalgamated with Russian melodic strains, and with what appealing results, as in Dargomijsky's Elegy (on a Moonlight-Sonata accompaniment), or in his "Prisoner in Siberia," who apostrophizes the "heavenly clouds" that are banished and homeless like himself.

Among the many songs of Rubinstein that would have been worthy to enter this collection, we felt it most important to call the attention of singers and public again to his "Persian Songs," those strange exotic blossoms, full of the sensuous charm and vivid imagination of the Arabian Nights, that he, being of oriental descent, was able to give posterity. These songs are so graceful and dainty, and so beautifully written for the voice, that the world is bound to take them up again.

Borodine, though born earlier than Tschaikowsky, Cui, and Balakirew, represents more fully the ultra-modern type of musical Russia. He was never a professional musician, and his music always breathes the spirit of aristocratic leisure, refined surroundings, and cultivated city life. Songs like the iridescent "Sea Queen," the strange-scented "Flowers of Love," the mysterious "Sleeping Princess," the short and poignant "Dissonance," show a marvellous sense for coloristic effects, which he produced by an harmonic scheme very similar to what is now called "Debussyism," but a method that he invented and practised long before Debussy.

In his "Song of the Dark Forest" Borodine has gone back to melodic and rhythmic traditions of early mediæval Russian music (as preserved in some of Russia's old weird folksongs), the effect of a bard reciting a ballad being brought out with stirring and overpowering force.

Many songs of Cui and Balakirew might have been included, but their message did not seem so important or characteristic, nothing that the other composers had not better expressed or more strongly; so the former is represented only by the deliciously humorous "Poet and Critic" disguised as Cuckoo and Nightingale, the latter by his song "Oh, come to me," most popular in Russia, but little known elsewhere, a melody of such sweet charm, that no one having heard it can escape its haunting loveliness.

More than one-half of this book is devoted to the music of Moussorgsky, Tschaikowsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, fitly termed Russia's three greatest song-writers.

Of the younger generation that followed them, none has yet reached the heights attained by them. Arensky, well known by his piano-compositions, never rises beyond a certain salon-atmosphere in his songs. Glazunoff has given his best in symphonic compositions of rather characteristic tendencies. Their two songs here included, "Little Fish's Song" and "Nereid," are respectively characteristic in their limpid charm and graceful melodious contours.

Among Tschaikowsky's well-known songs, it was a question of selecting some hidden beauties that seem worthy of becoming universal property. How charming is the sketch called "Evening," that evokes the picture of Little-Russian hillsides so irresistibly, such a sweet, fragrant country picture, that is in music what Gogol's landscape-descriptions in his novels are to poetry. His weird oriental "Canary-Song" evokes the exotic splendors, the palms and mosques of the far-off east; and the simple folk-tune like "Legend," so poignant and appealing, more simple than Massenet's complicated "Legend of the Sage-brush;" and that setting of Tolstoy, "At the Ball," which has moved and will continue to move audiences to tears.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, the prolific opera-composer and gentle-hearted old wizard, who lived long enough to see his fame spread over the entire world, and who was feasted like a king of music when he came to Paris a year before his death (1908), was more fortunate than his comrade and bosom-friend Moussorgsky. These two composers made common cause in seeking and systematically gathering the treasures of Russian folk-song. But while Rimsky-Korsakoff shaped his music after the pattern of folk-song in a somewhat philistine, school-masterly way, Moussorgsky, who went into the subject heart and soul, was so imbued and identified with the national expression, that his songs seem almost the emanations of the entire race standing behind him.

Of Rimsky we give three early songs (1866–67), the "Southern Night," the weird "Hebrew Love-Song," and the melancholy "Georgian Hills," which are much in the same class as Borodine's songs; and three airs from his highly colored fairy opera "Snegourotchka" (Little Snowflake), full of innocent charm and dainty rhythms.

I should have liked to give all Moussorgsky's work, but in the choice of eleven songs I hope to have shown him in his most characteristic aspect. Two cradle-songs of his are like two gems in this selection. Not being content with a rocking, lilting accompaniment and a sweet, floating melody, he draws the interior of a peasant's hut, the mother with infinite tenderness bending over her child, dreaming of its future; he makes us hear the

mother's sigh, the infant's breathing, the ticking of the large clock; we feel the loneliness of it all. Marvellous pictures these two, of which the "Peasant Cradle-Song" must have been particularly dear to the composer, since he inscribed it to the memory of his mother. Here he finds for the angelic vision at the end harmonies of purple and gold, and draws melodies of mediæval Byzantine outlines.

Martha's song, from his last opera, "Khovanstchina," is an original folk-song, which he frames from verse to verse in a new and richer accompaniment. The "Divination by Water" from the same work is an extremely powerful composition, the opening "Invocation of the Spirits" being of almost ghastly and hypnotic effect. And now the vast loneliness, the desperate banishment of Siberia looms up from the throbbing of the downcast and muttered final phrases.

There is much sadness, much melancholy in Moussorgsky's music, as there is in all Russian poets and book-writers—Turgenieff, Dostojewsky, Tolstoy; just as any great art, being sincere, must mirror the true state of a nation. But in all art, I know of little that can be compared to Moussorgsky's "By the Water," from his song-cycle "Where no Sun Shines," in its mysterious fatality, its "Hamletian" meditation over the deepest riddle of life. It is not surprising that this composer, who in his music was wont to knock at the very gates of death, should have adopted the inspiration of his poet-friend Count Golenitchew-Koutouzow to write a cycle of Death-dances according to the conception of Holbein. Of these four song-paintings we present "Death and the Peasant" (Trepak), written on the weird rhythms of the Russian peasant-dance. Strange is the Epilogue to this song, which makes us realize the majestic indifference of nature to the misery of the individual. The poor peasant lies frozen under the snow, but the sun shines again, spring comes into the land, changing the rigid ice-fields to laughing rivulets and pools, and the merry lark soars to heavenly heights, singing its pæan of happiness.

A different peasant-dance is the "Hopak," which irresistibly draws us into its whirl, and makes us acquainted with a savage Russian sister of Carmen. "The Siege of Kazan," a ballad inserted in the opera "Boris Godounow," gives us a wild picture of mediæval Cossack-life, surely inspired by Gogol's master-novel, "Taras Bulba." The "Oriental Chant," which figures in his short Joshua-Cantata as a middle movement for solo contralto, is a strain that he caught from the lips of the Jewish peasant-people, most characteristic in its wailing and plaintive melody.

Not the least important among the wide and diverse fields of Moussorgsky's compositions are his nursery-songs, of which we quote that dainty little sketch called "Child's Song," comparing a child to a blossom, and "The Beetle," telling of a child who, playing in the garden, comes face to face with the problem of a beetle's death.

A fitting *envoi* to this collection is Rachmaninoff's setting of Tolstoy's "Billowy Harvest-field." May the golden grains of these Russian sheaves fall into fertile soil, and be reaped in a manifold harvest.

In order to facilitate the recital of these songs in English-speaking countries, especial care has been bestowed by Mr. Henry G. Chapman and others on the translations, which not only cover the poetical idea of the originals, but also closely follow the trend of the music. Fifty new songs, of undoubted value, should afford ample opportunity to promote the introduction of standard music in the English language. There is every reason that English-speaking countries should take up these songs in their own language instead of in exotic translations.

KURT SCHINDLER

May 30, 1911

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A CENTURY
OF RUSSIAN SONG

"Ah, kindly star"

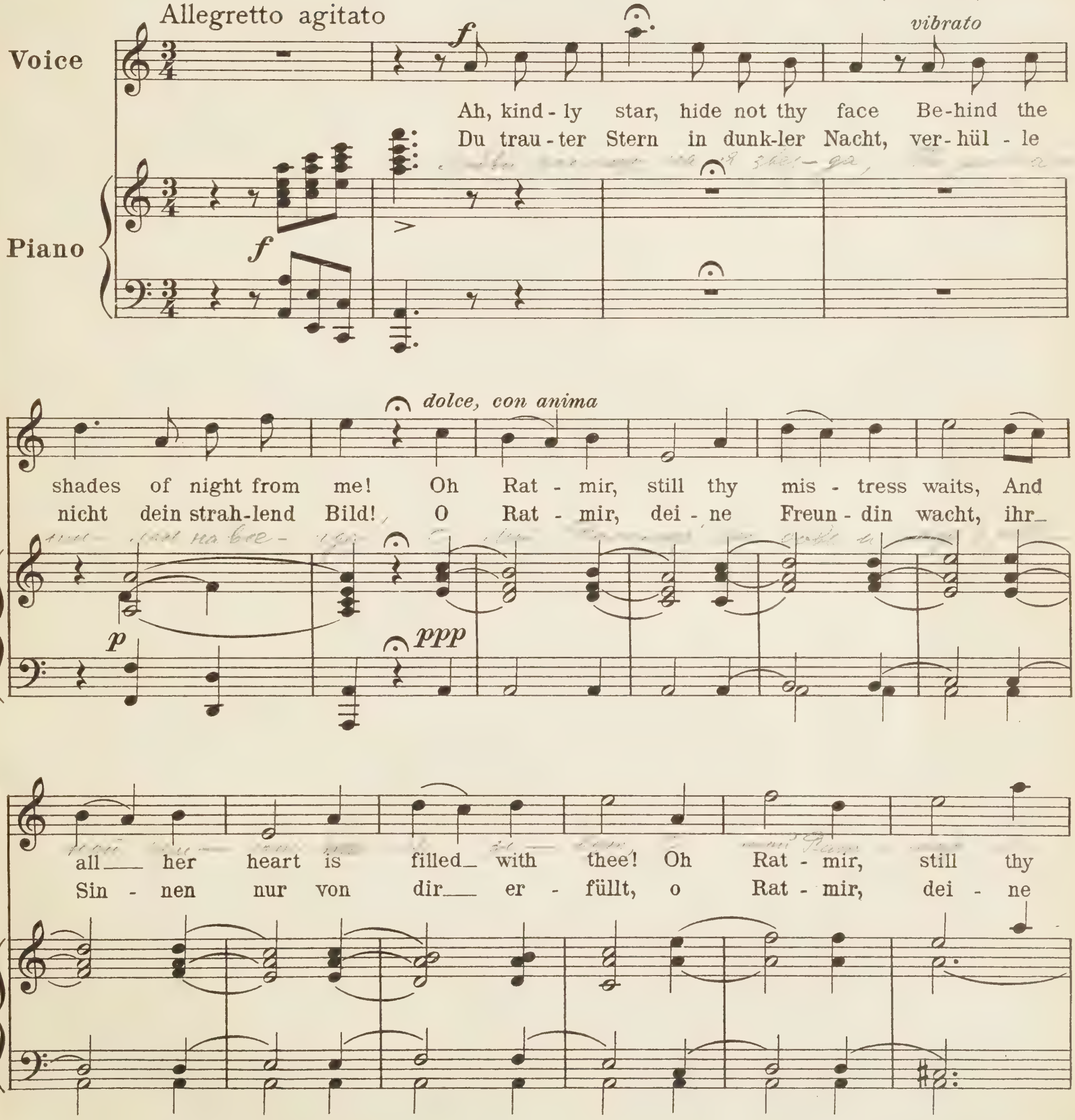
„Du trauter Stern"

Song from the opera "Russlan and Ludmilla"

(Pushkin)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Michail Ivanovitch Glinka
(1804-1857)



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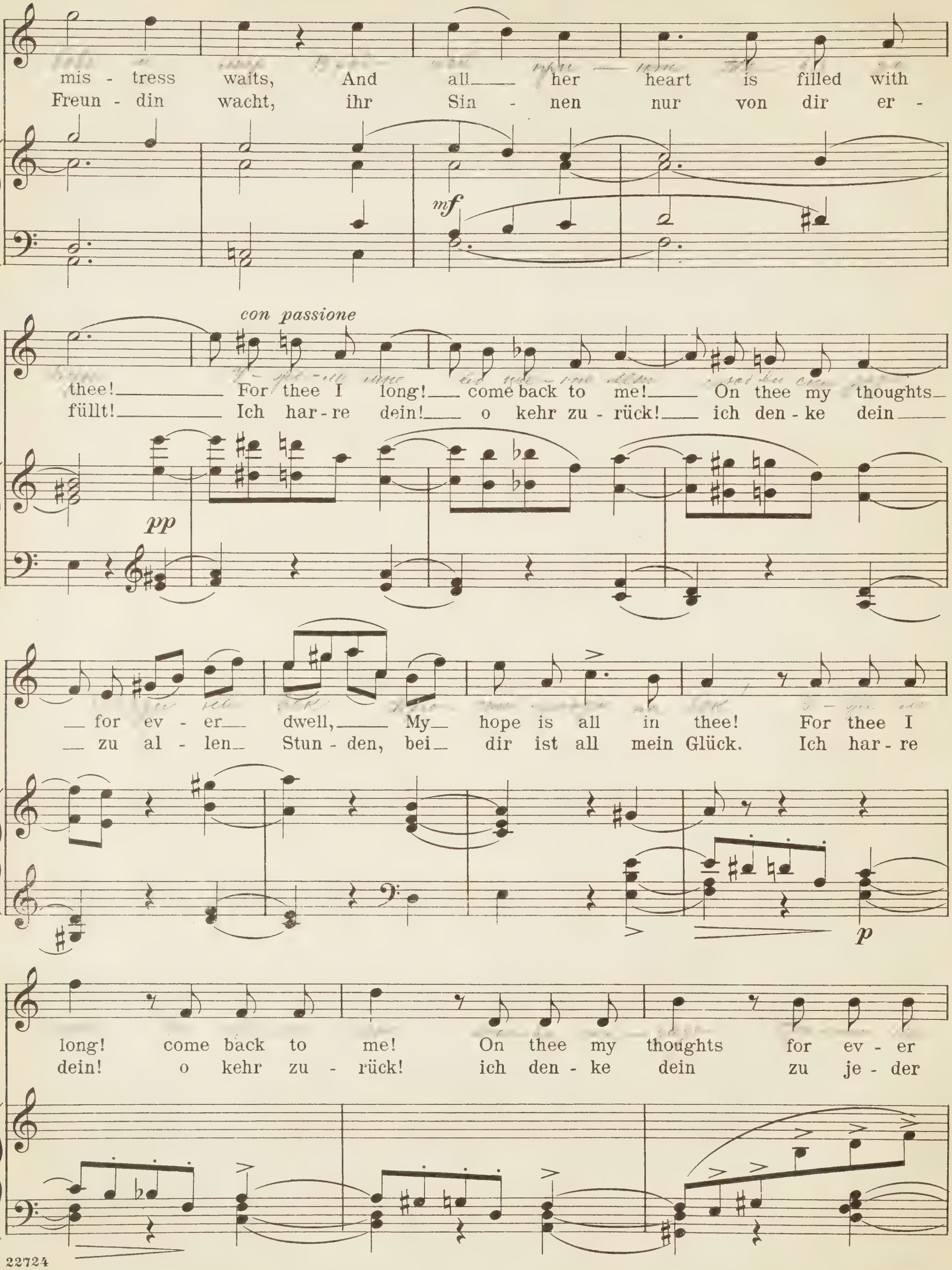
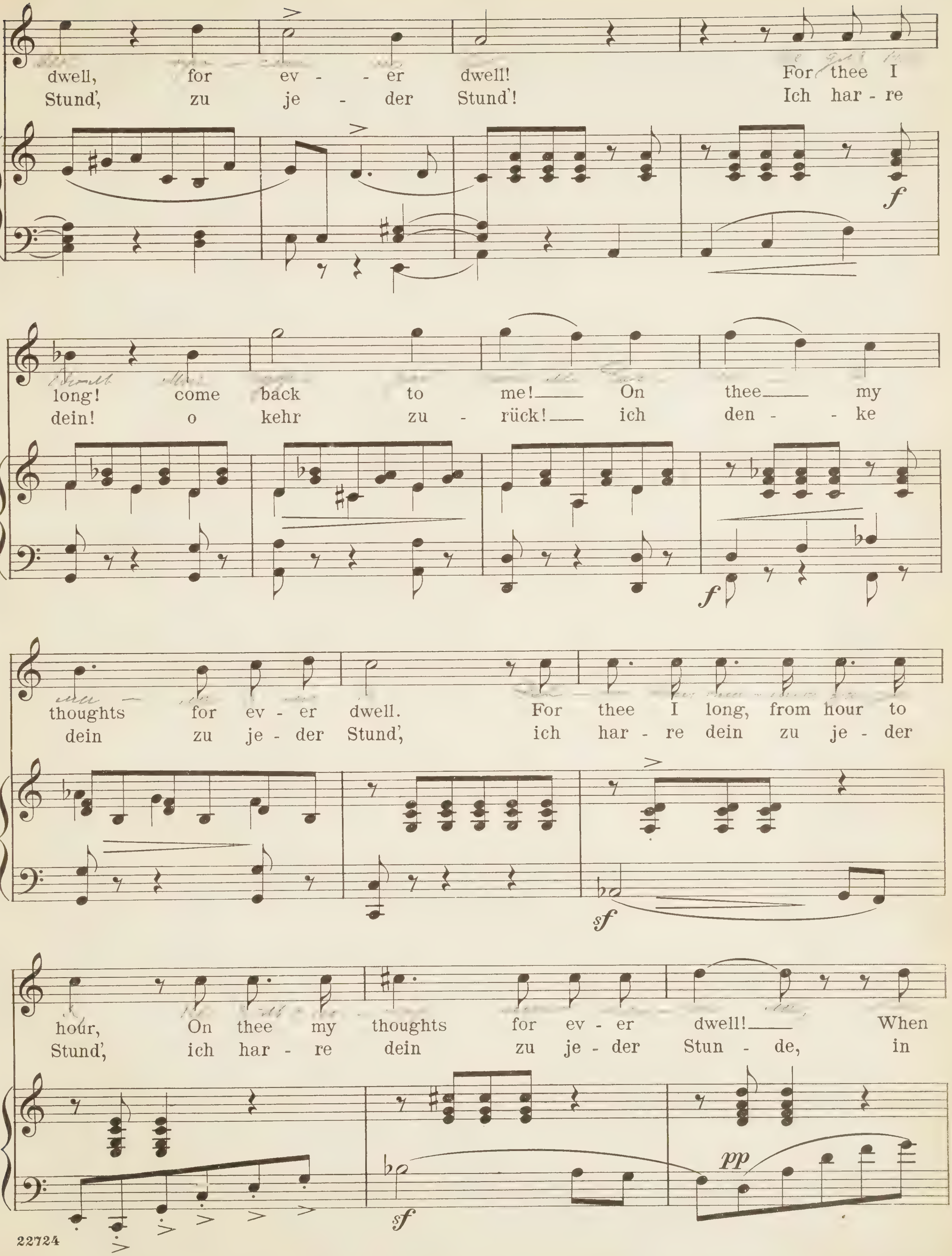
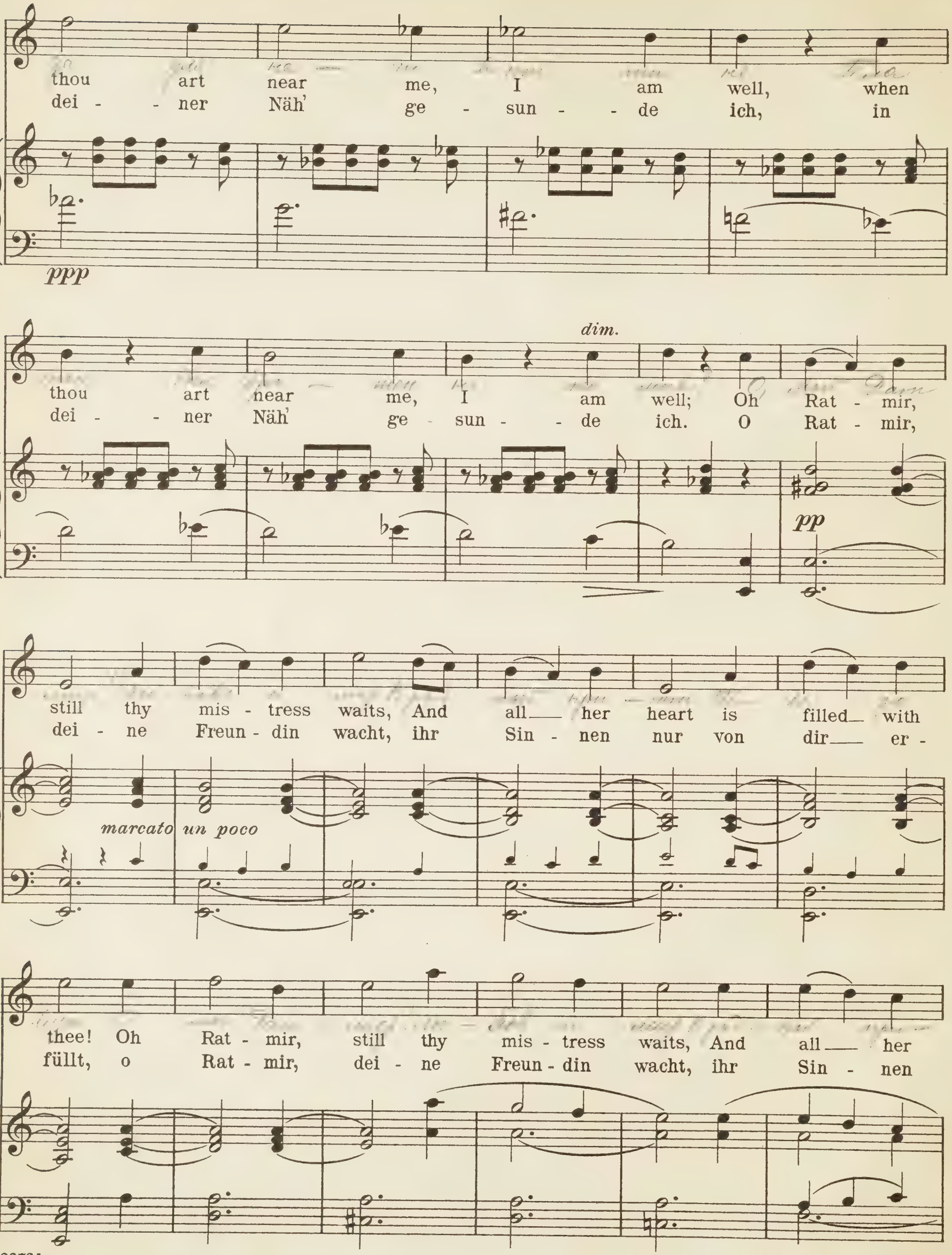
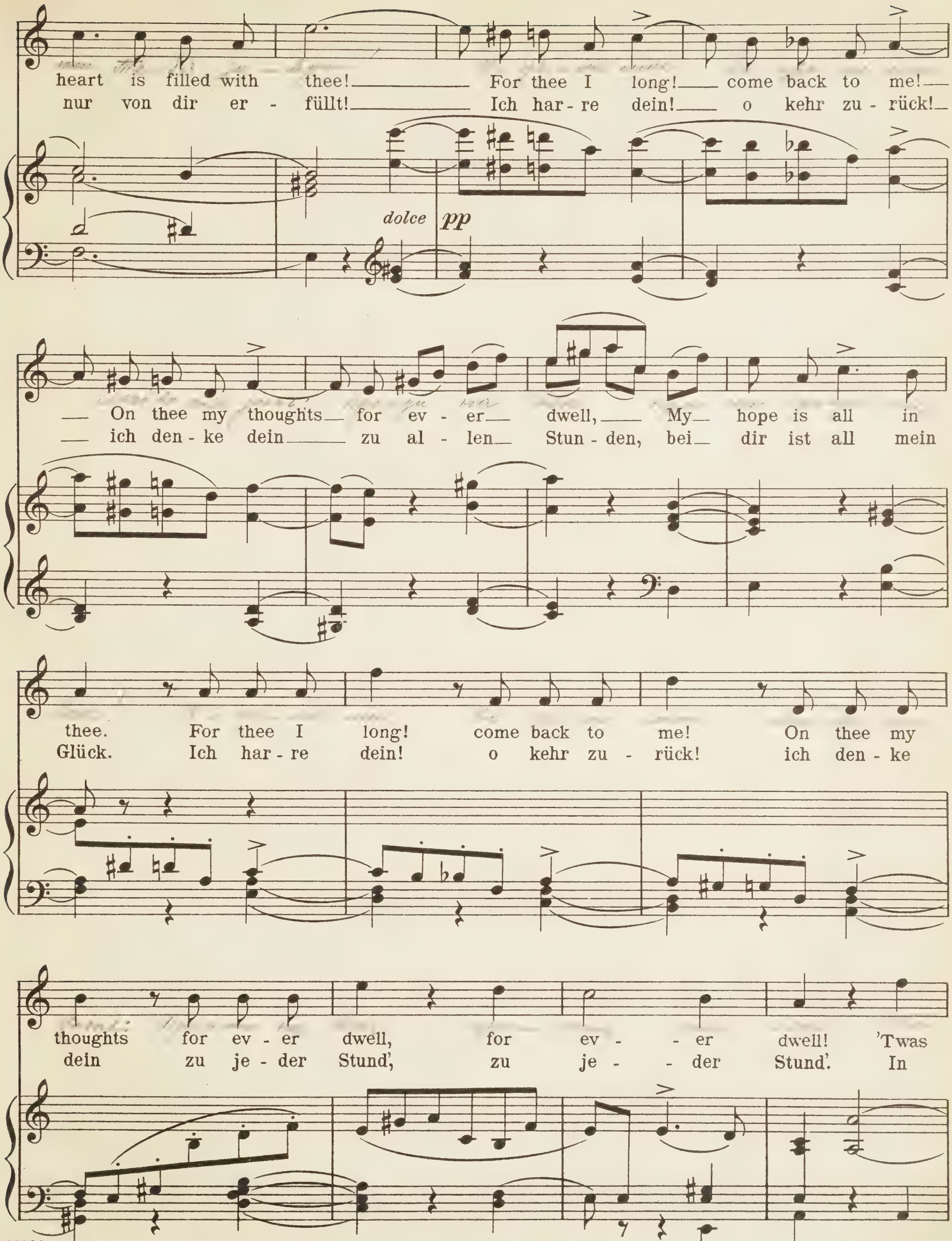
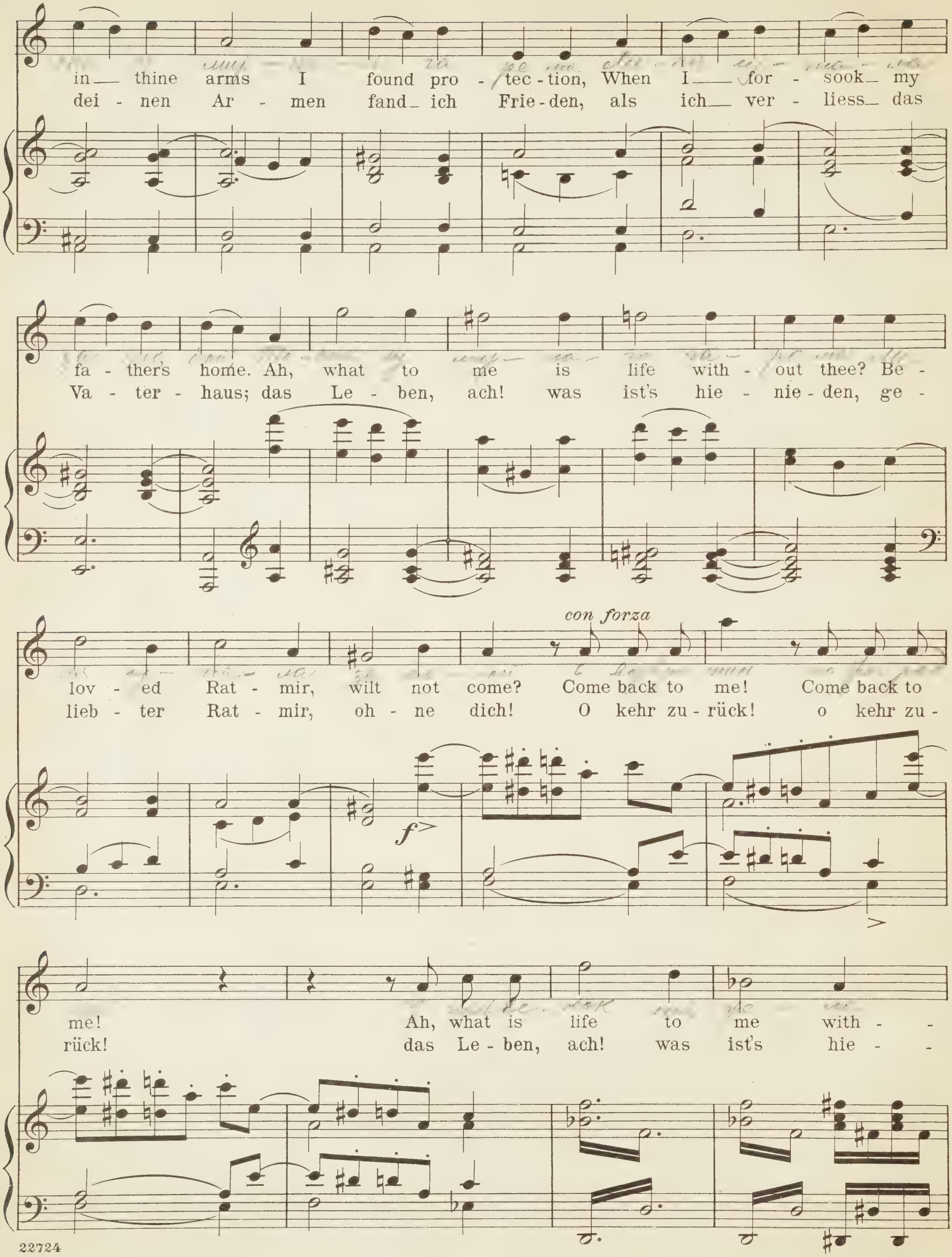
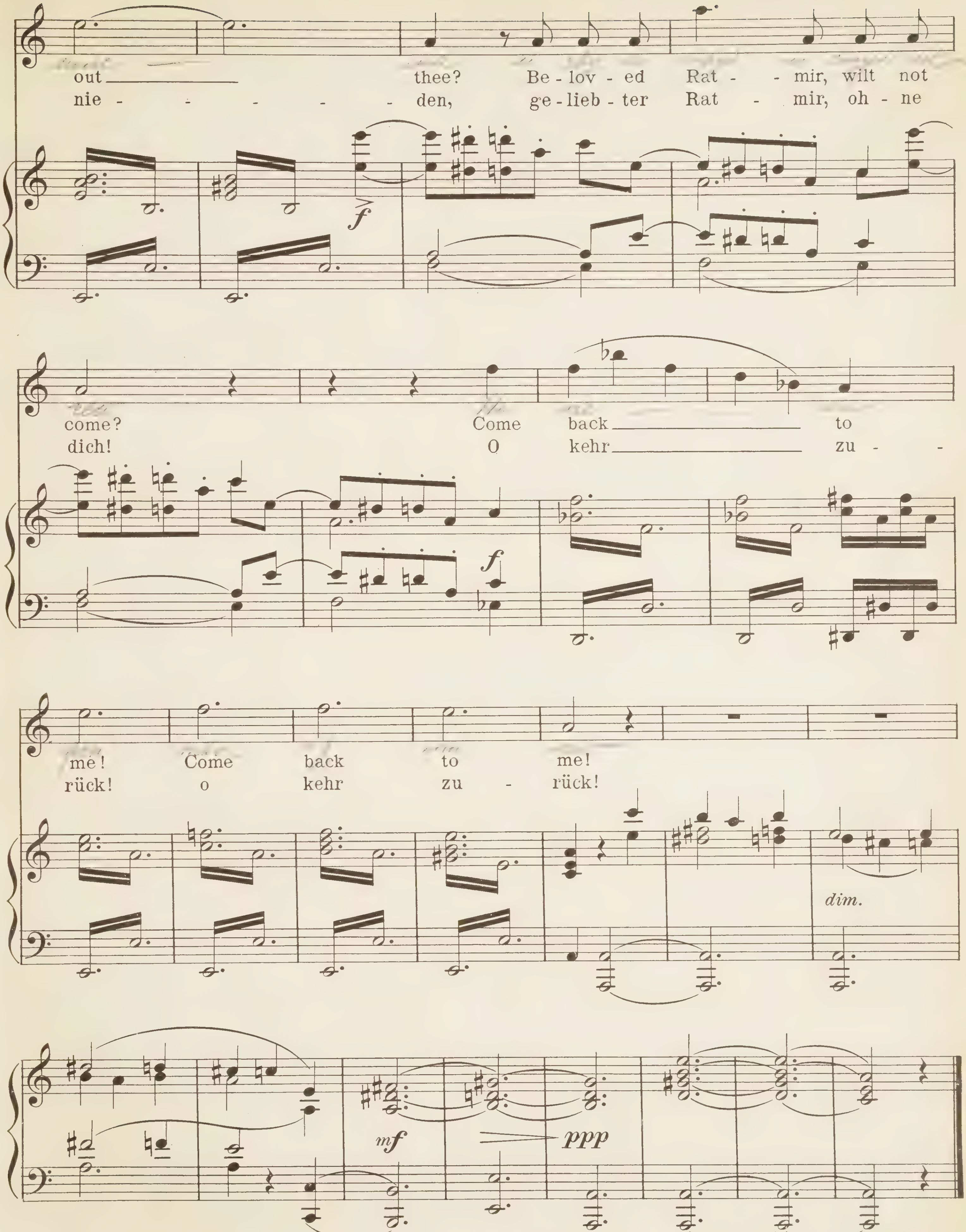

mis - tress waits, And all her heart is filled with
Freun - din wacht, ihr Sin - nen nur von dir er -
mf
con passione
thee! For thee I long! come back to me! On thee my thoughts
füllt! Ich har - re dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke dein
pp
for ev - er dwell, My hope is all in thee! For thee I
zu al - len Stun - den, bei dir ist all mein Glück. Ich har - re
p
long! come back to me! On thee my thoughts for ev - er
dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke dein zu je - der


dwell, for ev - er dwell! For thee I
Stund', zu je - der Stund'! Ich har - re
long! come back to me! On thee my
dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke
thoughts for ev - er dwell. For thee I long, from hour to
dein zu je - der Stund', ich har - re dein zu je - der
hour, On thee my thoughts for ev - er dwell! When
Stund', ich har - re dein zu je - der Stun - de, in
f
f
sf
pp
sf


thou art near me, I am well, when
dei - - ner Näh' ge - sun - - de ich, in
ppp
dim.
thou art near me, I am well; Oh Rat - mir,
dei - - ner Näh' ge - sun - - de ich. O Rat - mir,
pp
still thy mis - tress waits, And all her heart is filled with
dei - ne Freun - din wacht, ihr Sin - nen nur von dir er -
marcato un poco
thee! Oh Rat - mir, still thy mis - tress waits, And all her
füllt, o Rat - mir, dei - ne Freun - din wacht, ihr Sin - nen


heart is filled with thee! For thee I long! come back to me!
nur von dir er - füllt! Ich har - re dein! o kehr zu - rück!
dolce pp
On thee my thoughts for ev - er dwell, My hope is all in
ich den - ke dein zu al - len Stun - den, bei dir ist all mein
thee. For thee I long! come back to me! On thee my
Glück. Ich har - re dein! o kehr zu - rück! ich den - ke
thoughts for ev - er dwell, for ev - er dwell! 'Twas
dein zu je - der Stund', zu je - der Stund'. In


in thine arms I found pro-tec-tion, When I for-sook my
dei-nen Ar-men fand ich Frie-den, als ich ver-liess das
fa-ther's home. Ah, what to me is life with-out thee? Be-
Va-ter-haus; das Le-ben, ach! was ist's hie-nie-den, ge-
con forza
lov-ed Rat-mir, wilt not come? Come back to me! Come back to
lieb-ter Rat-mir, oh-ne dich! O kehr zu-rück! o kehr zu-
f
me! Ah, what is life to me with-
rück! das Le-ben, ach! was ist's hie-

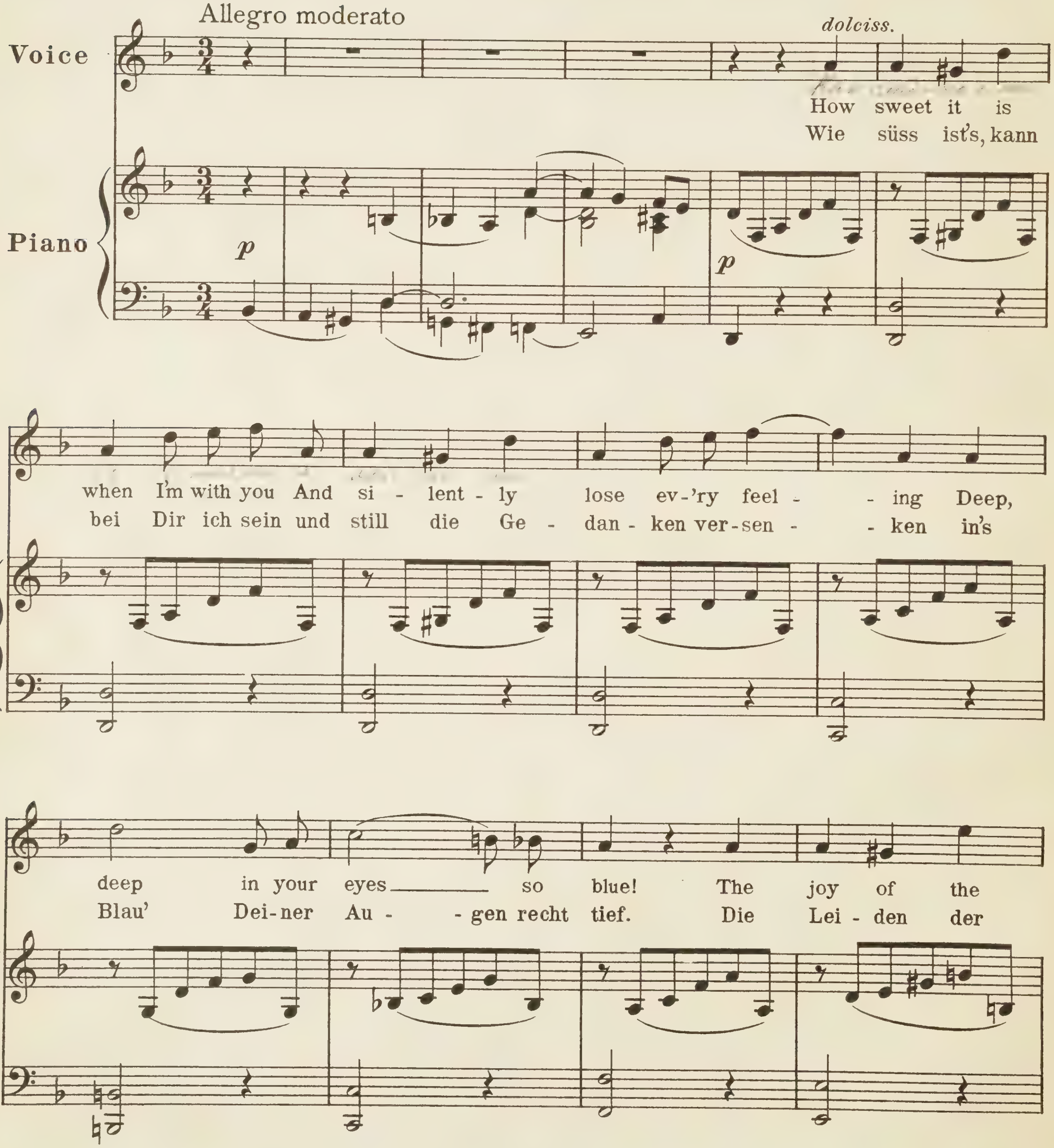

out thee? Be-lov-ed Rat-mir, wilt not
nie-den, ge-lieb-ter Rat-mir, oh-ne
f
come? Come back to
dich! O kehr zu-
f
me! Come back to me!
rück! o kehr zu-rück!
dim.
mf
ppp

"How sweet it is when I'm with you!"

„Wie süss ist's, kann bei Dir ich sein"

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Michael Ivanovitch Glinka
(1804-1857)



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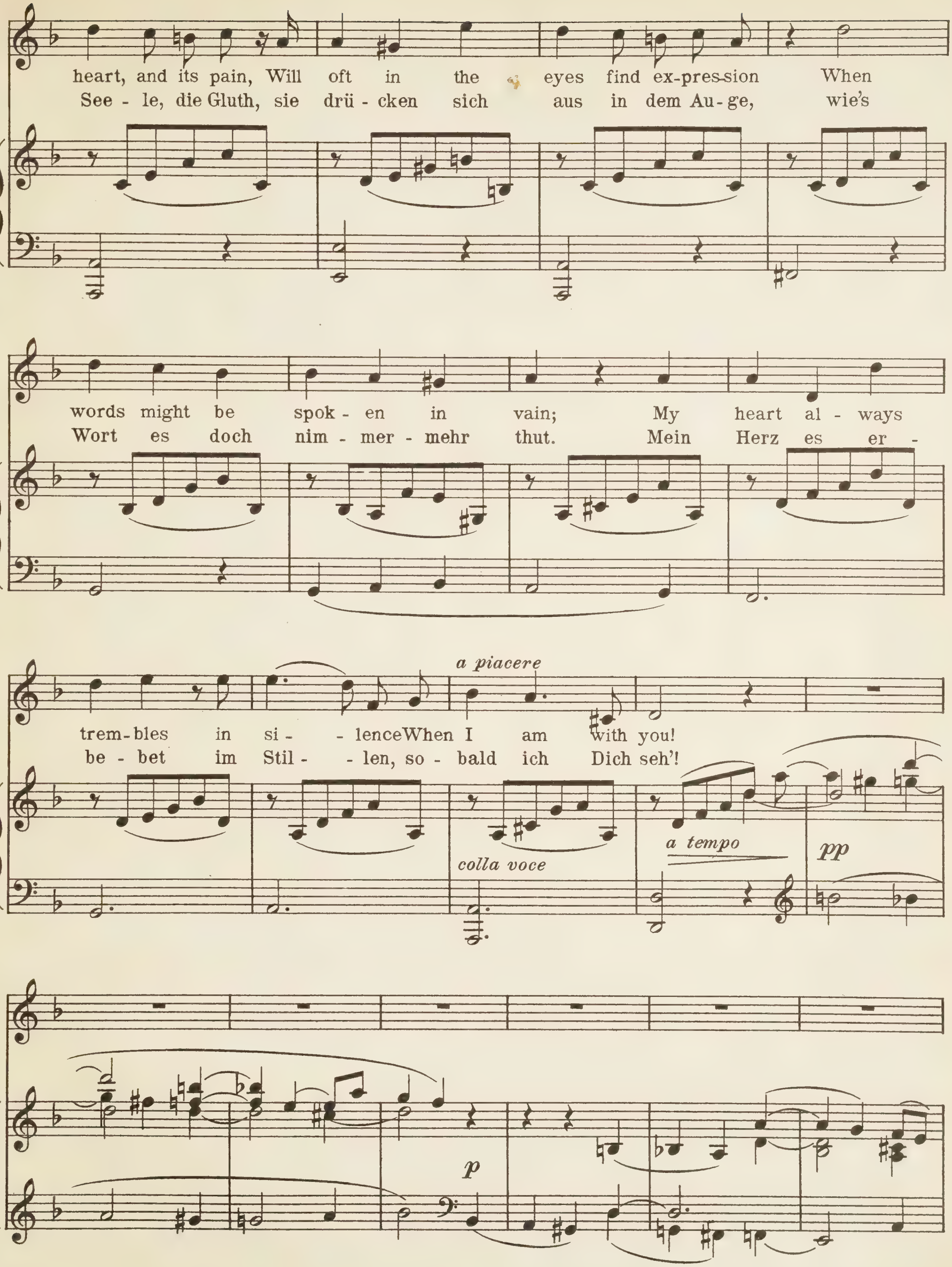
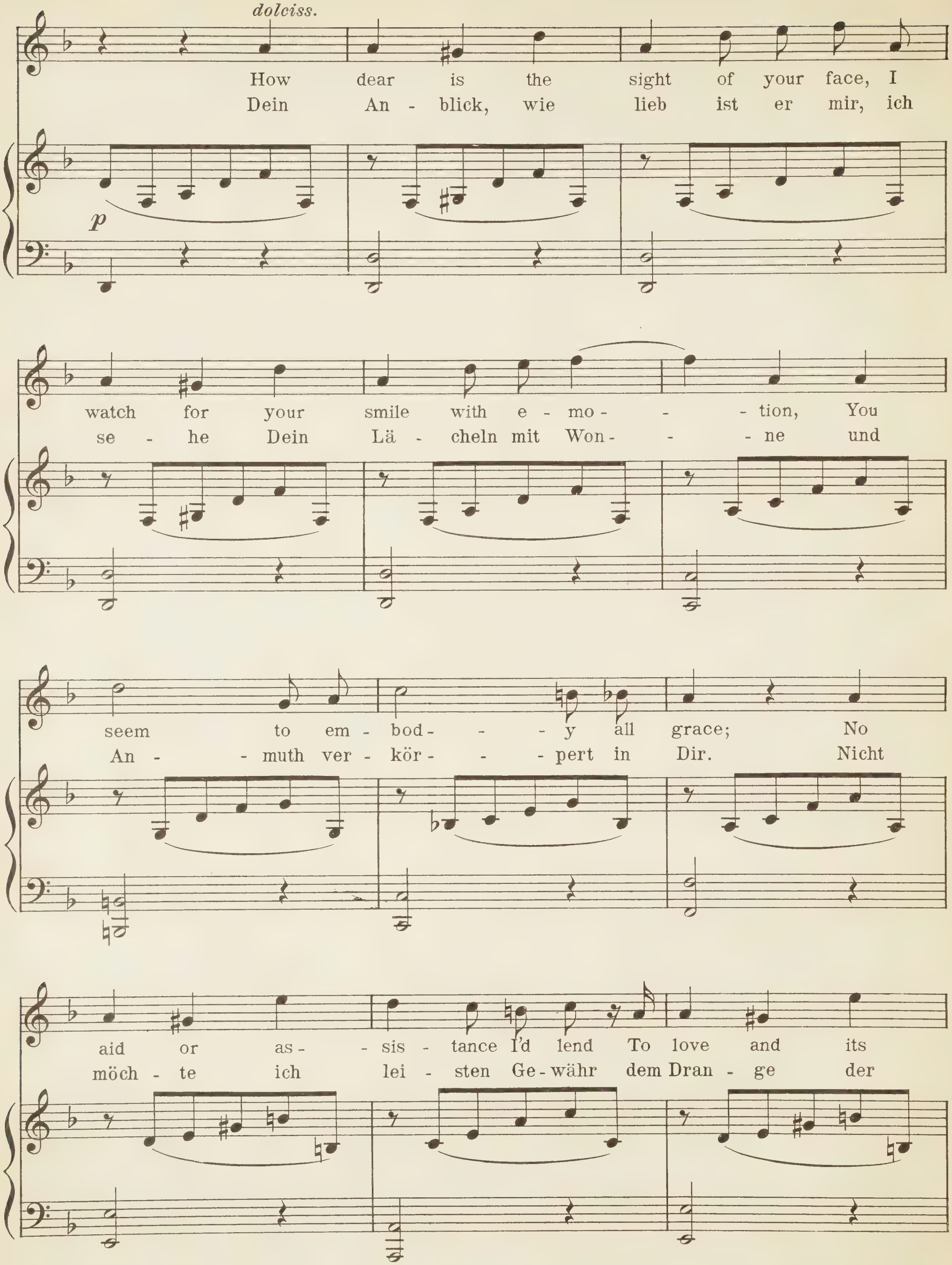
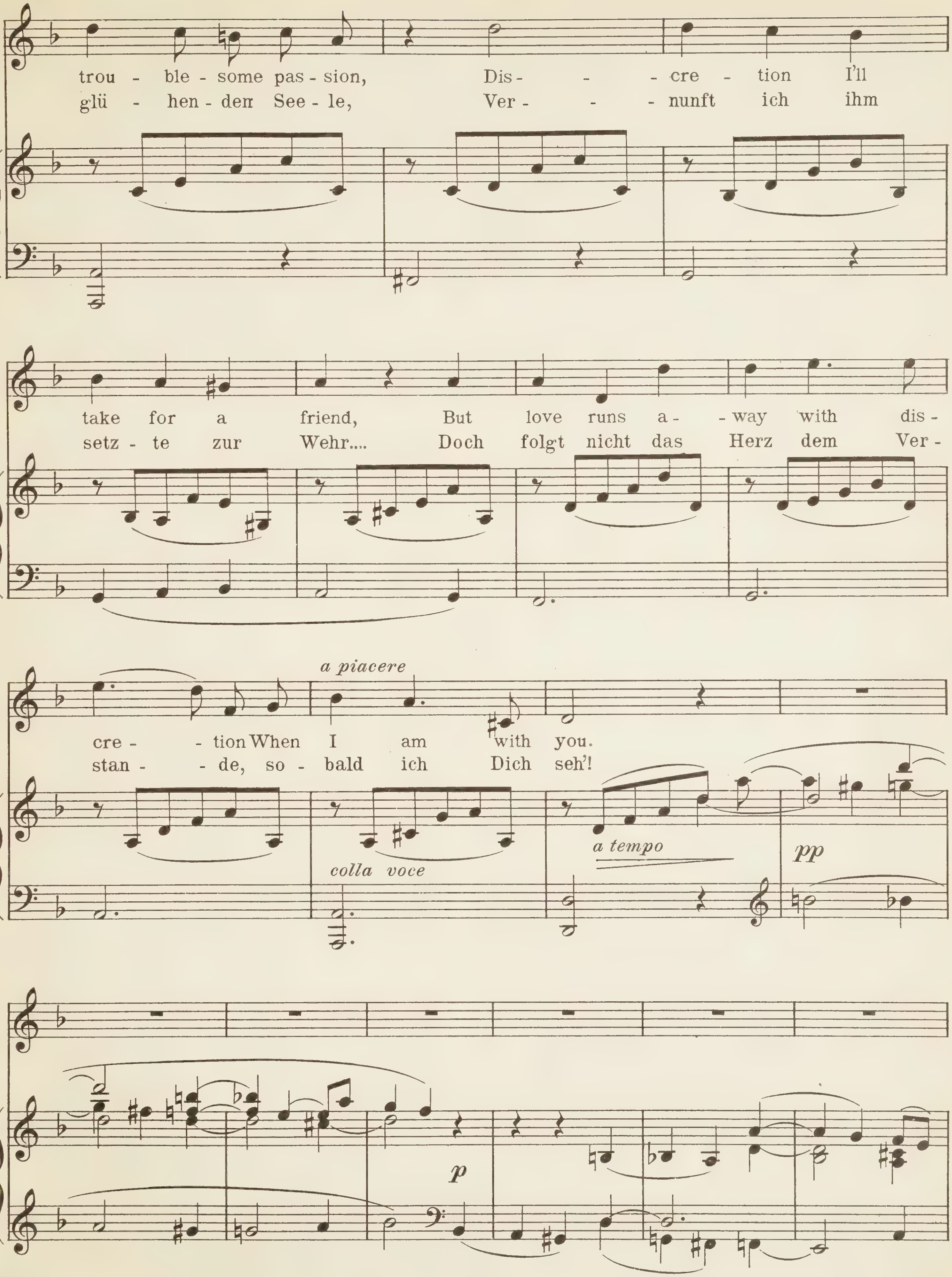
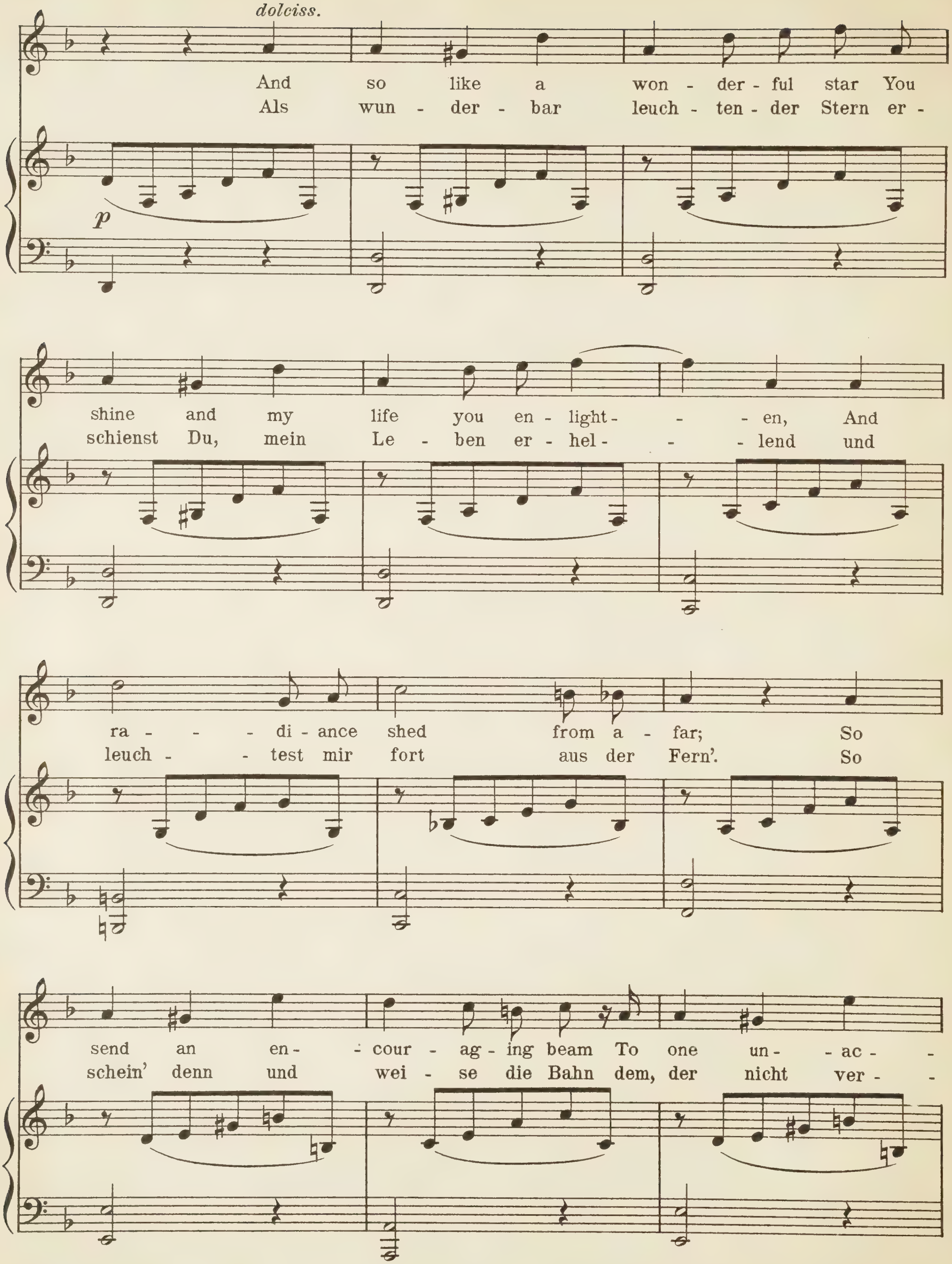
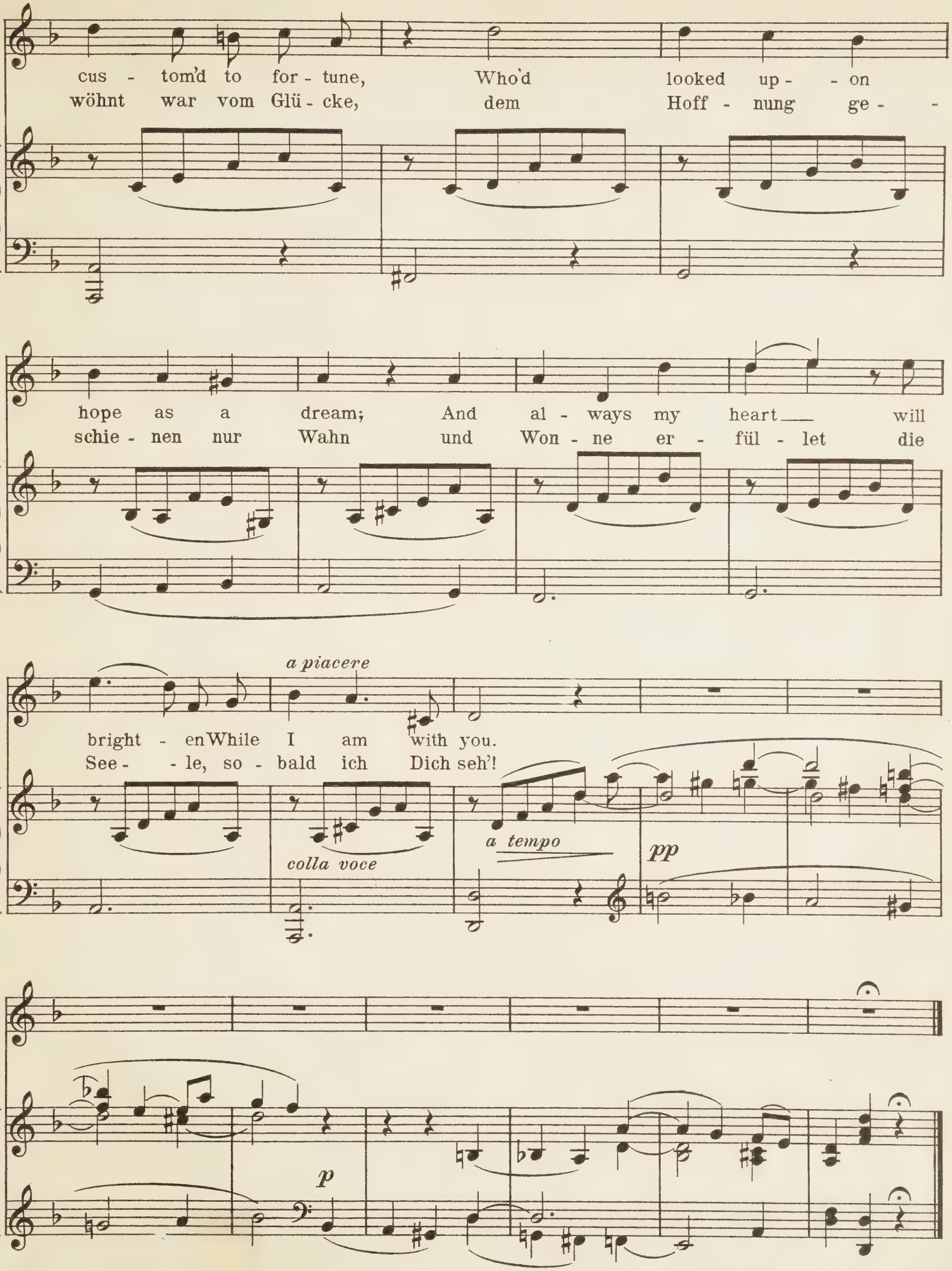

heart, and its pain, Will oft in the eyes find ex-pres-sion When
See - le, die Gluth, sie drü - cken sich aus in dem Au - ge, wie's
words might be spok - en in vain; My heart al - ways
Wort es doch nim - mer - mehr thut. Mein Herz es er -
a piacere
trem-bles in si - - lence When I am with you!
be - bet im Stil - - len, so - bald ich Dich seh'!
colla voce
a tempo
pp
p


dolciss.
How dear is the sight of your face, I
Dein An - blick, wie lieb ist er mir, ich
p
watch for your smile with e - mo- - - tion, You
se - he Dein Lä - cheln mit Won- - - ne und
seem to em - bod- - - y all grace; No
An - - muth ver - kör - - - pert in Dir. Nicht
aid or as- - sis - tance I'd lend To love and its
möch - te ich lei - sten Ge-währ dem Dran - ge der


trou - ble - some pas - sion, Dis - - cre - tion I'll
glü - hen - den See - le, Ver - - nunft ich ihm
take for a friend, But love runs a - way with dis -
setz - te zur Wehr.... Doch folgt nicht das Herz dem Ver -
a piacere
cre - - tion When I am with you.
stan - - de, so - bald ich Dich seh'!
colla voce
a tempo
pp
p


dolciss.
And so like a won - der - ful star You
Als wun - der - bar leuch - ten - der Stern er -
p
shine and my life you en - light - - en, And
schienst Du, mein Le - ben er - hel - - lend und
ra - - di - ance shed from a - far; So
leuch - - test mir fort aus der Fern'. So
send an en - - cour - ag - ing beam To one un - - ac - -
schein' denn und wei - se die Bahn dem, der nicht ver - -


cus - tom'd to for - tune, Who'd looked up - on
wöhnt war vom Glü - cke, dem Hoff - nung ge -
hope as a dream; And al - ways my heart will
schie - nen nur Wahn und Won - ne er - fül - let die
a piacere
bright - en While I am with you.
See - - le, so - bald ich Dich seh'!
colla voce
a tempo
pp
p

A Life for the Czar

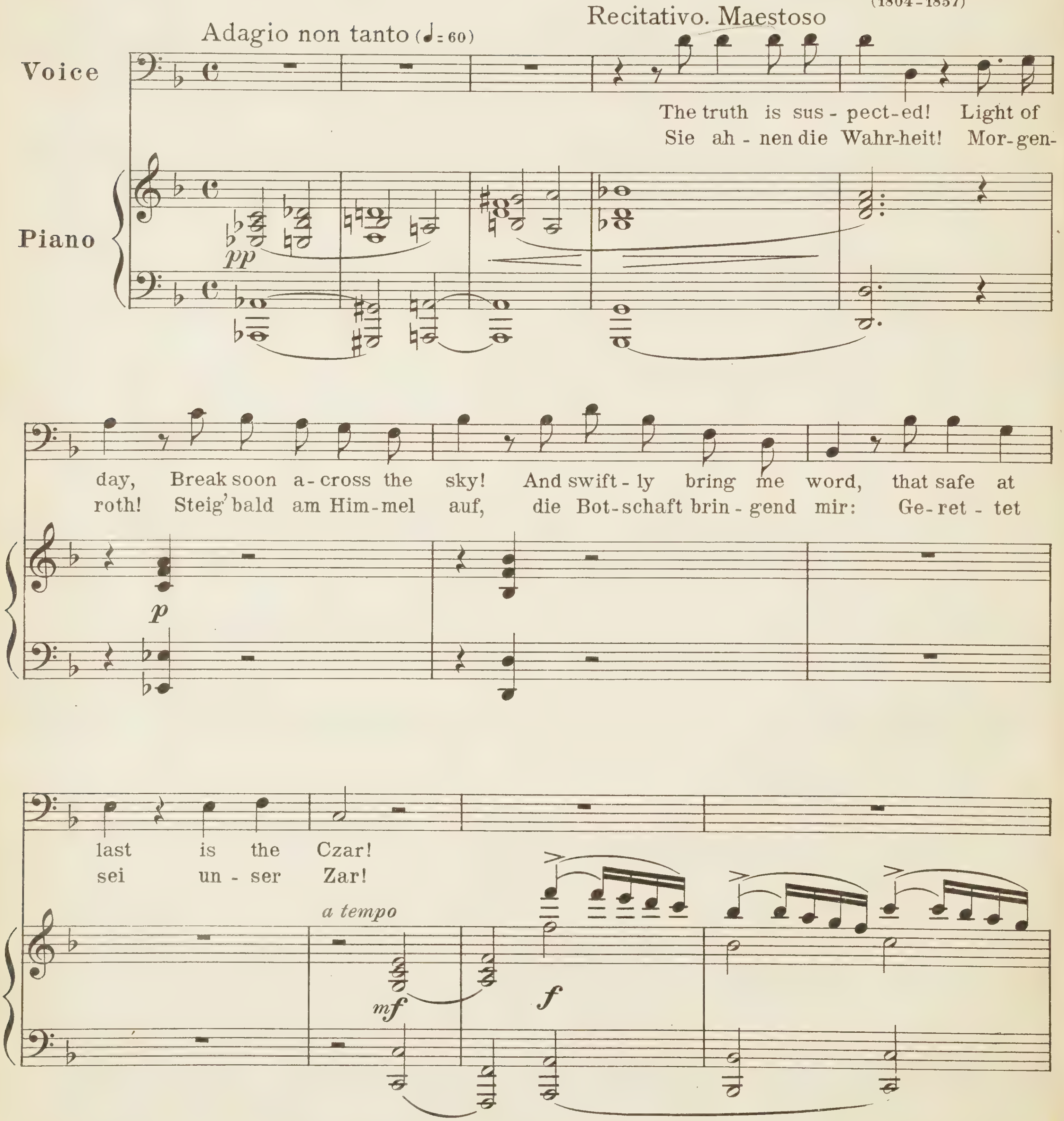
(1836)

Aria of Soussanine

"The truth is suspected"

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Michael Ivanovitch Glinka
(1804-1857)



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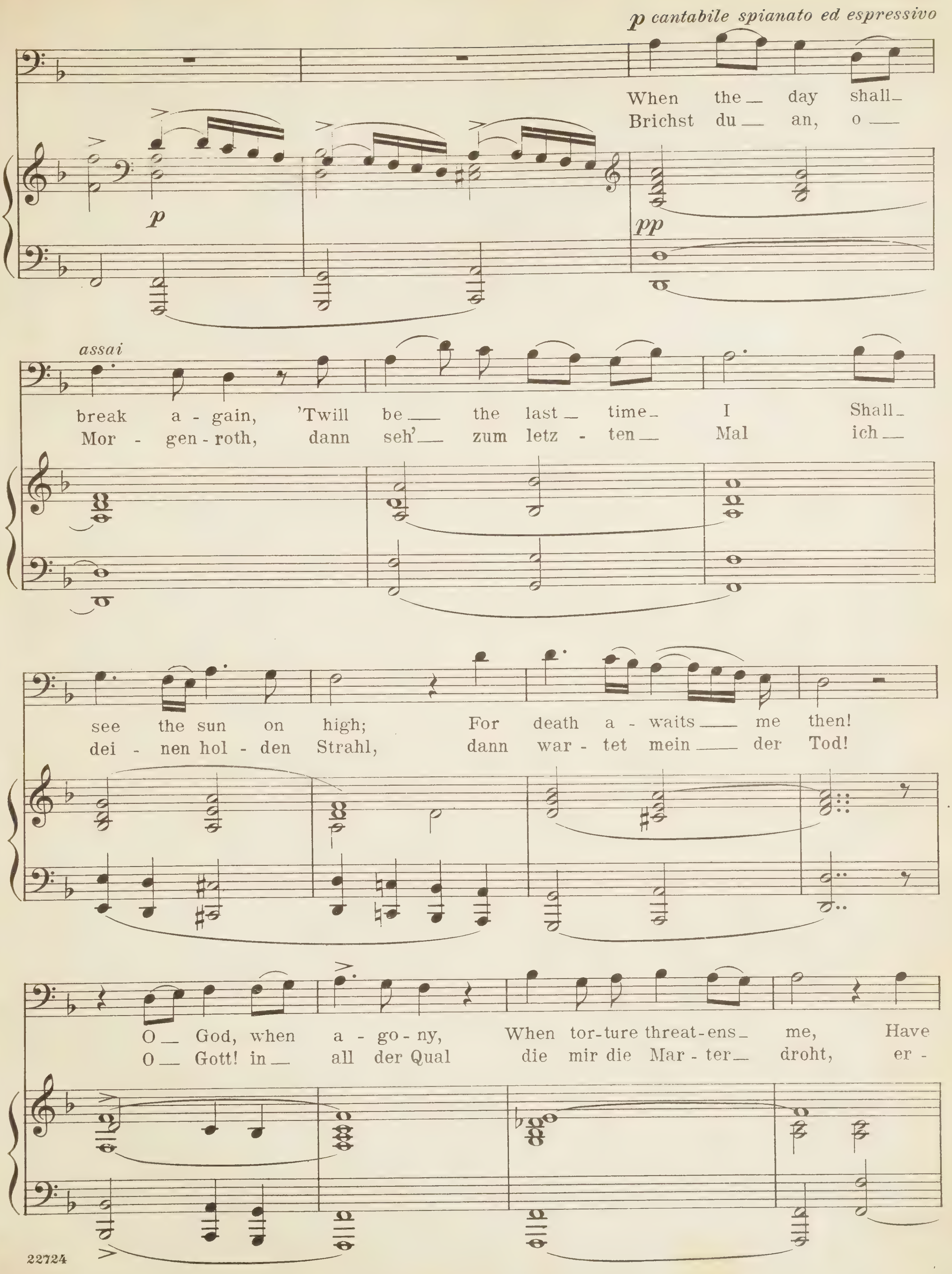
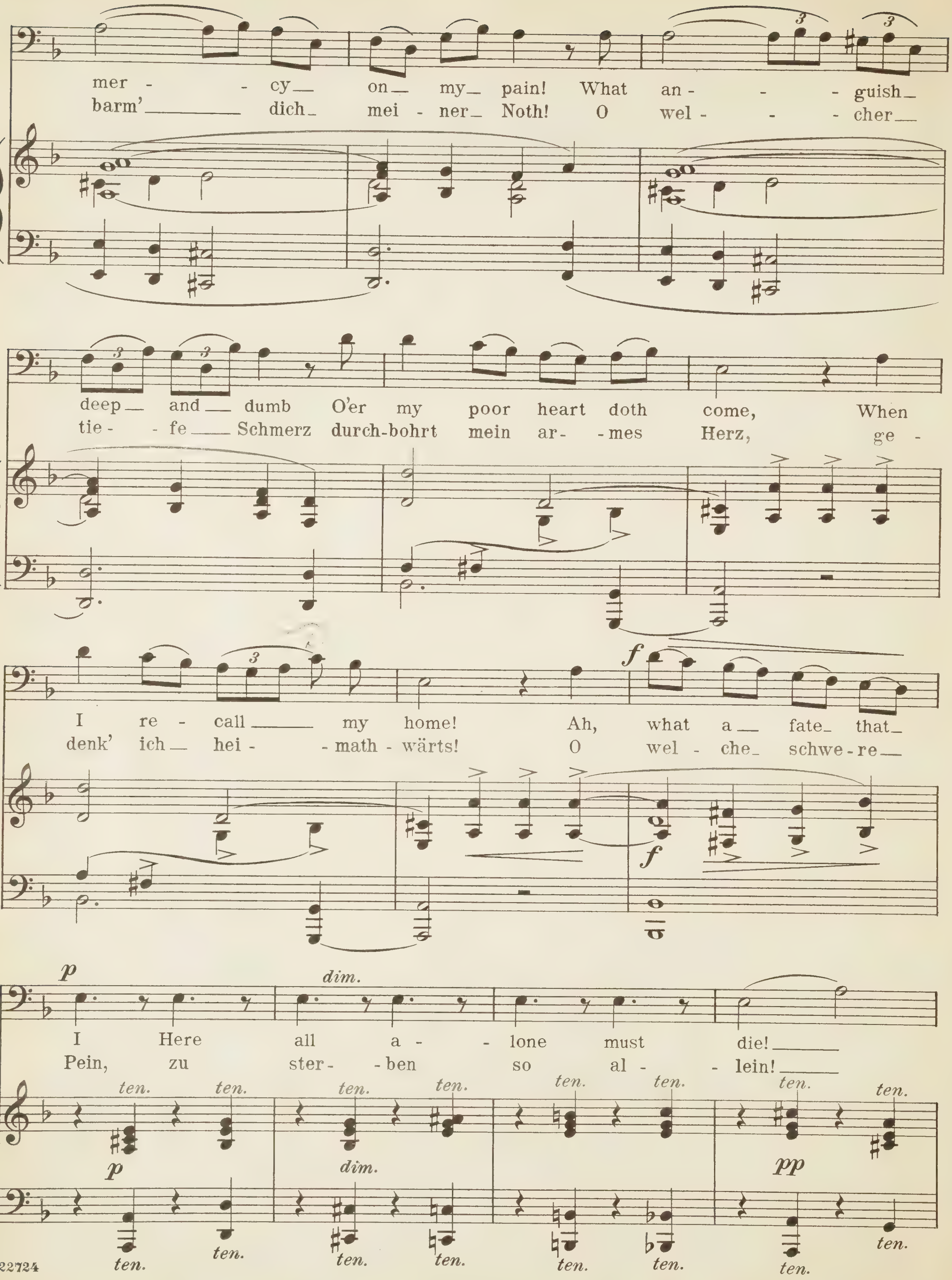
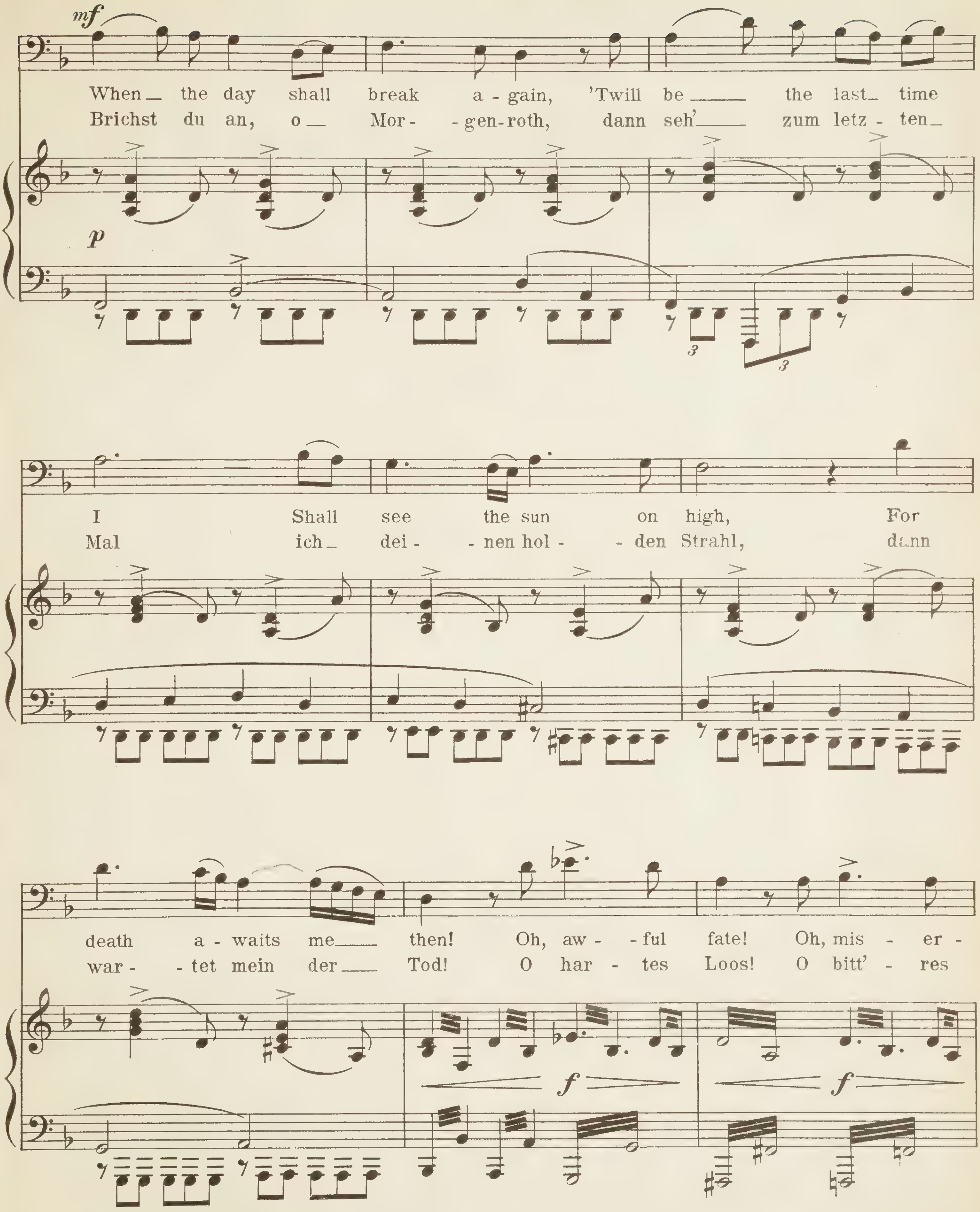
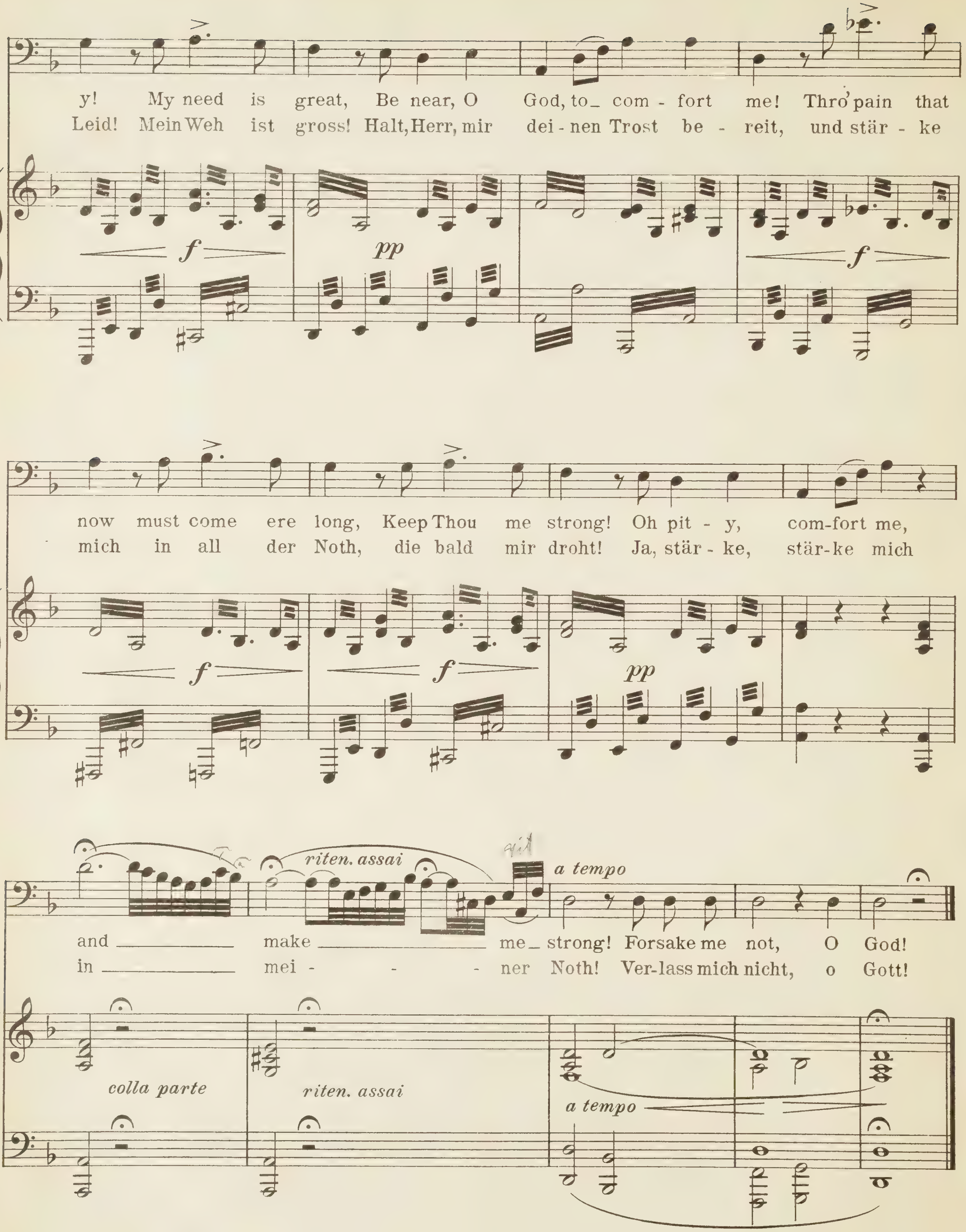

p cantabile spianato ed espressivo
When the day shall break again, 'Twill be the last time I Shall see the sun on high; For death awaits me then!
Brichst du an, o Morgenroth, dann seh' zum letzten Mal ich deinen holden Strahl, dann wartet mein der Tod!
assai
p
pp
O God, when agony, When torture threatens me, Have
O Gott! in all der Qual die mir die Marter droht, er-


mer - cy on my pain! What an - guish
barm' dich mei - ner Noth! O wel - cher
deep and dumb O'er my poor heart doth come, When
tie - fe Schmerz durch-bohrt mein ar - mes Herz, ge -
I re - call my home! Ah, what a fate that
denk' ich hei - math - wärts! O wel - che schwe - re
f
p
dim.
I Here all a - lone must die!
Pein, zu ster - ben so al - lein!
ten.
pp


mf
When the day shall break a-gain, 'Twill be the last time
Brichst du an, o Mor-gen-roth, dann seh' zum letz-ten
p
I Shall see the sun on high, For
Mal ich dei-nen hol-den Strahl, dann
death a-waits me then! Oh, aw-ful fate! Oh, mis-er-
war-tet mein der Tod! O har-tes Loos! O bitt'-res
f
f

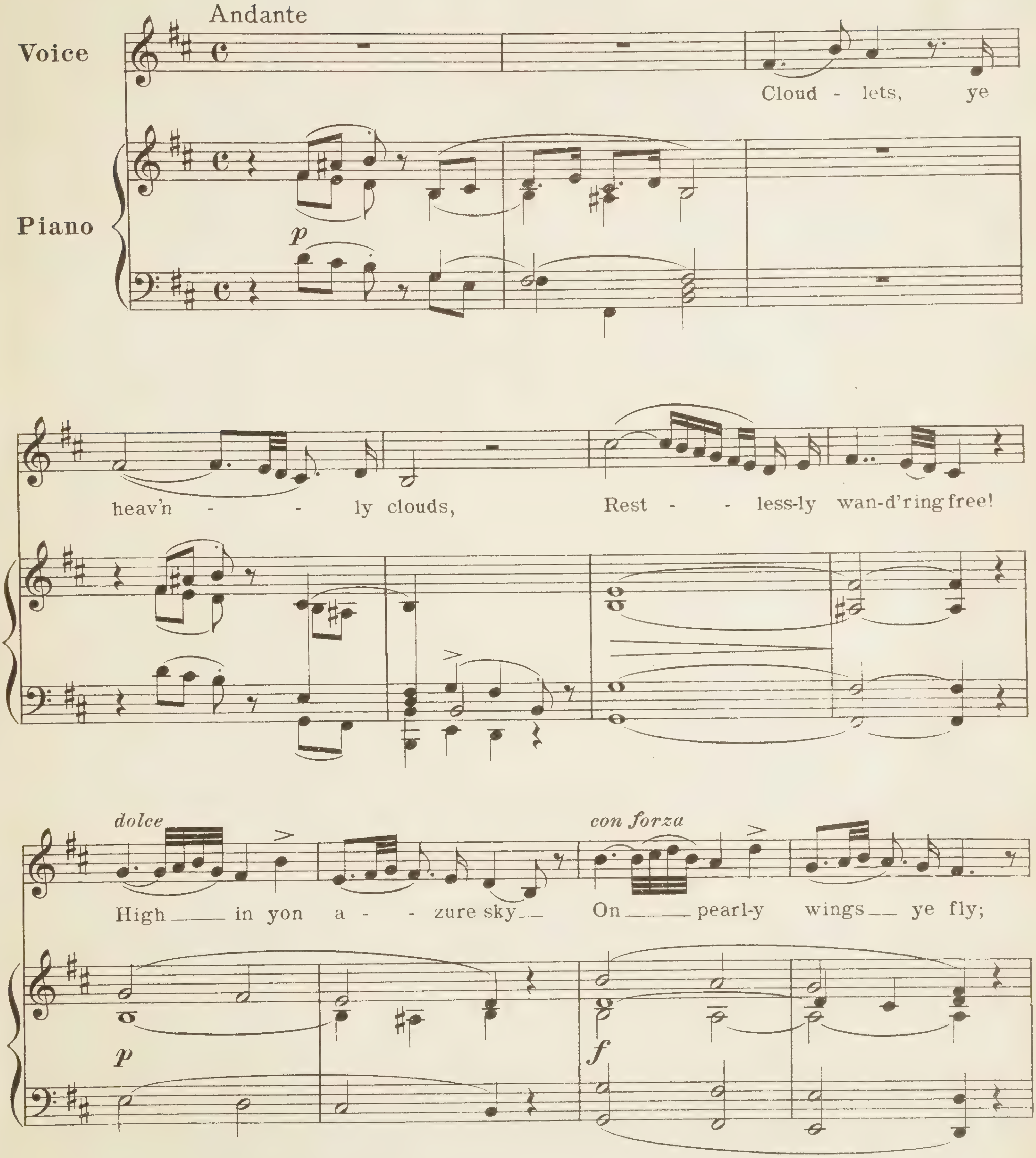

y! My need is great, Be near, O God, to_ com - fort me! Thro' pain that
Leid! Mein Weh ist gross! Halt, Herr, mir dei - nen Trost be - reit, und stär - ke
f
pp
f
now must come ere long, Keep Thou me strong! Oh pit - y, com-fort me,
mich in all der Noth, die bald mir droht! Ja, stär - ke, stär-ke mich
f
f
pp
riten. assai
a tempo
and make me_ strong! Forsake me not, O God!
in mei - - ner Noth! Ver-lass mich nicht, o Gott!
colla parte
riten. assai
a tempo

Heavenly Clouds

(M. Lermontoff)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
and Vera Johnston

A. Dargomijsky



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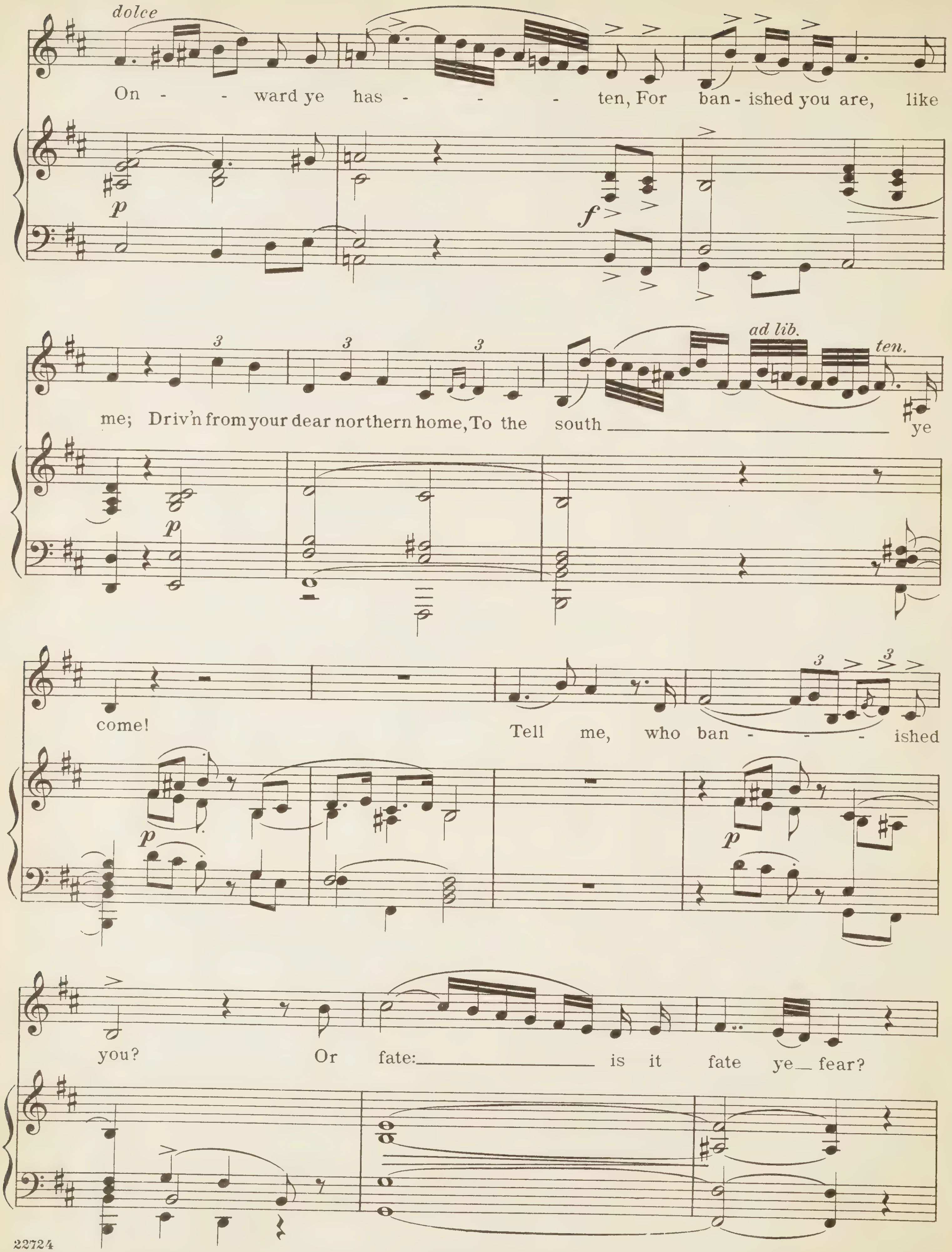
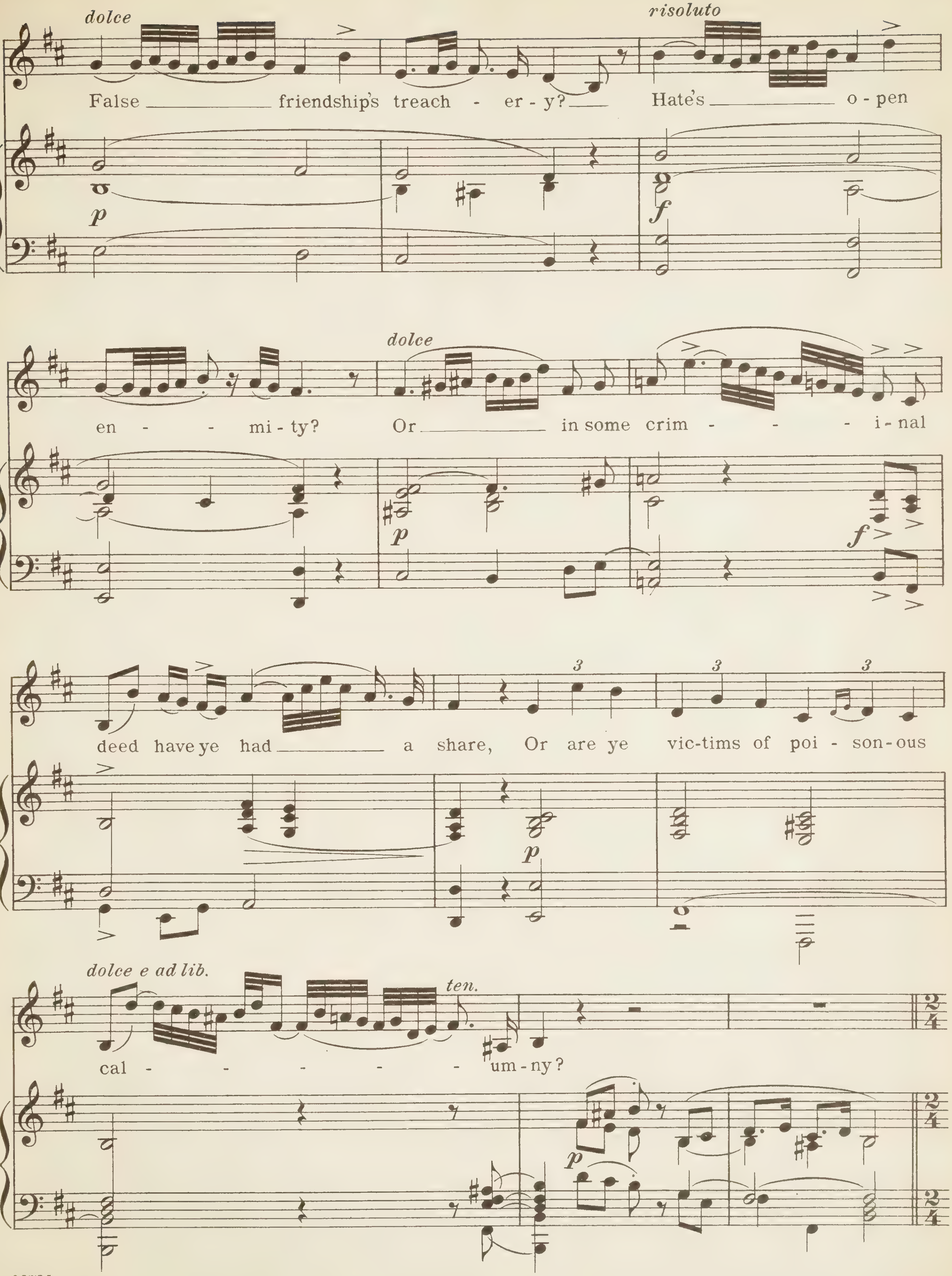
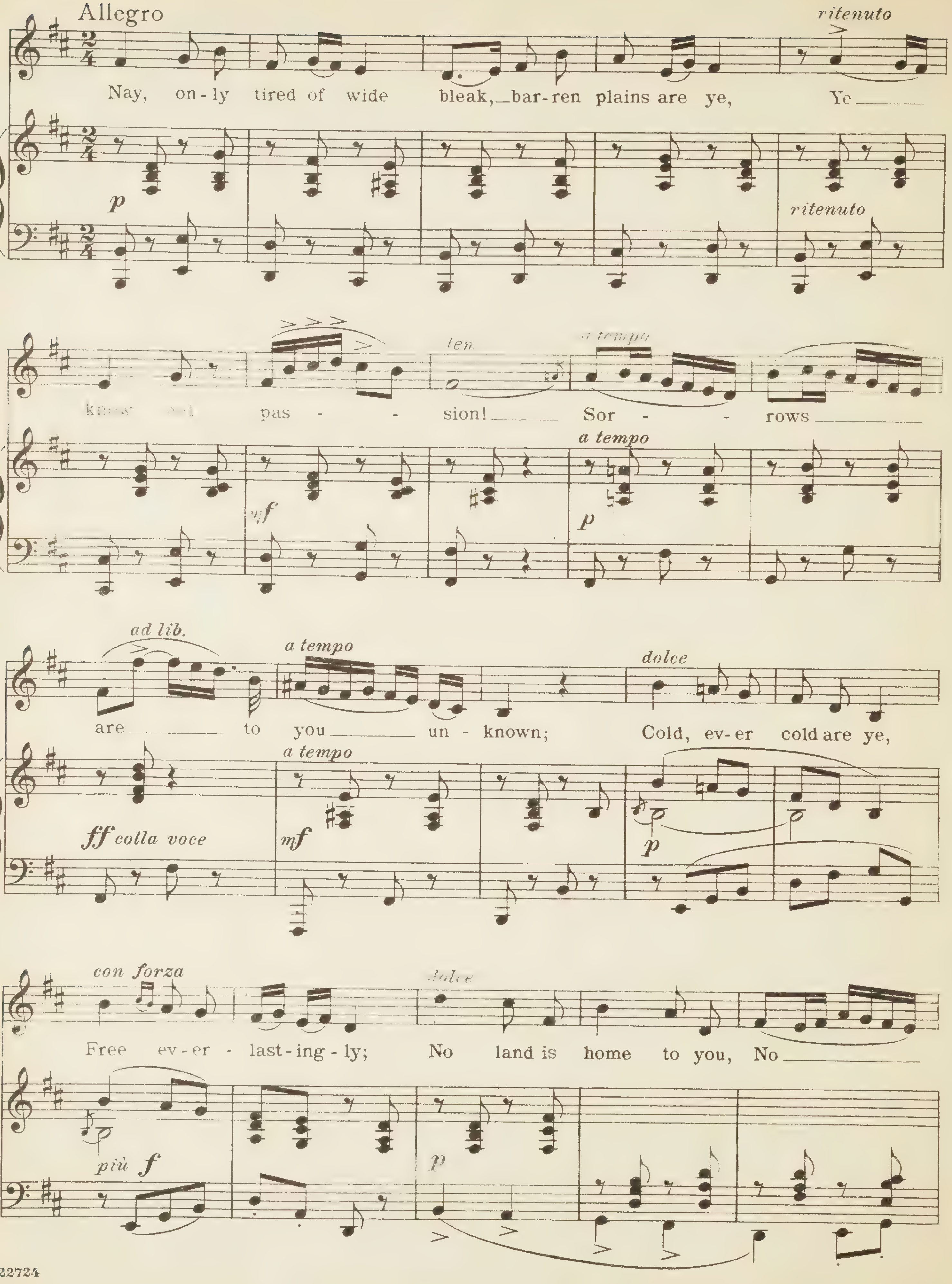
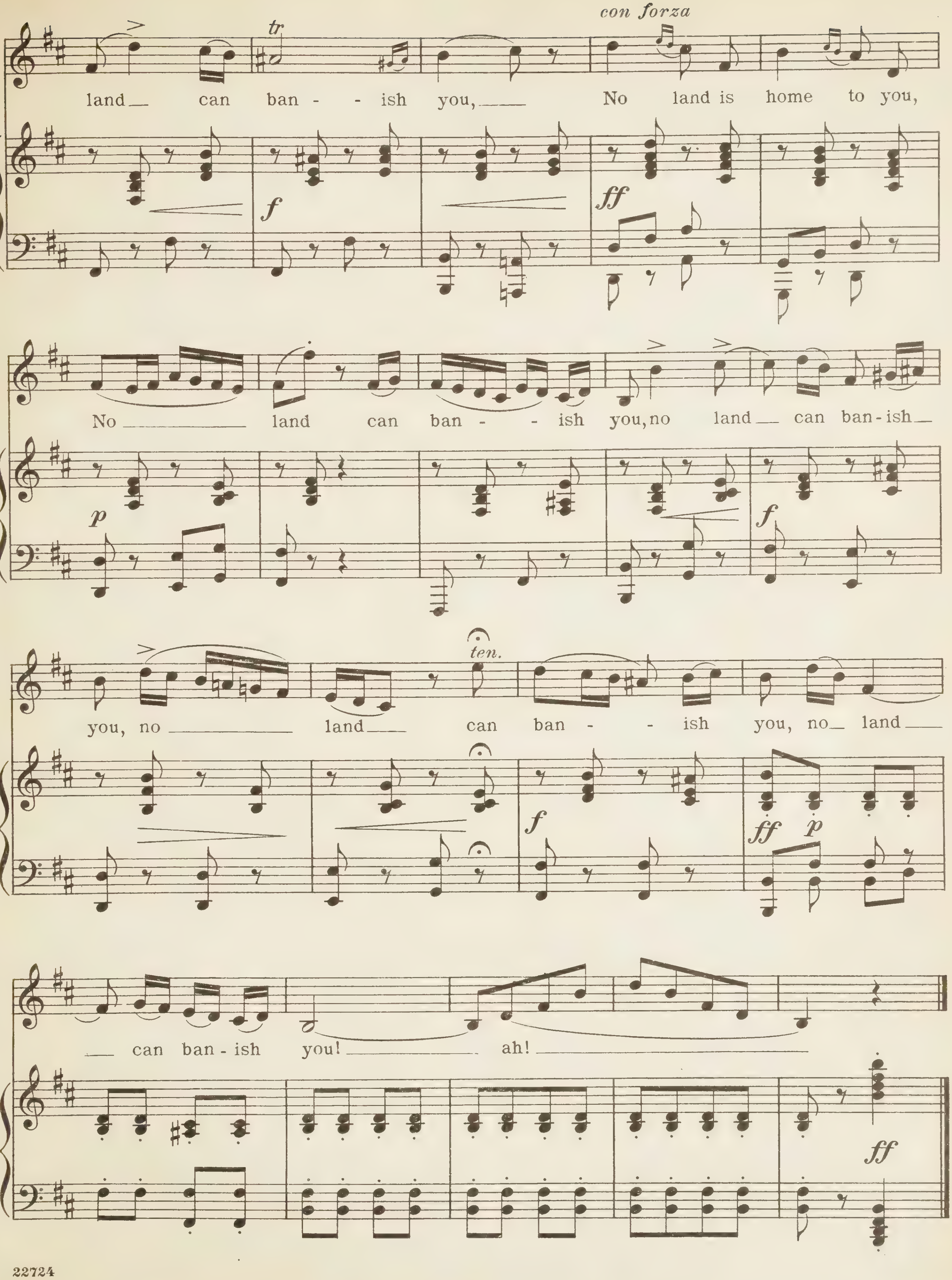

dolce
On - - ward ye has - - - ten, For ban - ished you are, like
p
f
me; Driv'n from your dear northern home, To the south ye
ad lib.
ten.
3
come!
Tell me, who ban - - - ished
you? Or fate: is it fate ye fear?


dolce
risoluto
False friendship's treach - er - y? Hate's o - pen
p
f
dolce
en - - mi - ty? Or in some crim - - - i - nal
p
f
deed have ye had a share, Or are ye vic-tims of poi - son-ous
p
dolce e ad lib.
ten.
cal - - - - - um - ny?
p


Allegro
ritenuto
Nay, on-ly tired of wide bleak,_bar-ren plains are ye, Ye
p
ritenuto
ten.
pas - - sion! Sor - - rows
a tempo
mf
p
ad lib.
a tempo
dolce
are to you un - known; Cold, ev-er cold are ye,
ff colla voce
a tempo
mf
p
con forza
Free ev-er - last-ing-ly; No land is home to you, No
più f
p


con forza
land — can ban - - ish you, — No land is home to you,
No — land can ban - - ish you, no land — can ban-ish —
ten.
you, no — land — can ban - - ish you, no — land —
— can ban-ish you! — ah! —

"Ye dear, fleeting hours"

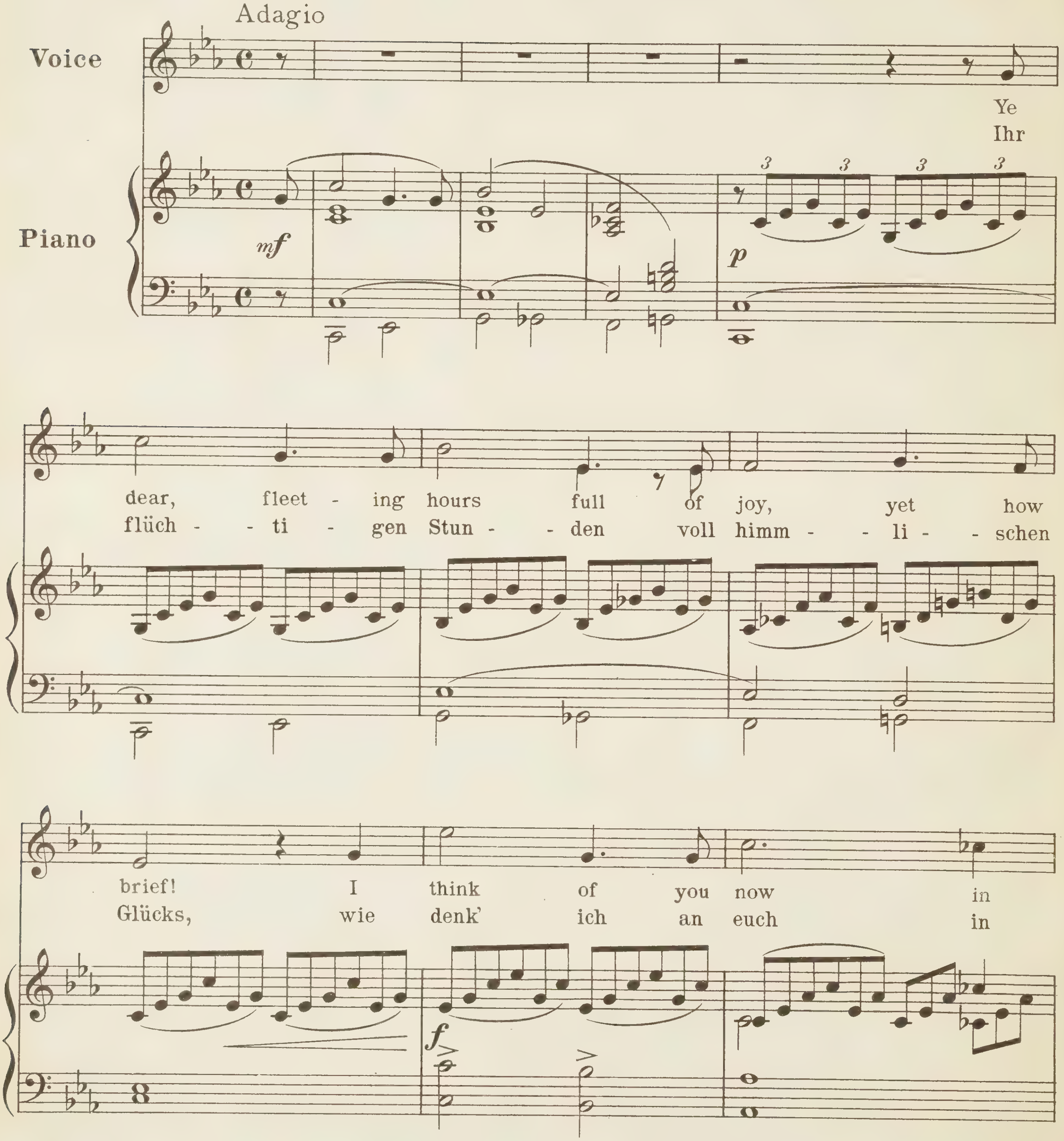
„Ihr flüchtigen Stunden“

Elegie

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

German words by Bruno

Alexander Sergievitch Dargomijsky



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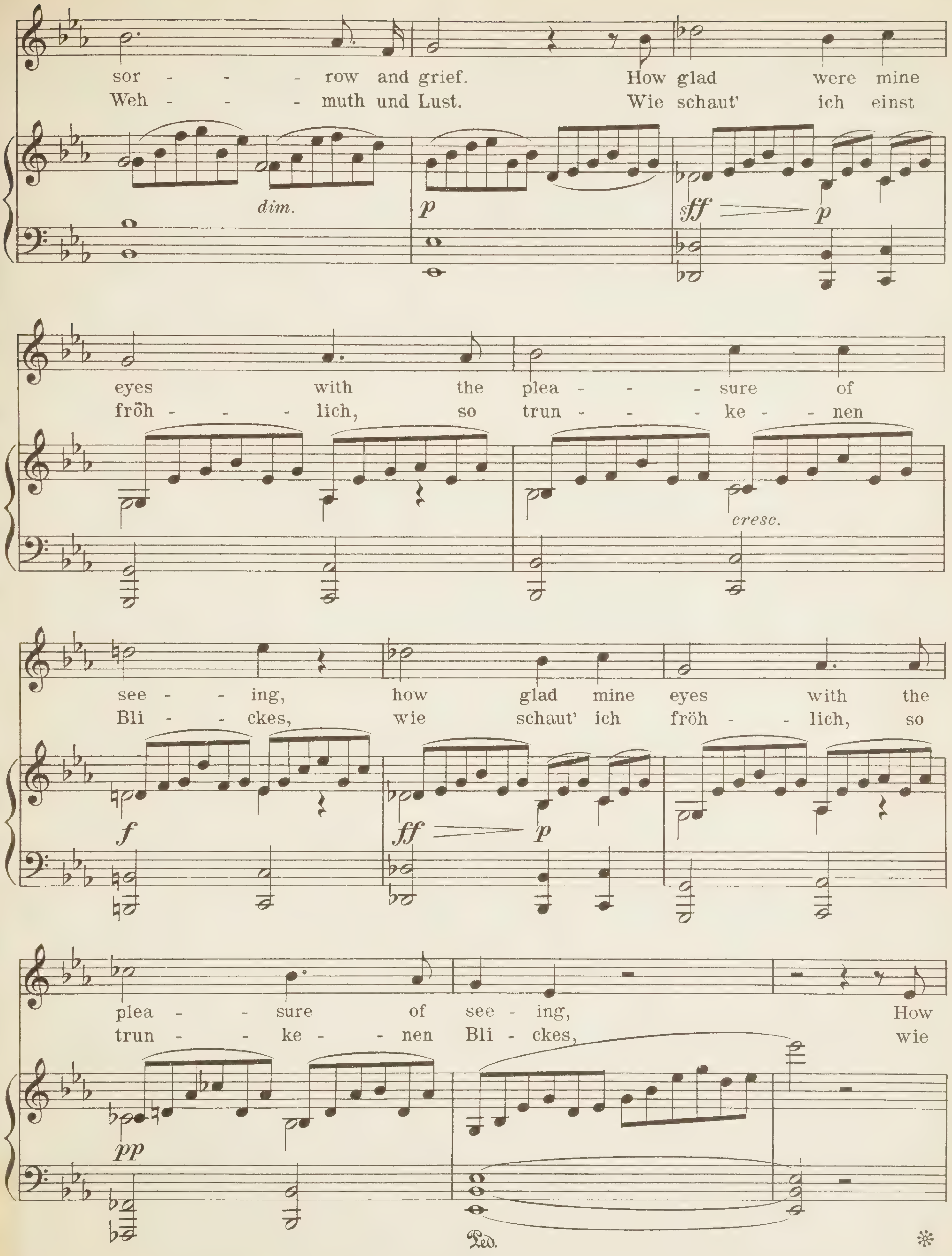
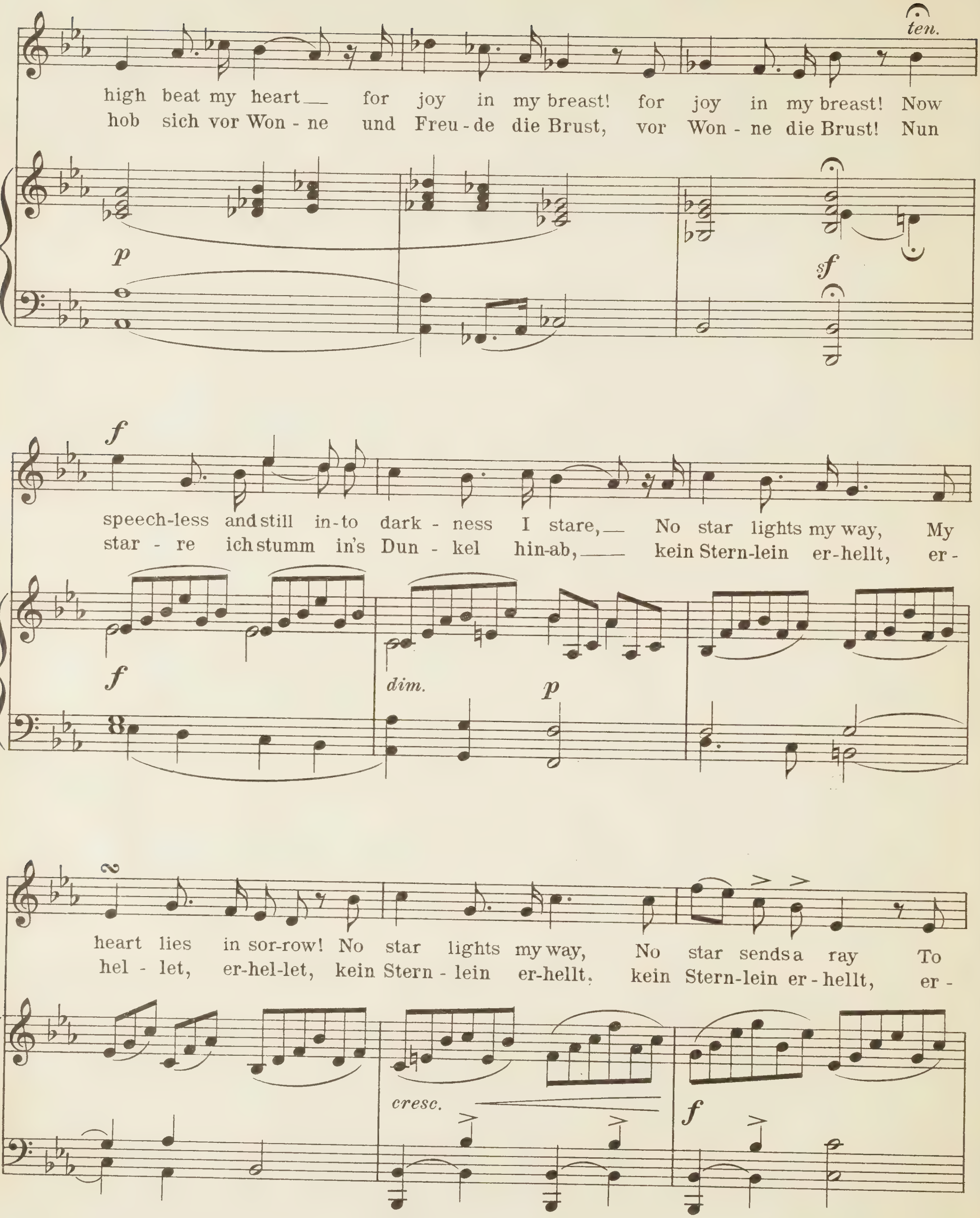
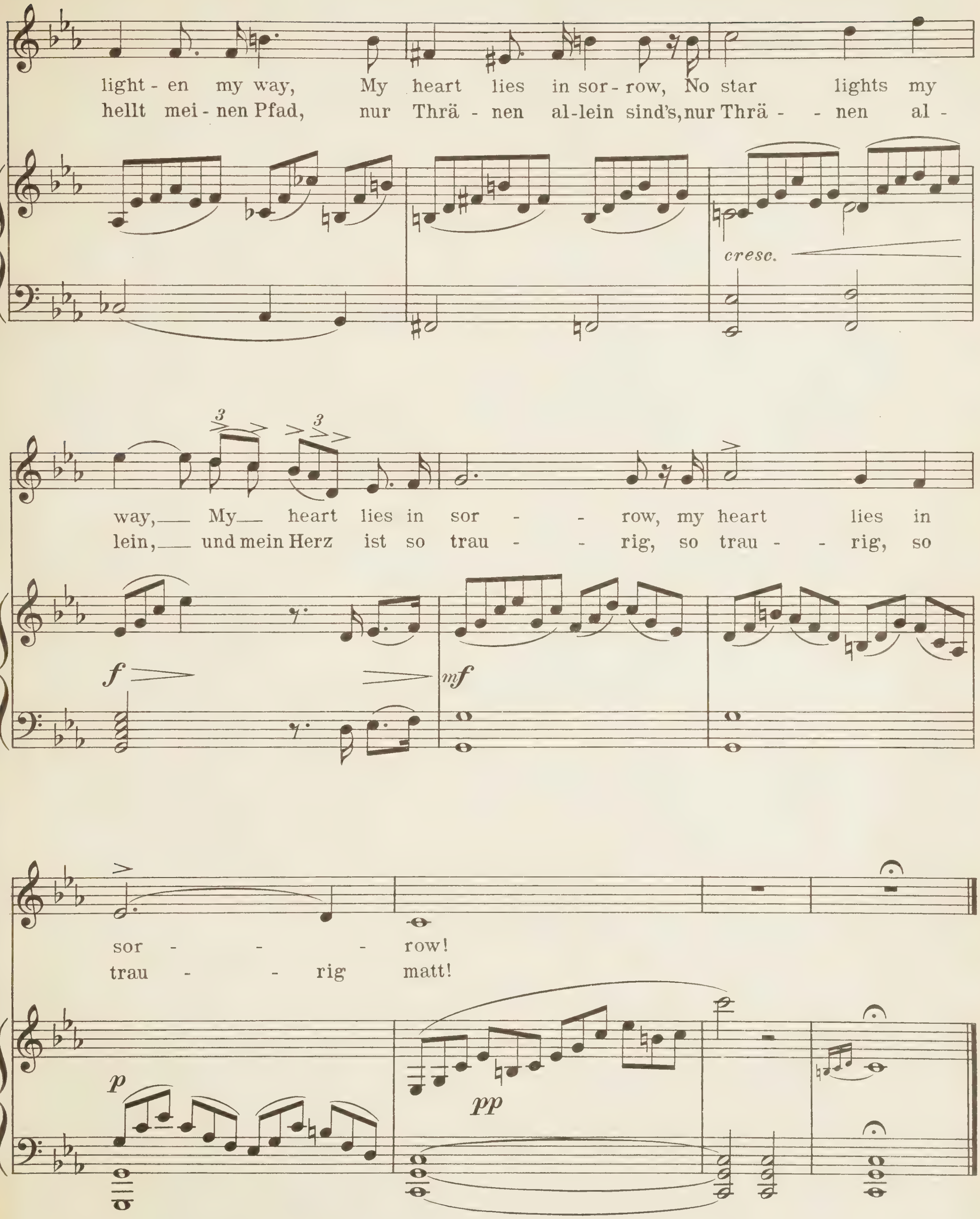

sor - - - row and grief. How glad were mine
Weh - - - muth und Lust. Wie schaut' ich einst
dim.
p
sff p
eyes with the plea - - - sure of
fröh - - - lich, so trun - - - ke - - nen
cresc.
see - - ing, how glad mine eyes with the
Bli - - ckes, wie schaut' ich fröh - - lich, so
f
ff p
plea - - sure of see - ing, How
trun - - ke - - nen Bli - ckes, wie
pp
Ped.
*


ten.
high beat my heart — for joy in my breast! for joy in my breast! Now
hob sich vor Won - ne und Freu - de die Brust, vor Won - ne die Brust! Nun
p
sf
f
speech-less and still in-to dark - ness I stare, — No star lights my way, My
star - re ich stumm in's Dun - kel hin-ab, — kein Stern-lein er-hellt, er -
f
dim.
p
heart lies in sor-row! No star lights my way, No star sends a ray To
hel - let, er-hel-let, kein Stern - lein er-hellt, kein Stern-lein er - hellt, er -
cresc.
f


light - en my way, My heart lies in sor - row, No star lights my
hellt mei - nen Pfad, nur Thrä - nen al-lein sind's, nur Thrä - - nen al -
cresc.
way, My heart lies in sor - - row, my heart lies in
lein, und mein Herz ist so trau - - rig, so trau - - rig, so
f
mf
sor - - - row!
trau - - rig matt!
p
pp

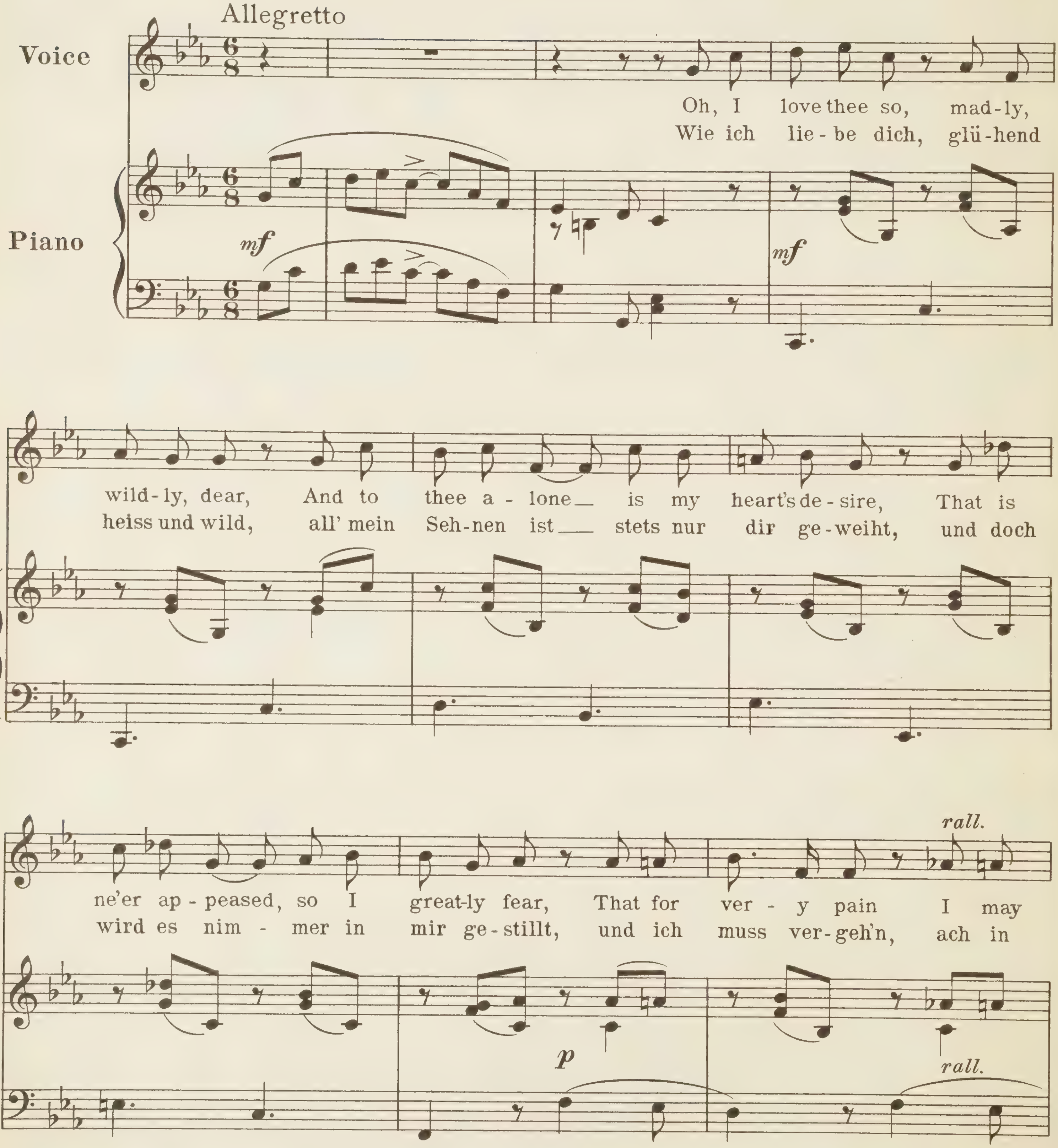
Only Love!

Nur lieben!

Song

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Alexander Sergievitch Dargomijsky



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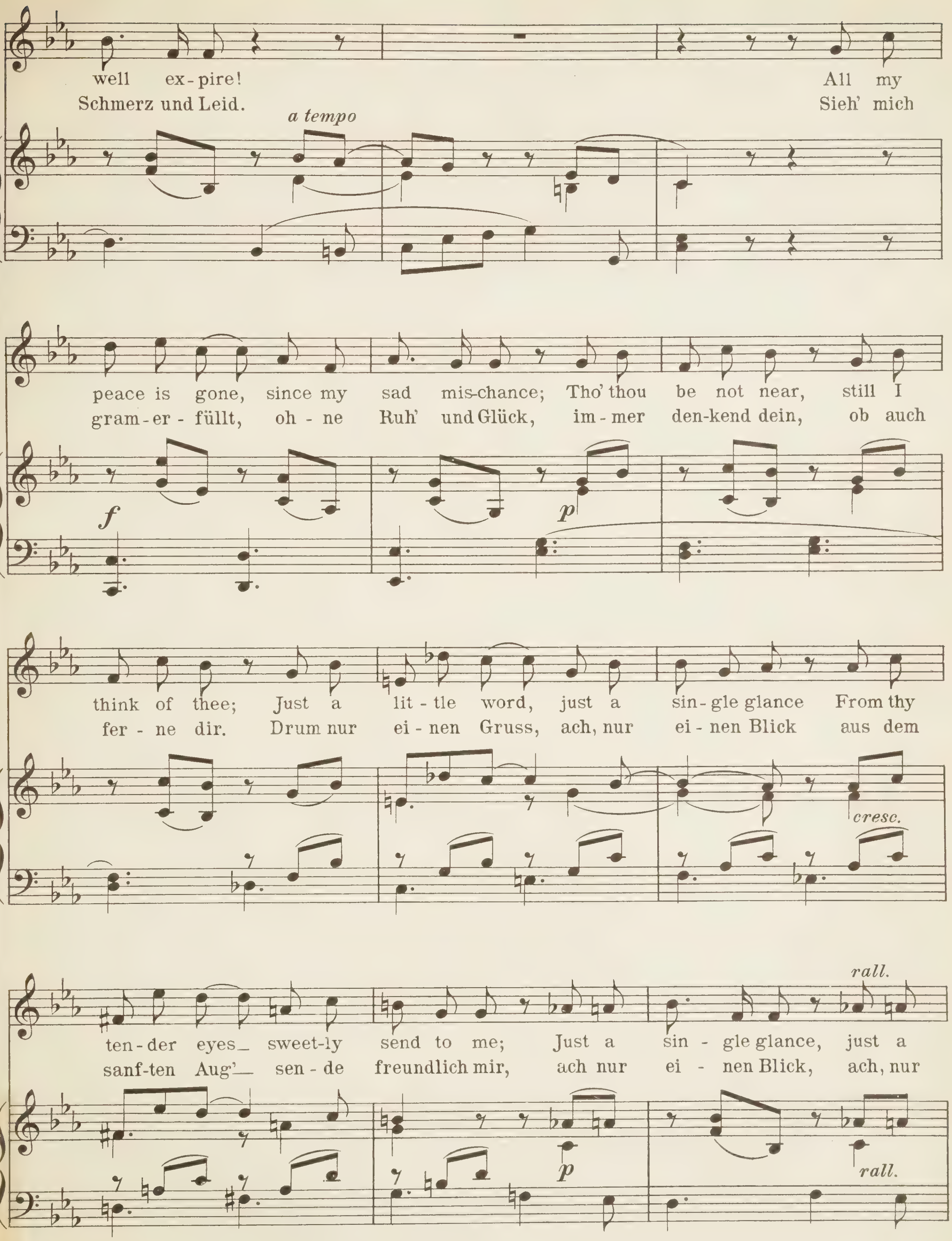
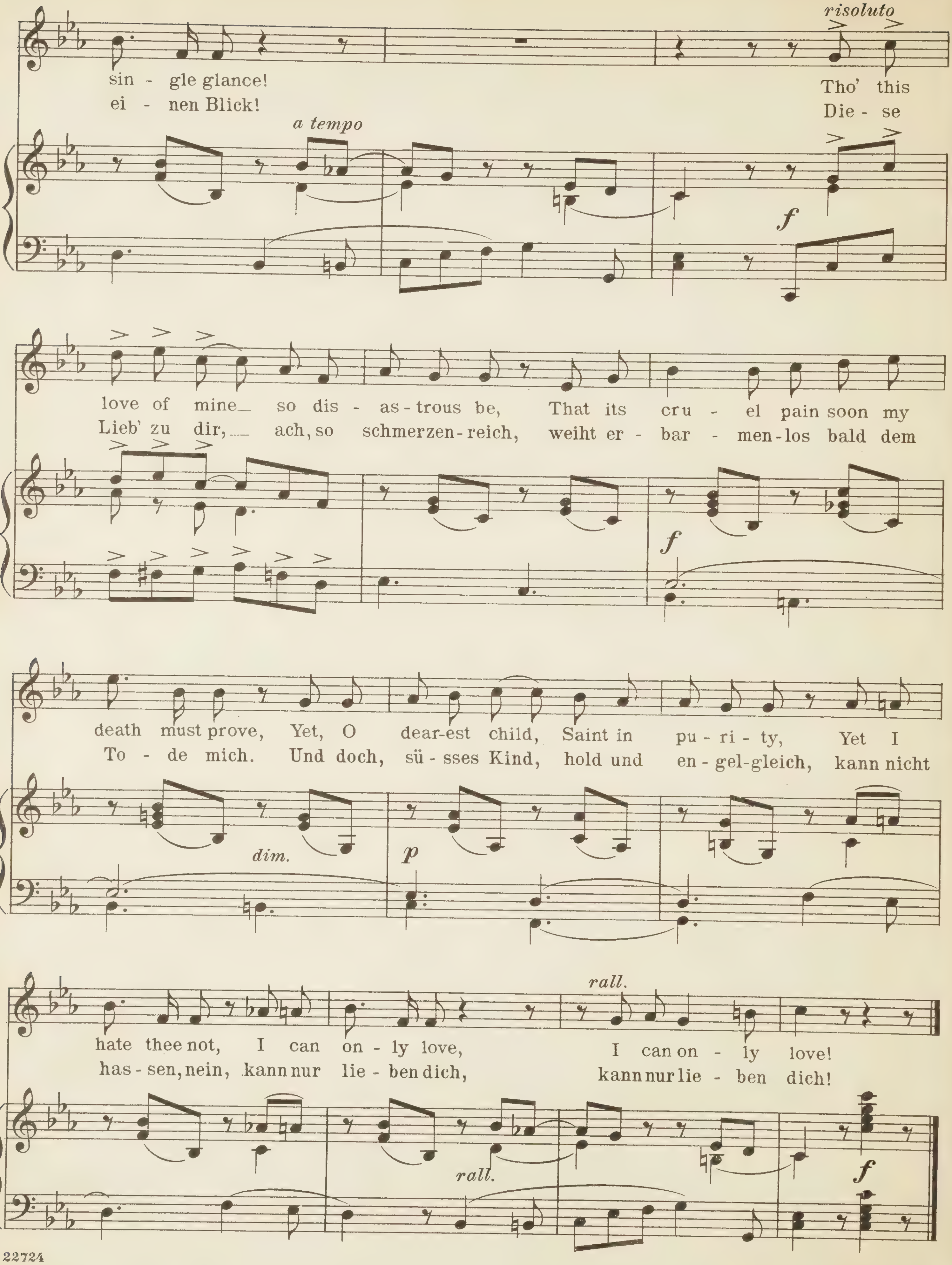

well ex-pire!
All my
Schmerz und Leid.
Sieh' mich
a tempo
peace is gone, since my sad mis-chance; Tho' thou be not near, still I
gram-er-füllt, oh-ne Ruh' und Glück, im-mer den-kend dein, ob auch
f
p
think of thee; Just a lit-tle word, just a sin-gle glance From thy
fer-ne dir. Drum nur ei-nen Gruss, ach, nur ei-nen Blick aus dem
cresc.
rall.
ten-der eyes_ sweet-ly send to me; Just a sin-gle glance, just a
sanf-ten Aug'_ sen-de freundlich mir, ach nur ei-nen Blick, ach, nur
p
rall.


risoluto
sin - gle glance! Tho' this
ei - nen Blick! Die - se
a tempo
f
love of mine so dis - as - trous be, That its cru - el pain soon my
Lieb' zu dir, ach, so schmerzen - reich, weiht er - bar - men - los bald dem
f
death must prove, Yet, O dear - est child, Saint in pu - ri - ty, Yet I
To - de mich. Und doch, sü - sses Kind, hold und en - gel - gleich, kann nicht
dim.
p
rall.
hate thee not, I can on - ly love, I can on - ly love!
has - sen, nein, kann nur lie - ben dich, kann nur lie - ben dich!
rall.
f

"Be not so coy, my pretty maid"

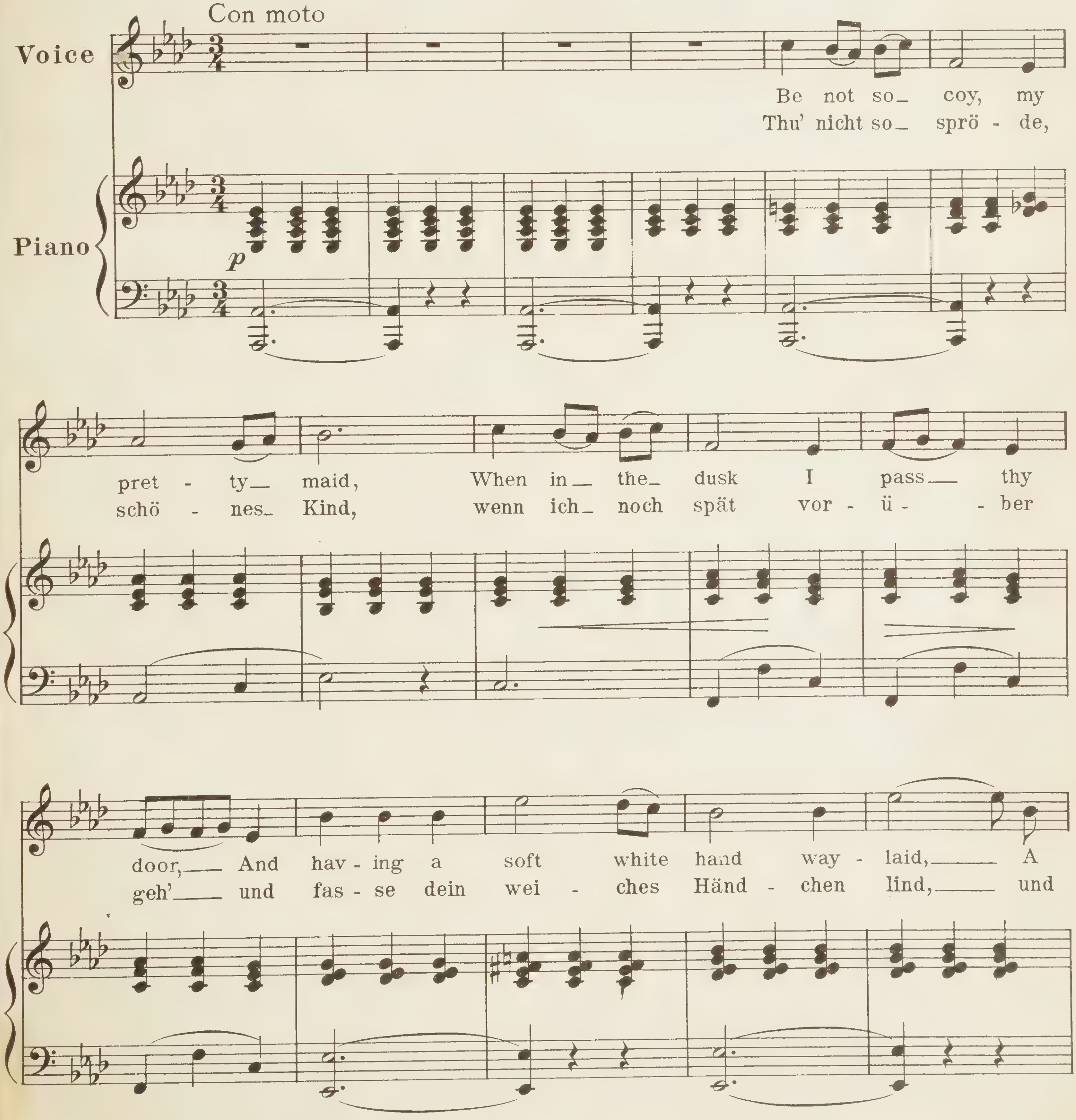
„Thu' nicht so spröde, schönes Kind"

(Mirza-Schaffy)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

German words by F. Bodenstedt

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, Nº 11



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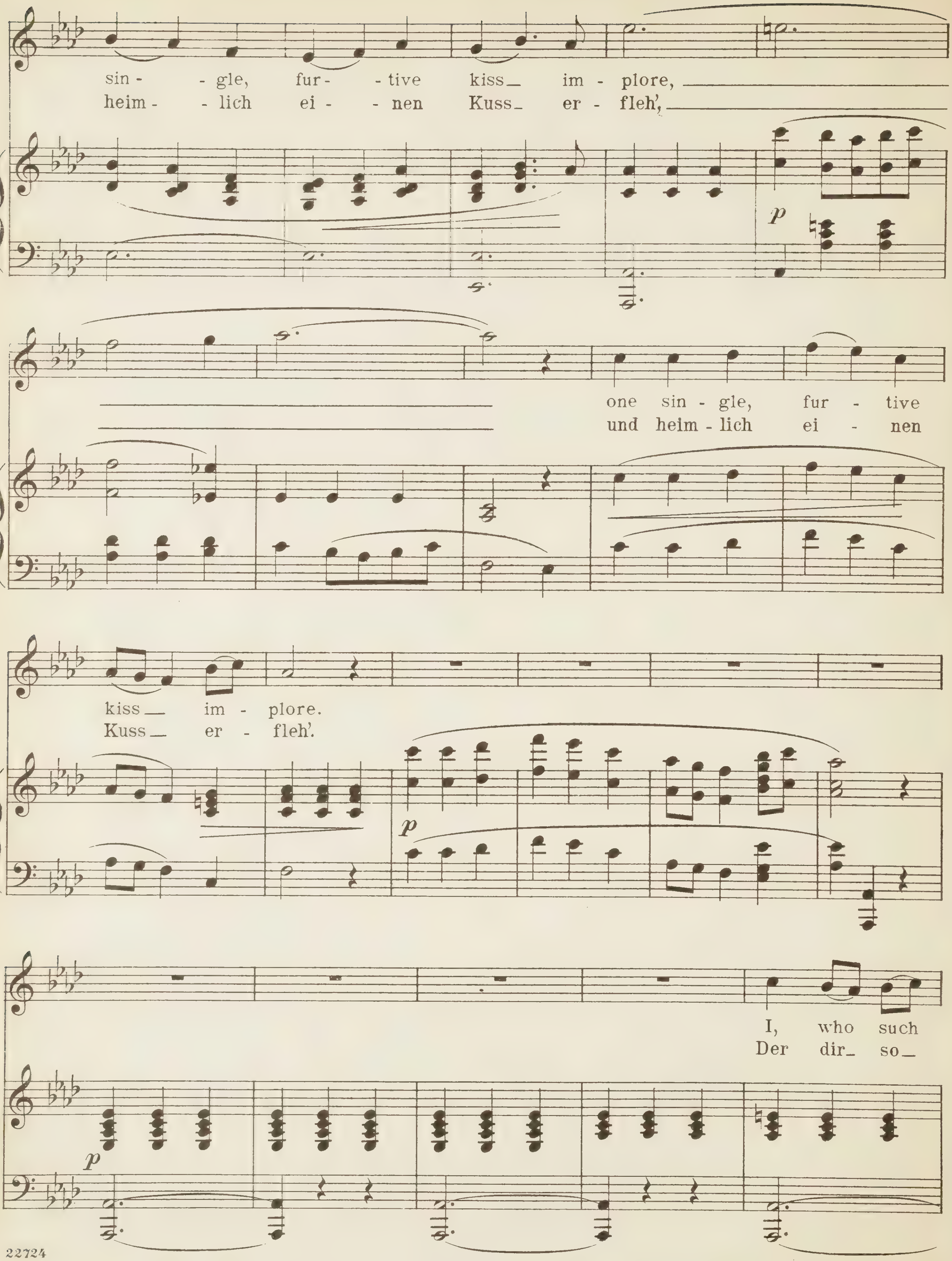
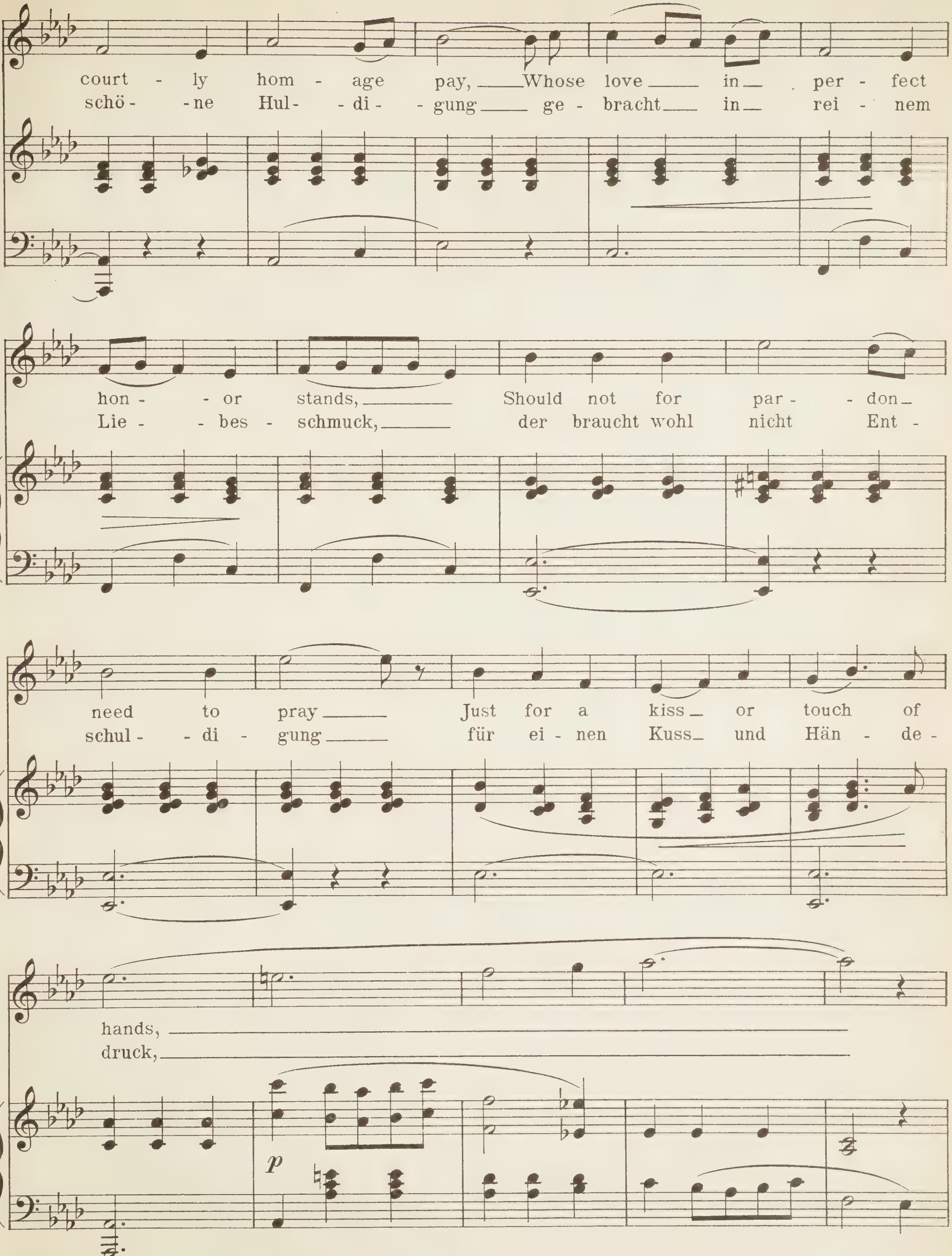
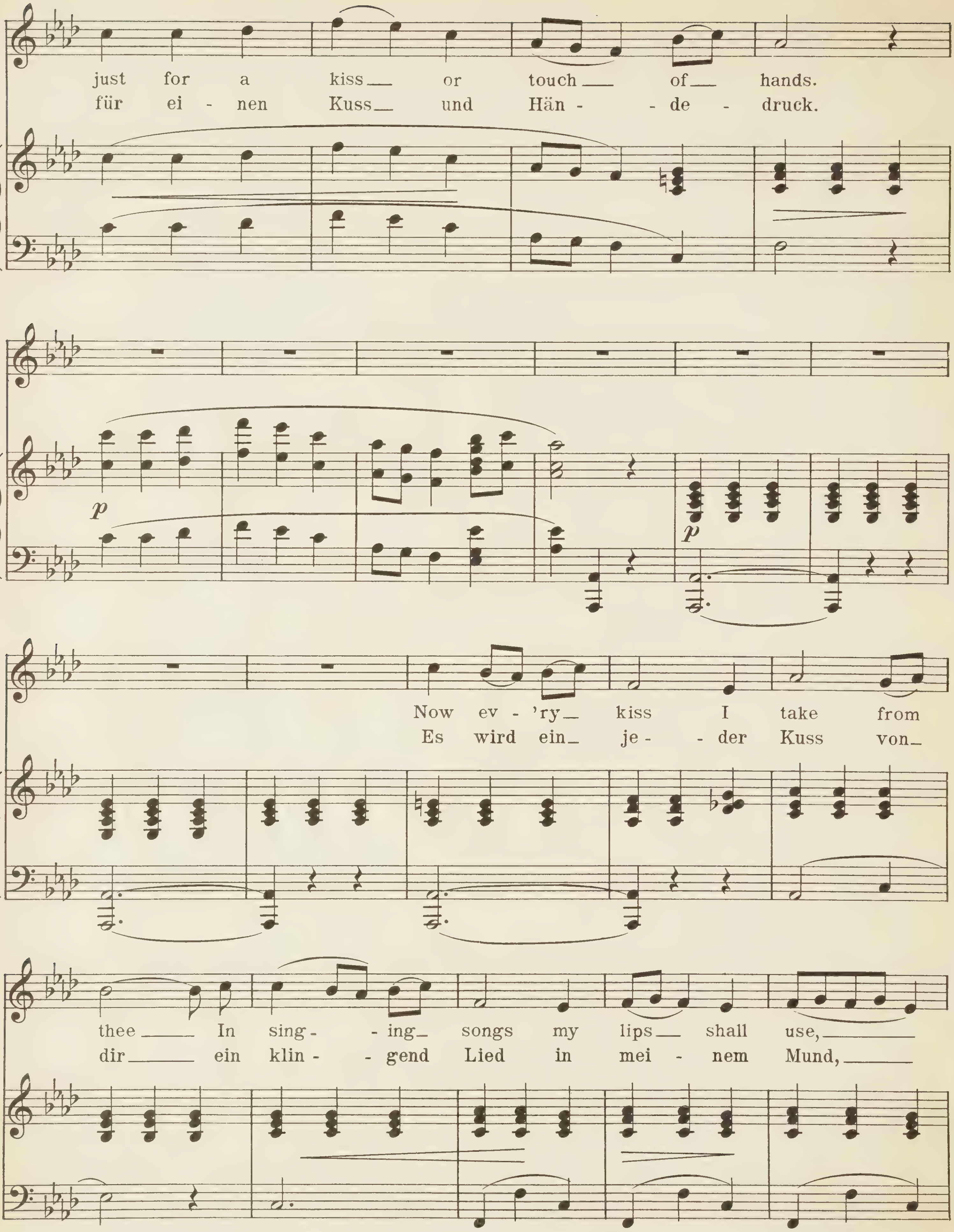
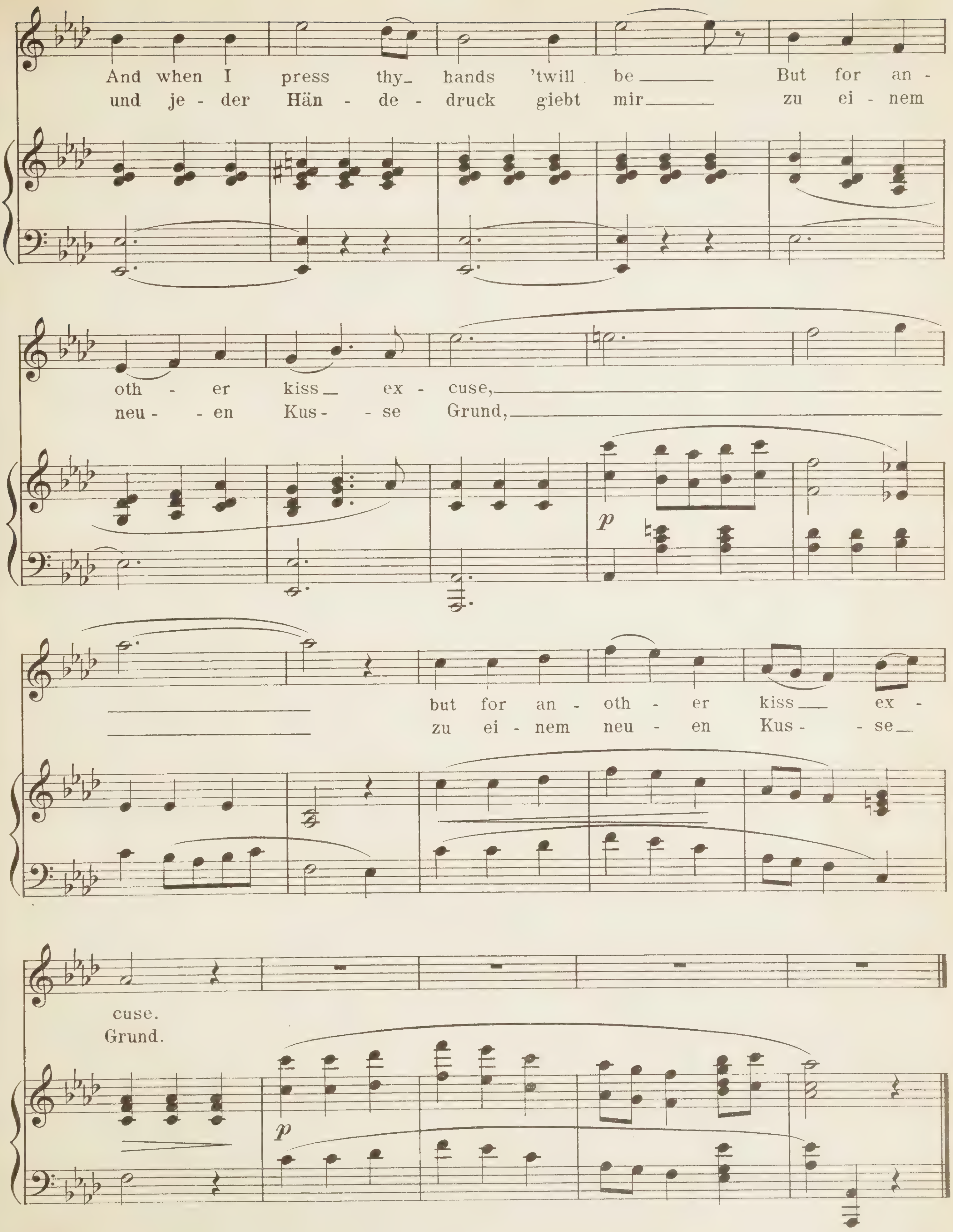

sin - - gle, fur - - tive kiss_ im - plore,
heim - - lich ei - - nen Kuss_ er - fleh',
one sin - gle, fur - tive
und heim - lich ei - nen
kiss_ im - plore.
Kuss_ er - fleh'.
p
I, who such
Der dir_ so_


court - ly hom - age pay, Whose love in per - fect
schö - ne Hul - di - gung ge - bracht in rei - nem
hon - or stands, Should not for par - don
Lie - bes - schmuck, der braucht wohl nicht Ent -
need to pray Just for a kiss or touch of
schul - di - gung für ei - nen Kuss und Hän - de -
hands,
druck,
p


just for a kiss or touch of hands.
für ei - nen Kuss und Hän - - de - druck.
p
p
Now ev - 'ry kiss I take from
Es wird ein je - - der Kuss von
thee In sing - - ing songs my lips shall use,
dir ein klin - - gend Lied in mei - nem Mund,


And when I press thy hands 'twill be But for an-
und je-der Hän-de-druck giebt mir zu ei-nem
oth-er kiss ex-cuse,
neu-en Kus-se Grund,
but for an-oth-er kiss ex-
zu ei-nem neu-en Kus-se
cuse.
Grund.
p
p

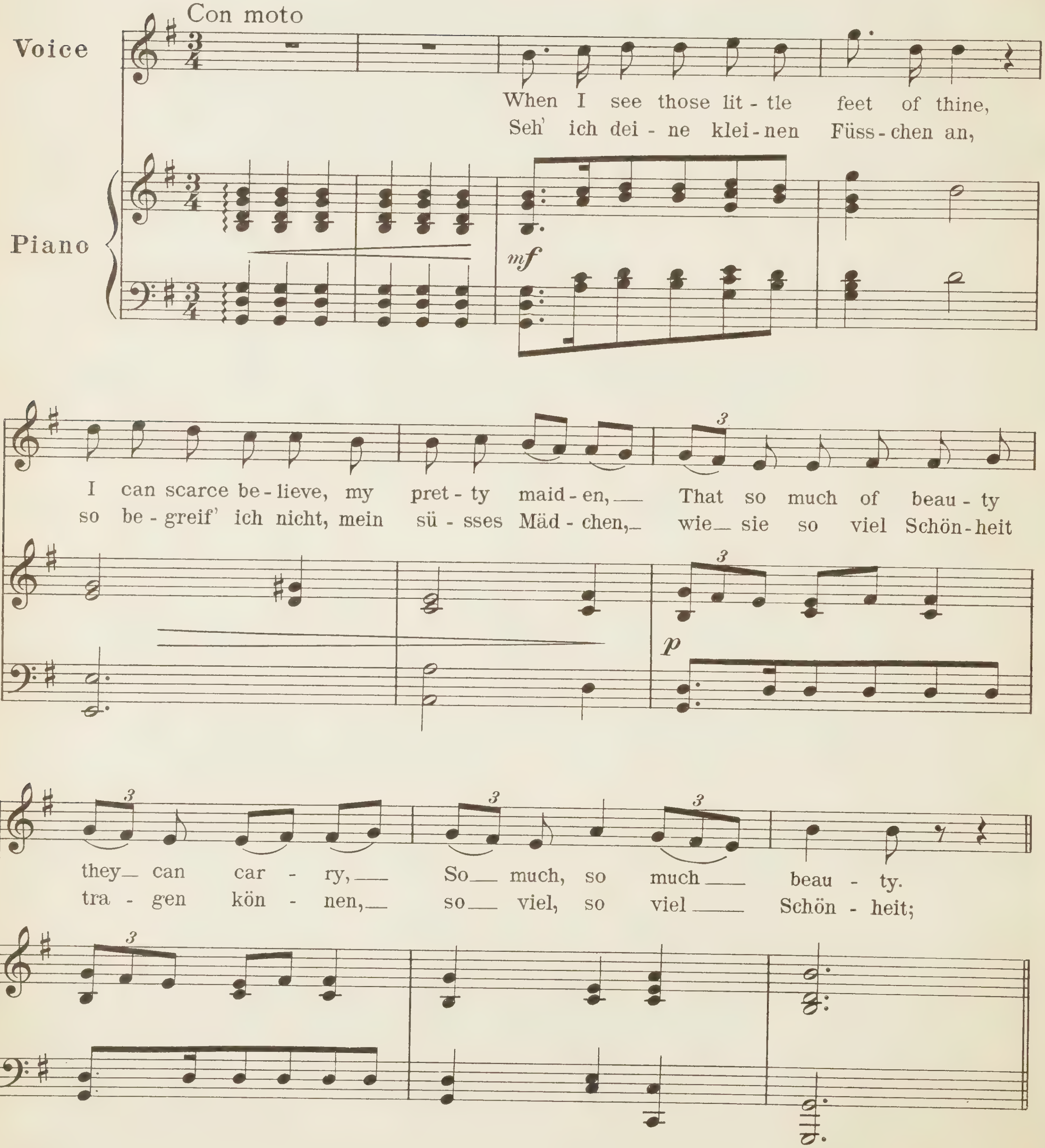
"When I see those little feet of thine"

„Seh' ich deine kleinen Füsschen an"

(Mirza-Schaffy)

German words by F. Bodenstedt
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, № 3



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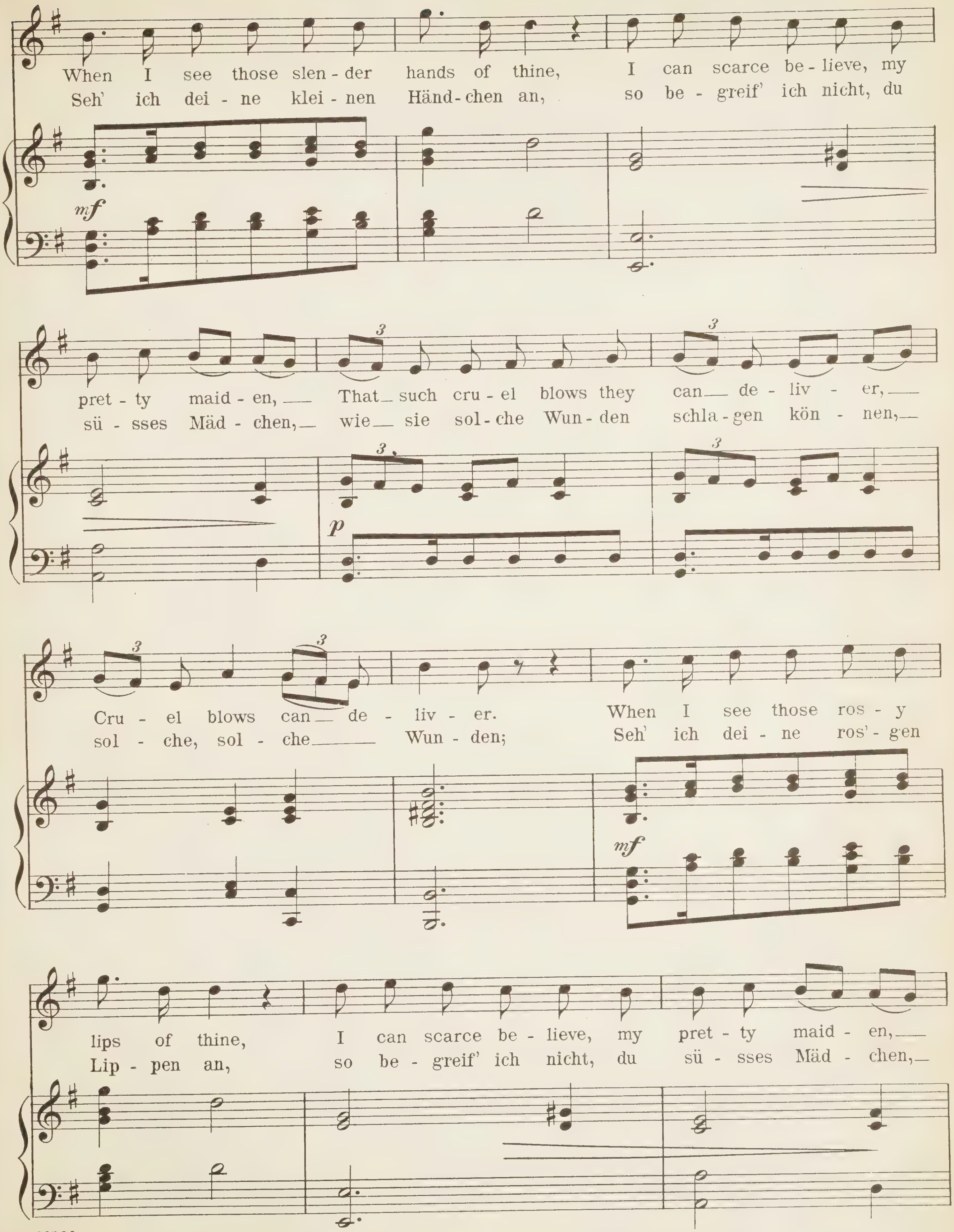
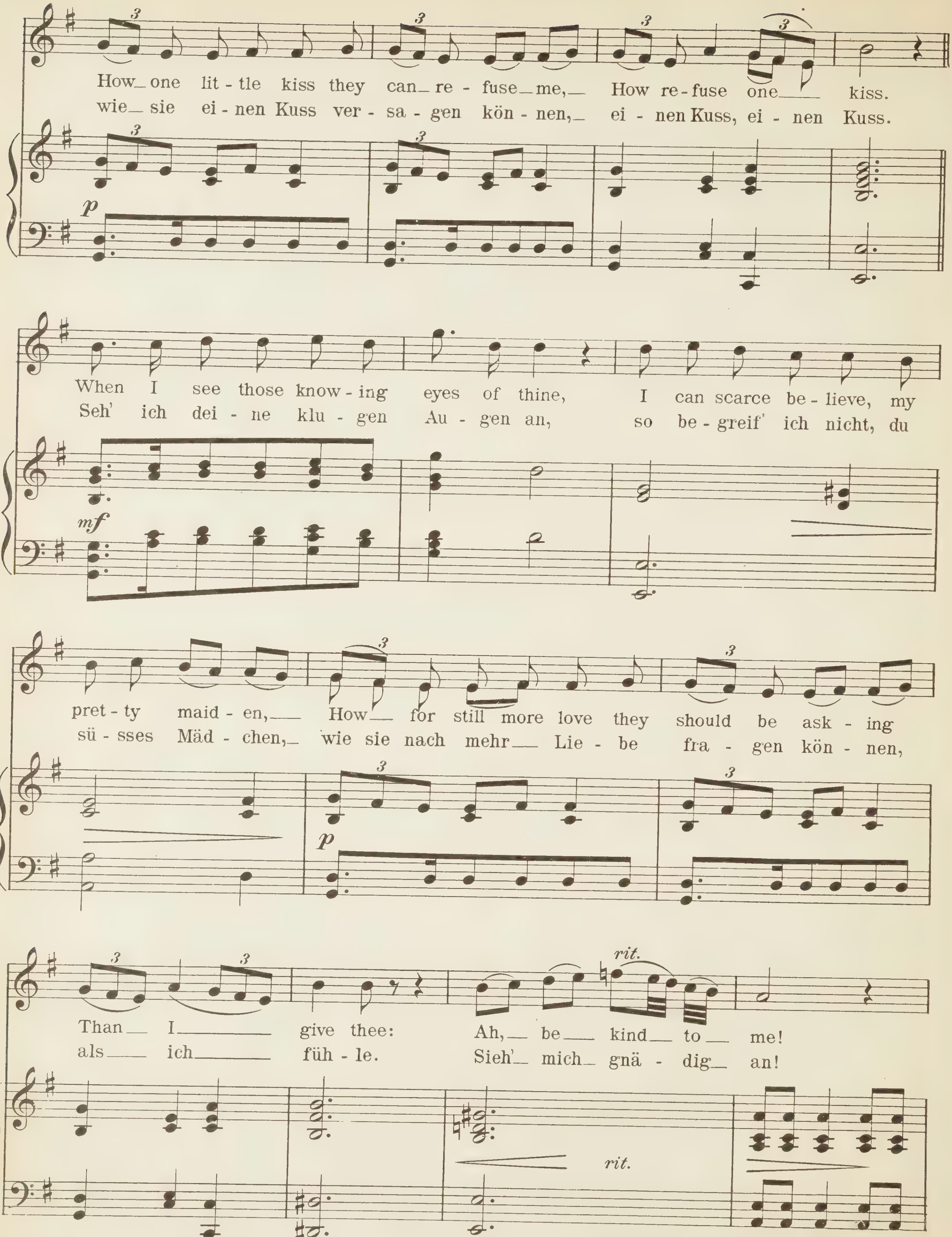
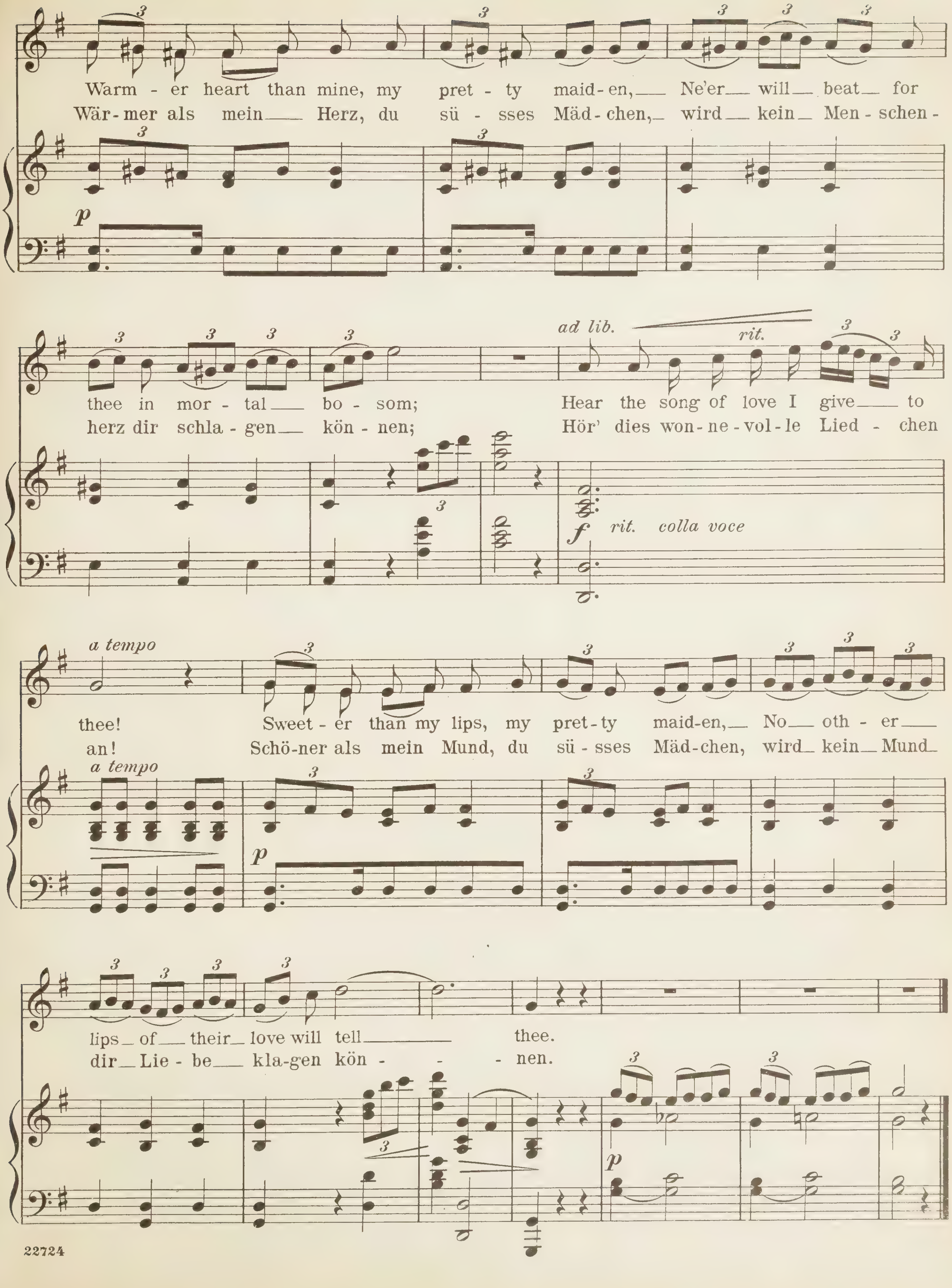

mf
When I see those slen - der hands of thine, I can scarce be - lieve, my
Seh' ich dei - ne klei - nen Händ - chen an, so be - greif' ich nicht, du
pret - ty maid - en, That such cru - el blows they can de - liv - er,
sü - sses Mäd - chen, wie sie sol - che Wun - den schla - gen kön - nen,
p
Cru - el blows can de - liv - er. When I see those ros - y
sol - che, sol - che Wun - den; Seh' ich dei - ne ros' - gen
mf
lips of thine, I can scarce be - lieve, my pret - ty maid - en,
Lip - pen an, so be - greif' ich nicht, du sü - sses Mäd - chen,


How_ one lit - tle kiss they can_ re - fuse_ me,_ How re - fuse one_ kiss.
wie_ sie ei - nen Kuss ver - sa - gen kön - nen,_ ei - nen Kuss, ei - nen Kuss.
p
When I see those know - ing eyes of thine, I can scarce be - lieve, my
Seh' ich dei - ne klu - gen Au - gen an, so be - greif' ich nicht, du
mf
pret - ty maid - en,_ How_ for still more love they should be ask - ing
sü - sses Mäd - chen,_ wie sie nach mehr_ Lie - be fra - gen kön - nen,
p
Than_ I_ give thee: Ah,_ be_ kind_ to_ me!
als_ ich_ füh - le. Sieh'_ mich_ gnä - dig_ an!
rit.
rit.


Warm - er heart than mine, my pret - ty maid - en, Ne'er will beat for
Wär - mer als mein Herz, du sü - sses Mäd - chen, wird kein Men - schen -
p
thee in mor - tal bo - som;
herz dir schla - gen kön - nen;
ad lib.
rit.
Hear the song of love I give to
Hör' dies won - ne - vol - le Lied - chen
f
rit. colla voce
a tempo
thee!
an!
a tempo
Sweet - er than my lips, my pret - ty maid - en, No oth - er
Schö - ner als mein Mund, du sü - sses Mäd - chen, wird kein Mund
p
lips of their love will tell thee.
dir Lie - be kla - gen kön - nen.
p

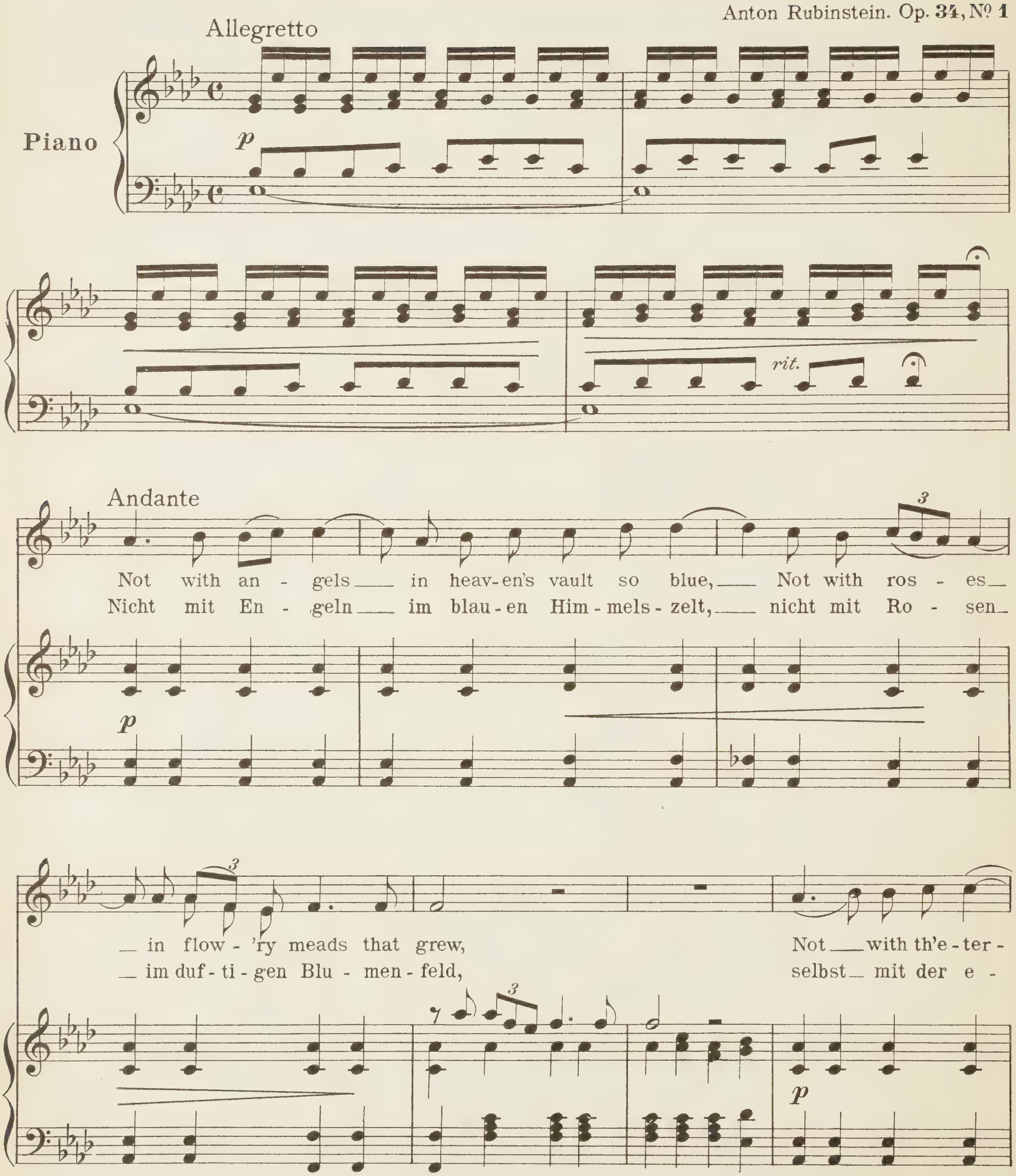
"Not with angels"

„Nicht mit Engeln"

(Mirza - Schaffy)

German words by F. Bodenstedt
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, No 1



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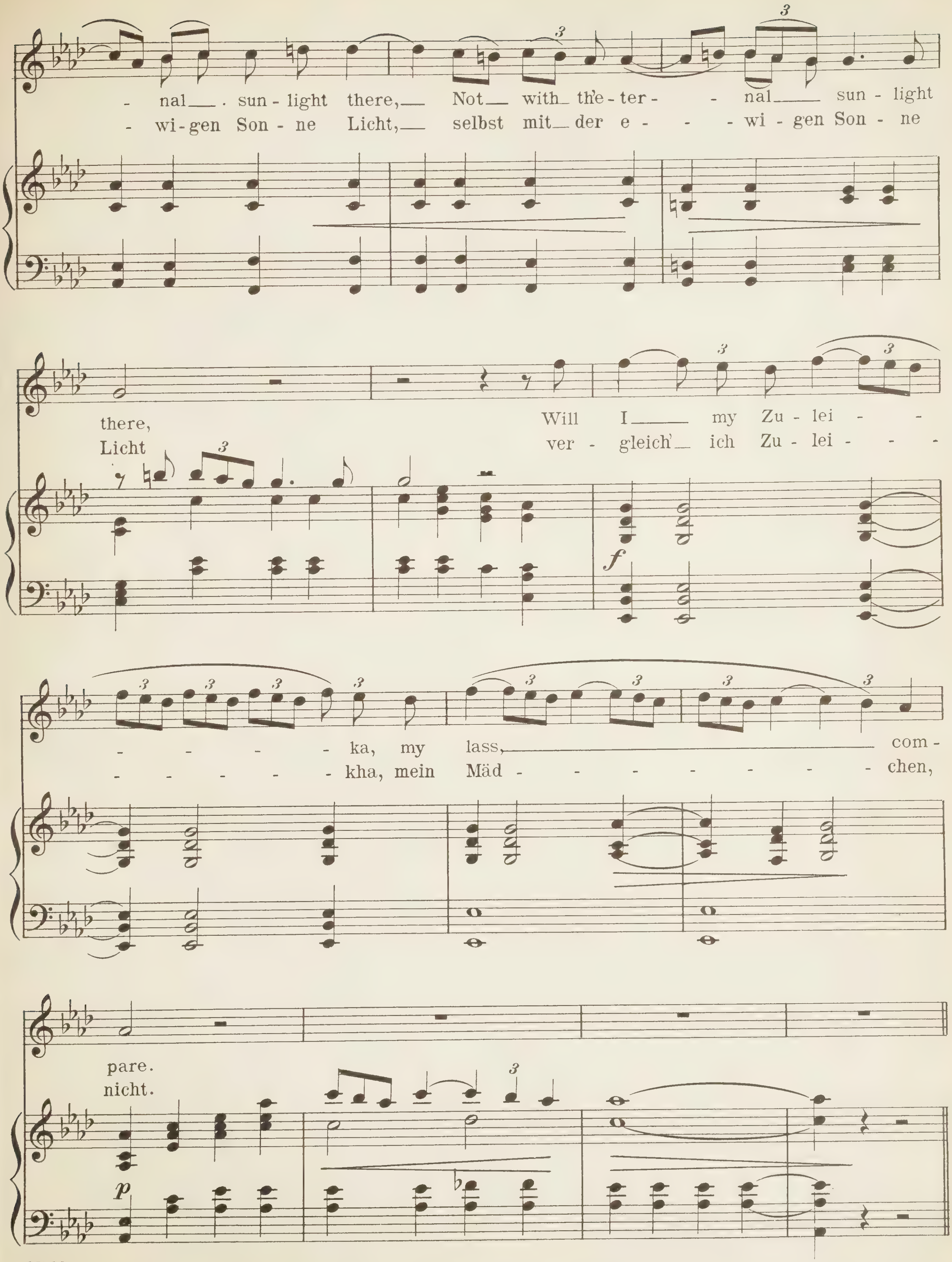
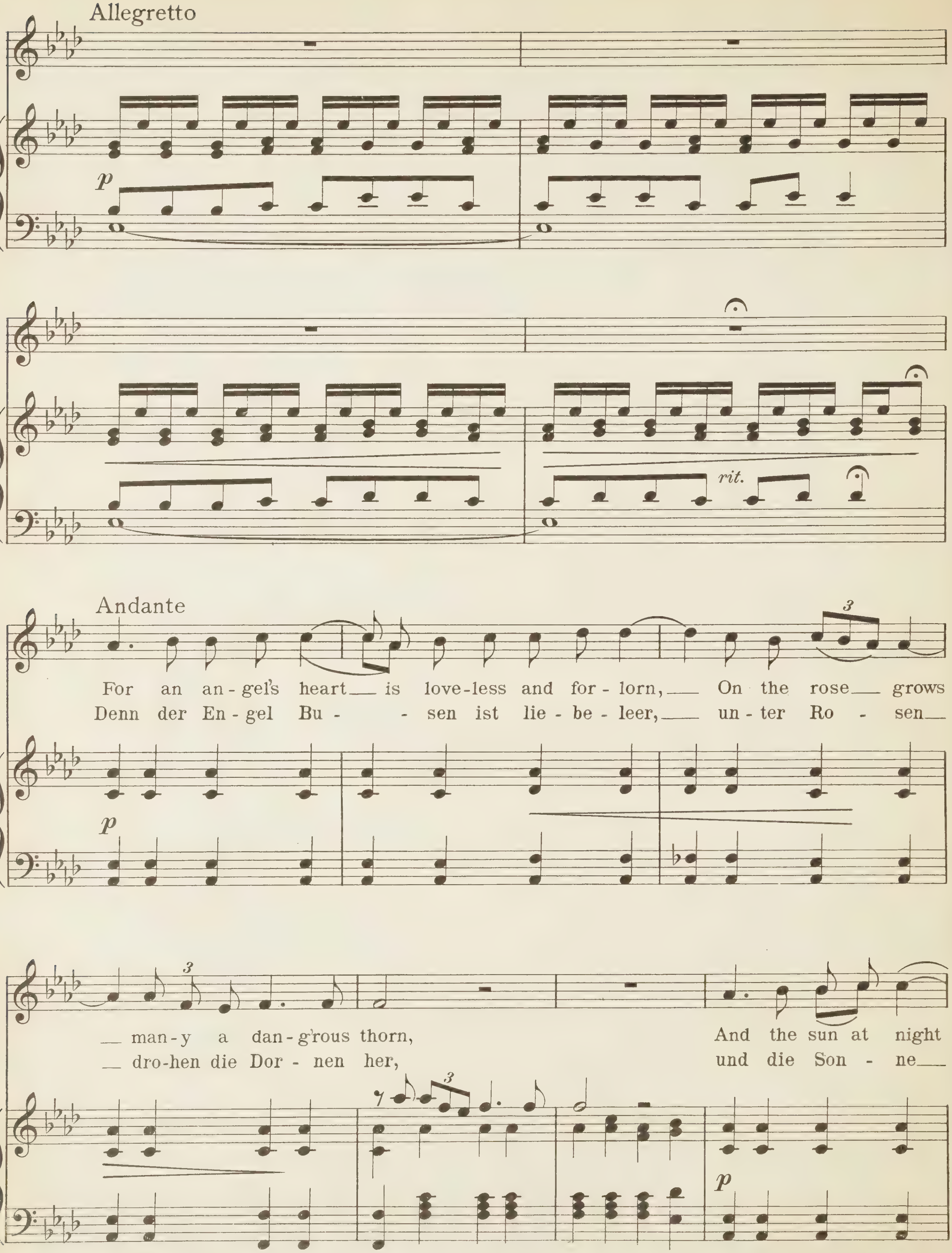
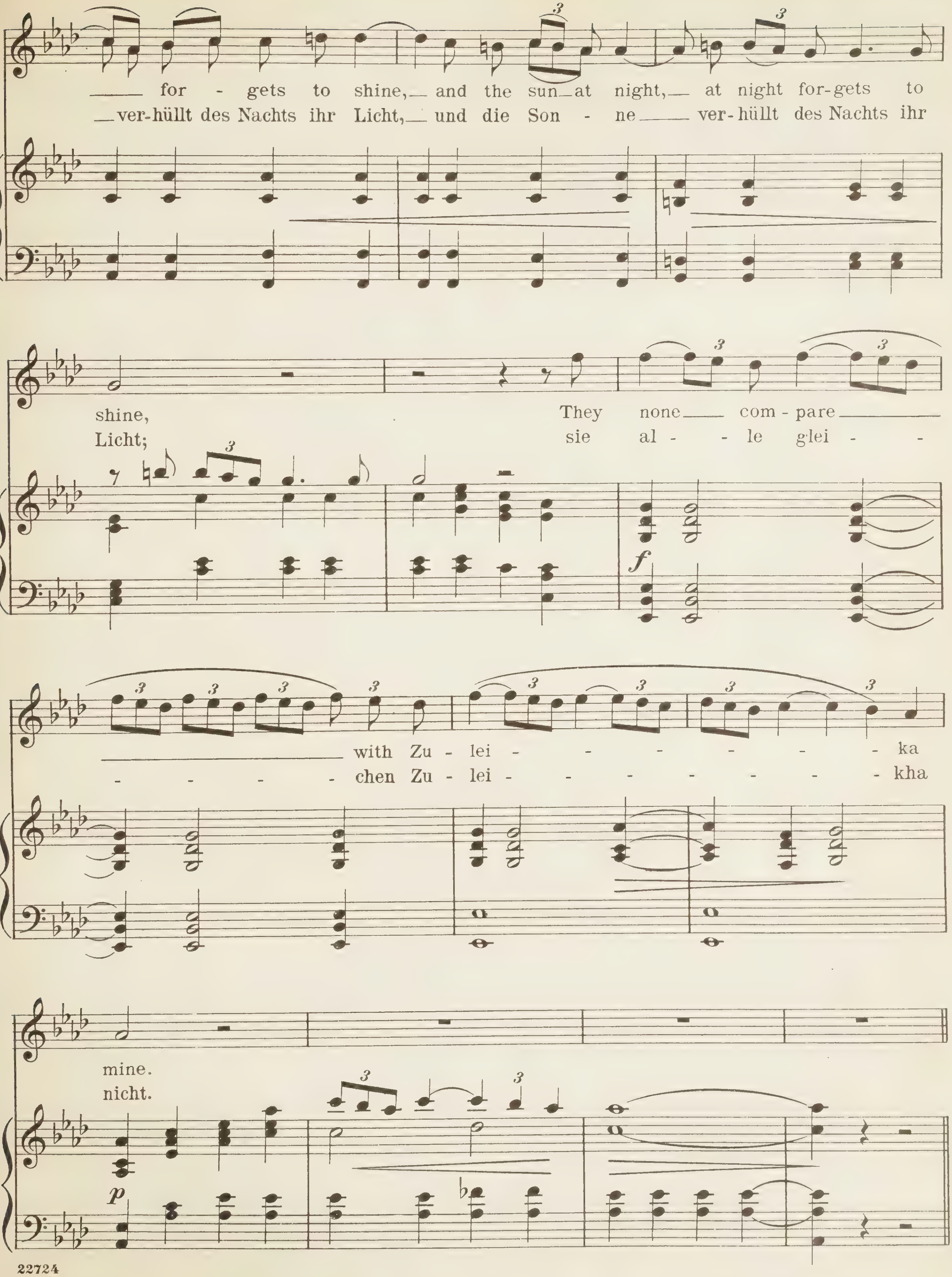
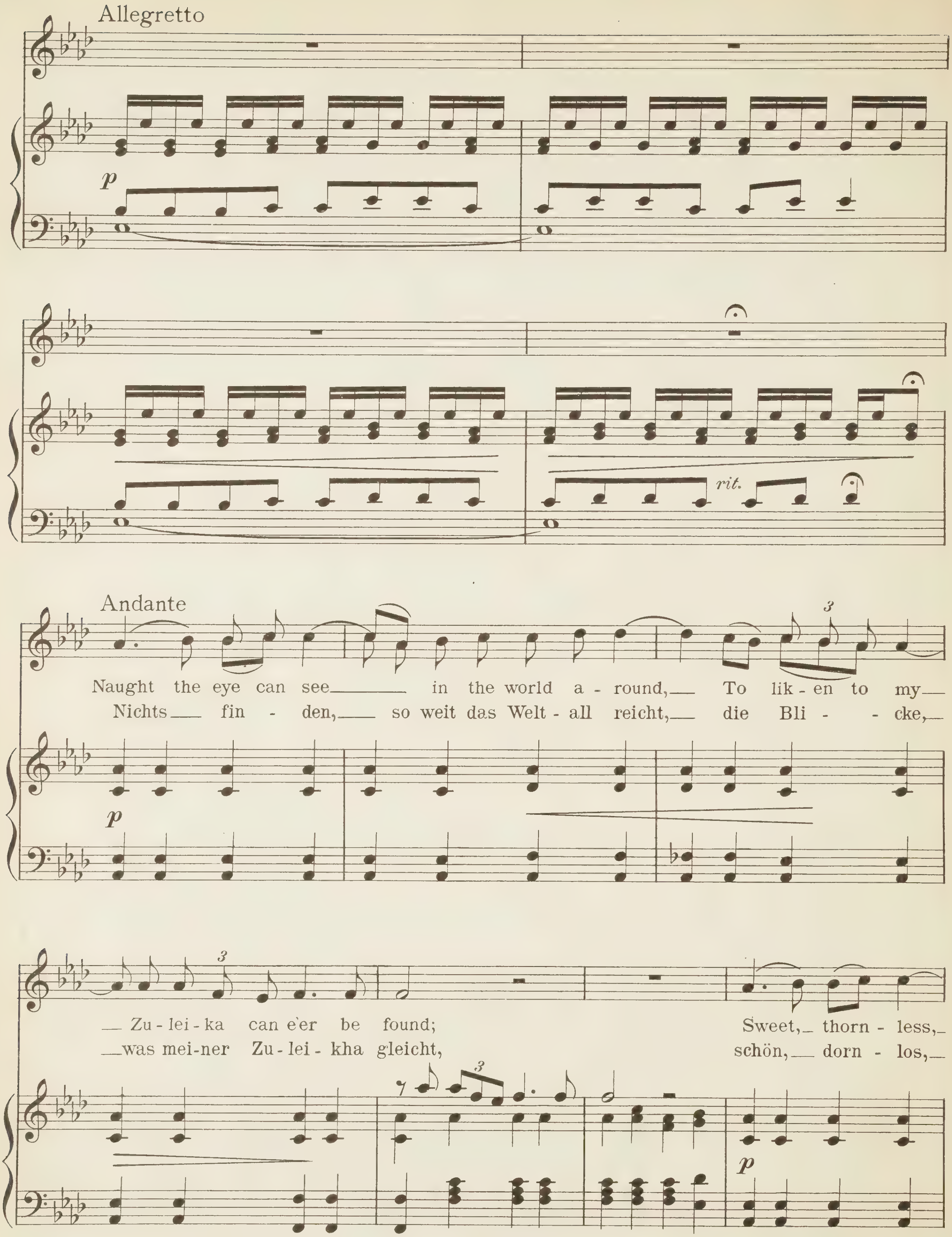
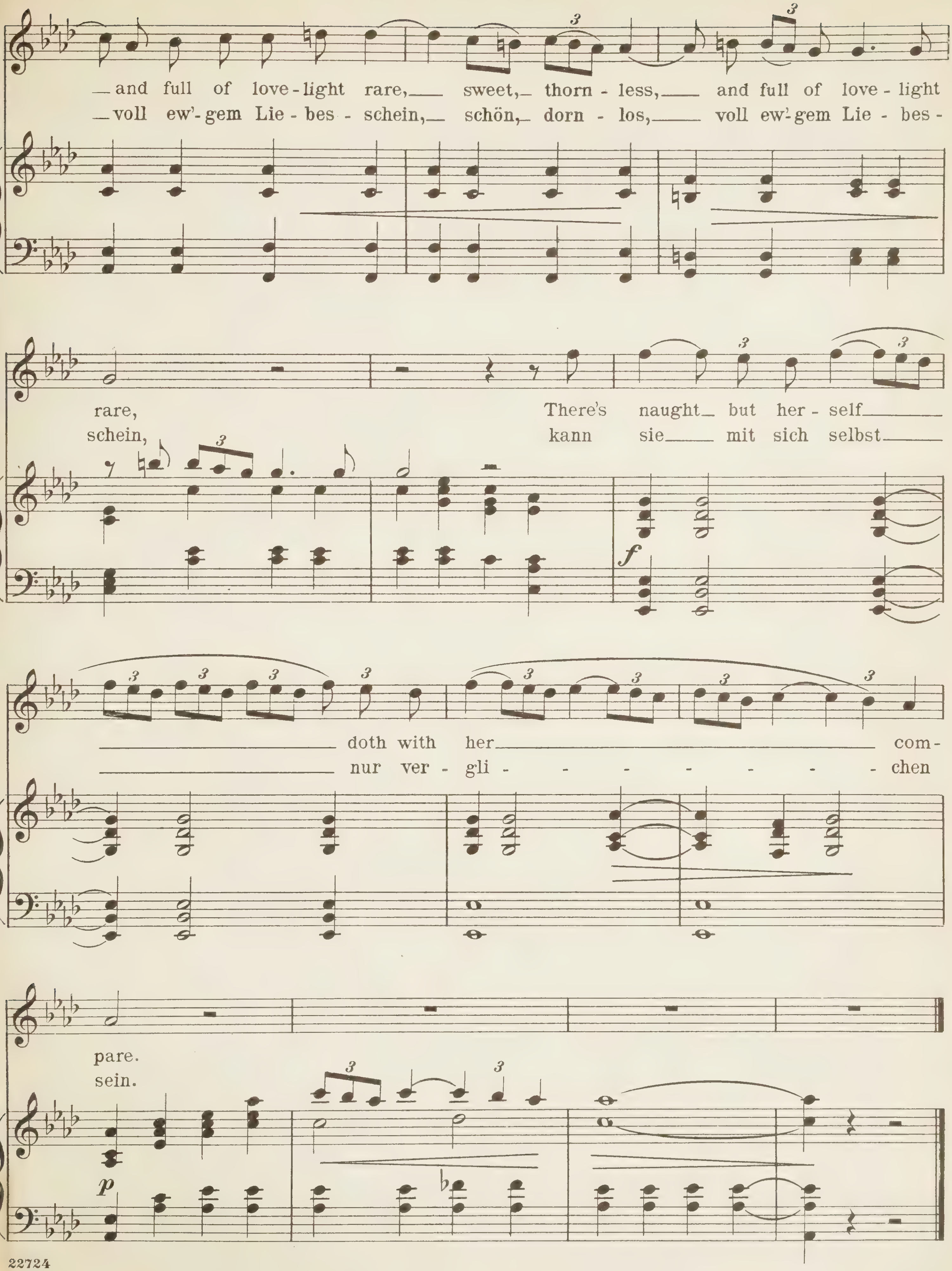

nal — . sun-light there, — Not — with th'e-ter- - nal — sun-light
- wi-gen Son-ne Licht, — selbst mit — der e- - - - wi-gen Son-ne
there,
Licht
Will I — my Zu-lei- -
ver-gleich' — ich Zu-lei- - -
- - - - ka, my lass, — com-
- - - - - kha, mein Mäd- - - - - - - chen,
pare.
nicht.


Allegretto
p
rit.
Andante
For an an-gel's heart is love-less and for-lorn, On the rose grows
Denn der En-gel Bu- - sen ist lie-be-leer, un-ter Ro - sen
p
man-y a dan-g'rous thorn,
dro-hen die Dor - nen her,
And the sun at night
und die Son - ne
p



for - gets to shine, and the sun at night, at night for-gets to
ver-hüllt des Nachts ihr Licht, und die Son - ne ver-hüllt des Nachts ihr
shine, They none com - pare
Licht; sie al - - le glei - -
with Zu - lei - - - - - - - ka
- - - - chen Zu - lei - - - - - - - kha
mine.
nicht.


Allegretto
p
rit.
Andante
Naught the eye can see in the world a-round, To lik-en to my
Nichts fin-den, so weit das Welt-all reicht, die Bli-cke,
p
Zu-lei-ka can e'er be found;
was mei-ner Zu-lei-kha gleicht,
Sweet, thorn-less,
schön, dorn-los,
p


—and full of love-light rare,— sweet,— thorn-less,— and full of love-light
—voll ew'gem Lie-bes-schein,— schön,— dorn-los,— voll ew'gem Lie-bes-
rare, There's naught— but her-self—
schein, kann sie— mit sich selbst—
— doth with her — com-
— nur ver-gli- - - - - - -chen
pare.
sein.

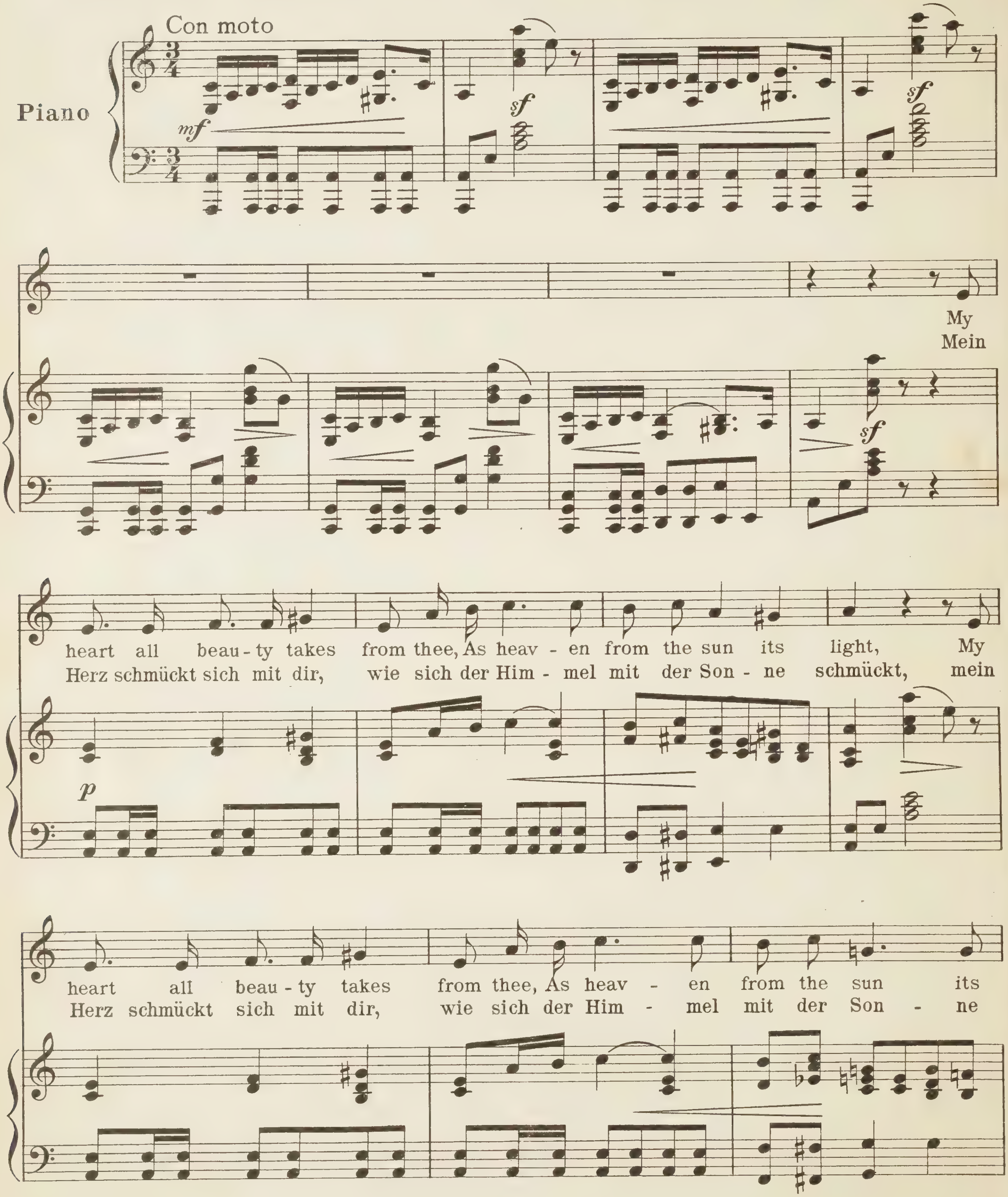
"My heart all beauty takes from thee"

„Mein Herz schmückt sich mit dir"

(Mirza-Schaffy)

German words by F. Bodenstedt
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, № 2



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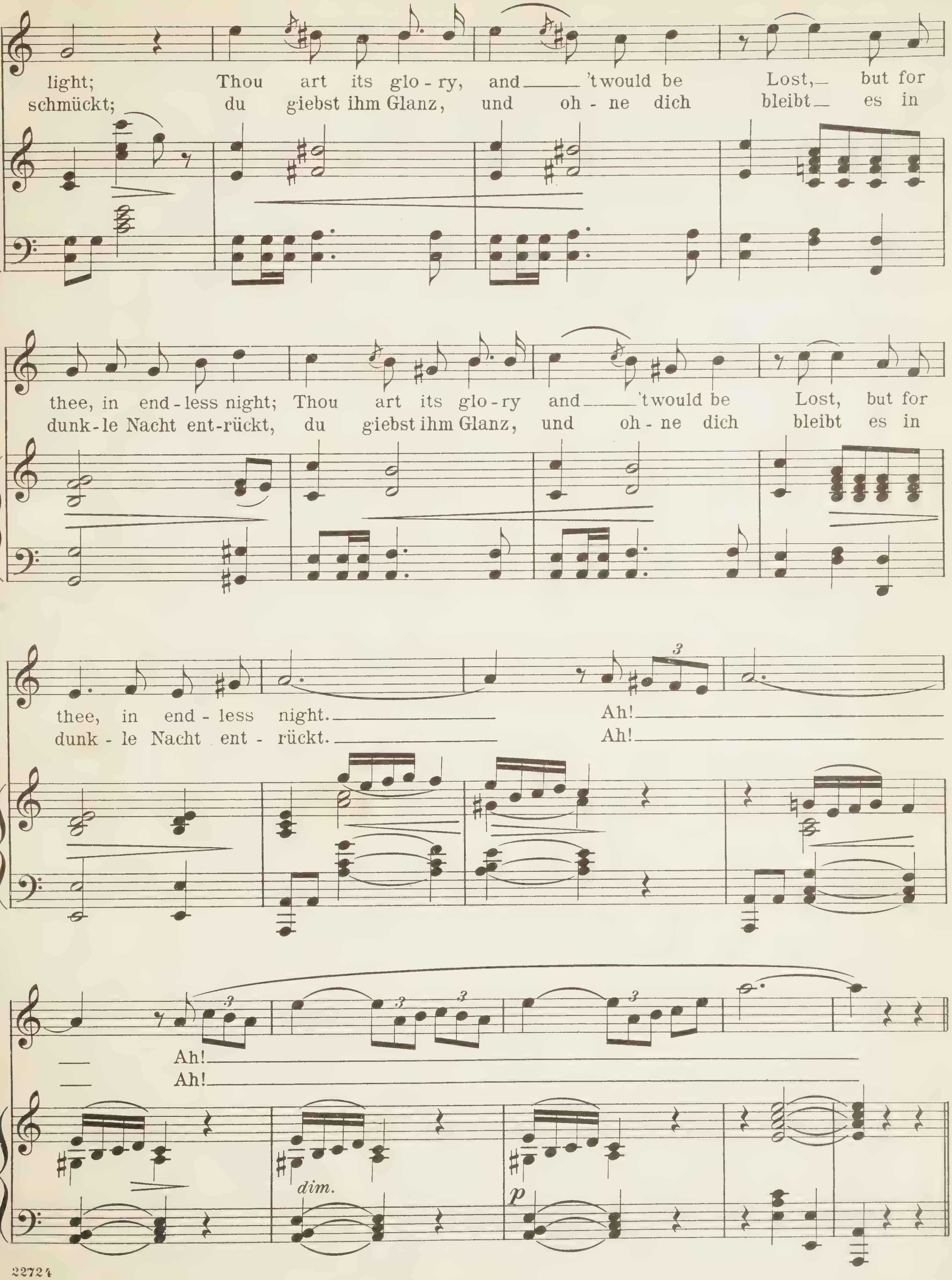
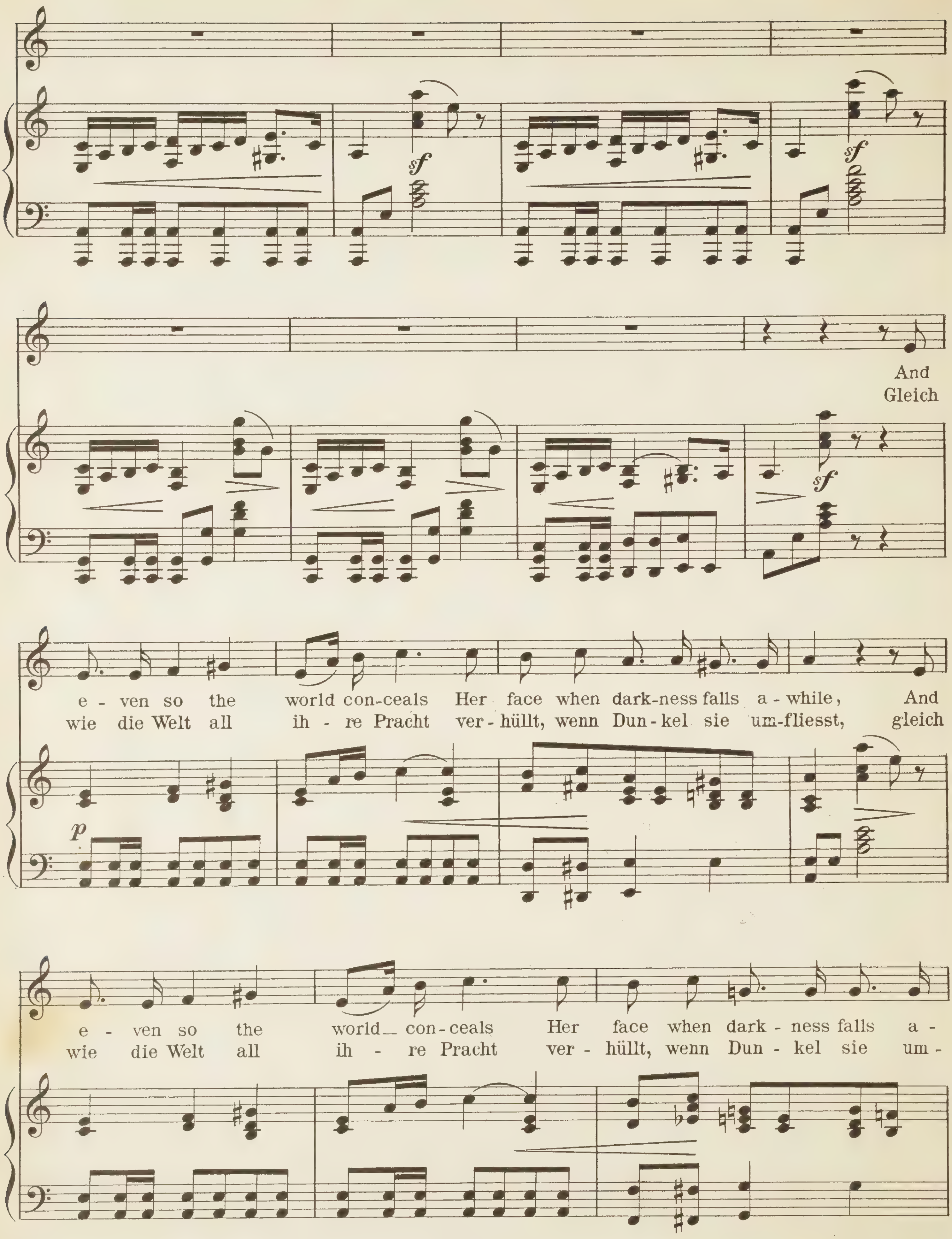
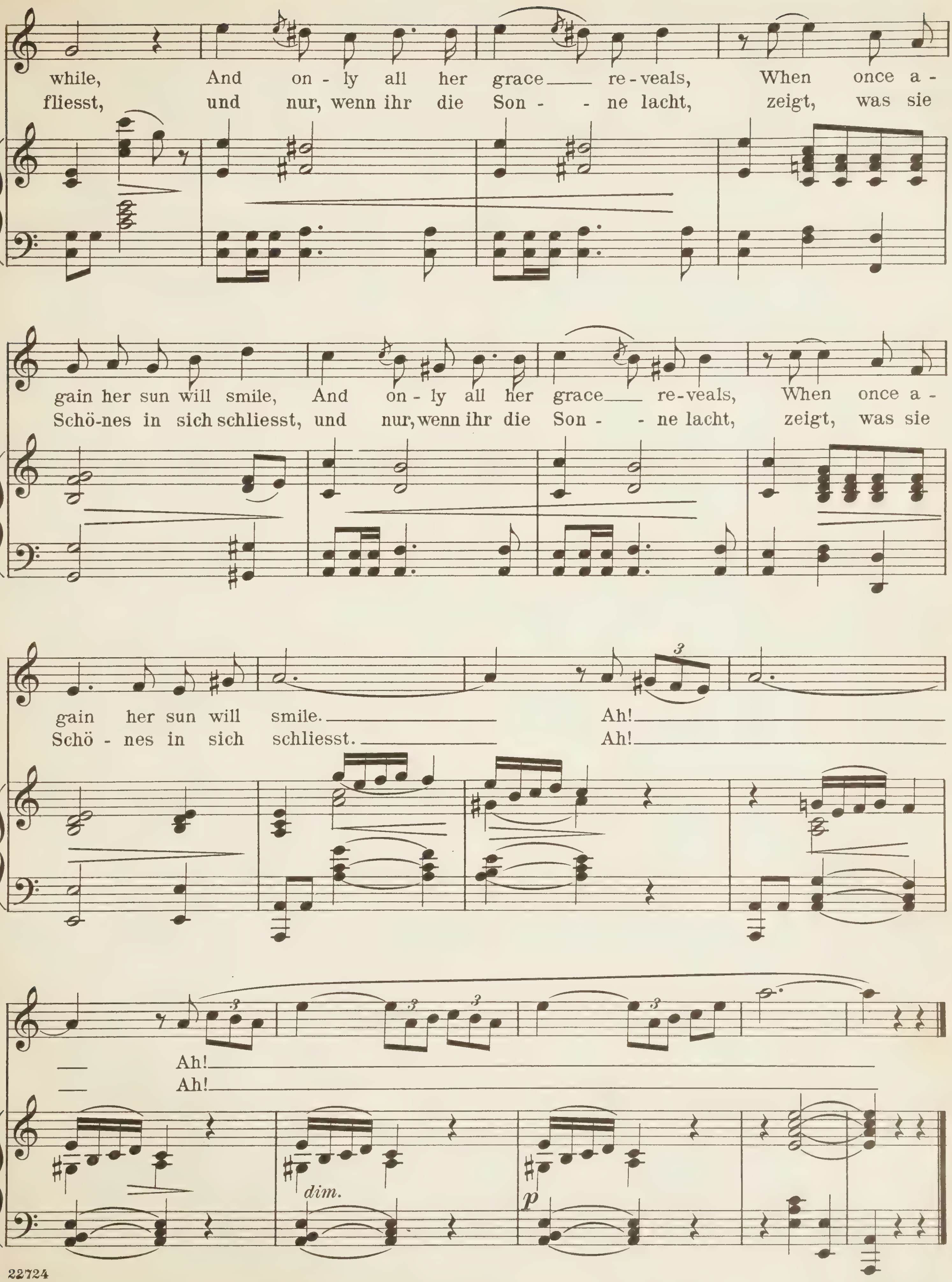

light; Thou art its glo-ry, and 'twould be Lost, but for
schmückt; du giebst ihm Glanz, und oh-ne dich bleibt es in
thee, in end-less night; Thou art its glo-ry and 'twould be Lost, but for
dunk-le Nacht ent-rückt, du giebst ihm Glanz, und oh-ne dich bleibt es in
thee, in end-less night. Ah!
dunk-le Nacht ent-rückt. Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
dim.
p


And
Gleich
e - ven so the world con-ceals Her face when dark-ness falls a - while, And
wie die Welt all ih - re Pracht ver - hüllt, wenn Dun - kel sie um-fliesst, gleich
e - ven so the world_ con-ceals Her face when dark - ness falls a -
wie die Welt all ih - re Pracht ver - hüllt, wenn Dun - kel sie um -


while, And on - ly all her grace re - veals, When once a -
fliesst, und nur, wenn ihr die Son - - ne lacht, zeigt, was sie
gain her sun will smile, And on - ly all her grace re - veals, When once a -
Schö - nes in sich schliesst, und nur, wenn ihr die Son - - ne lacht, zeigt, was sie
gain her sun will smile. Ah!
Schö - nes in sich schliesst. Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
dim.
p

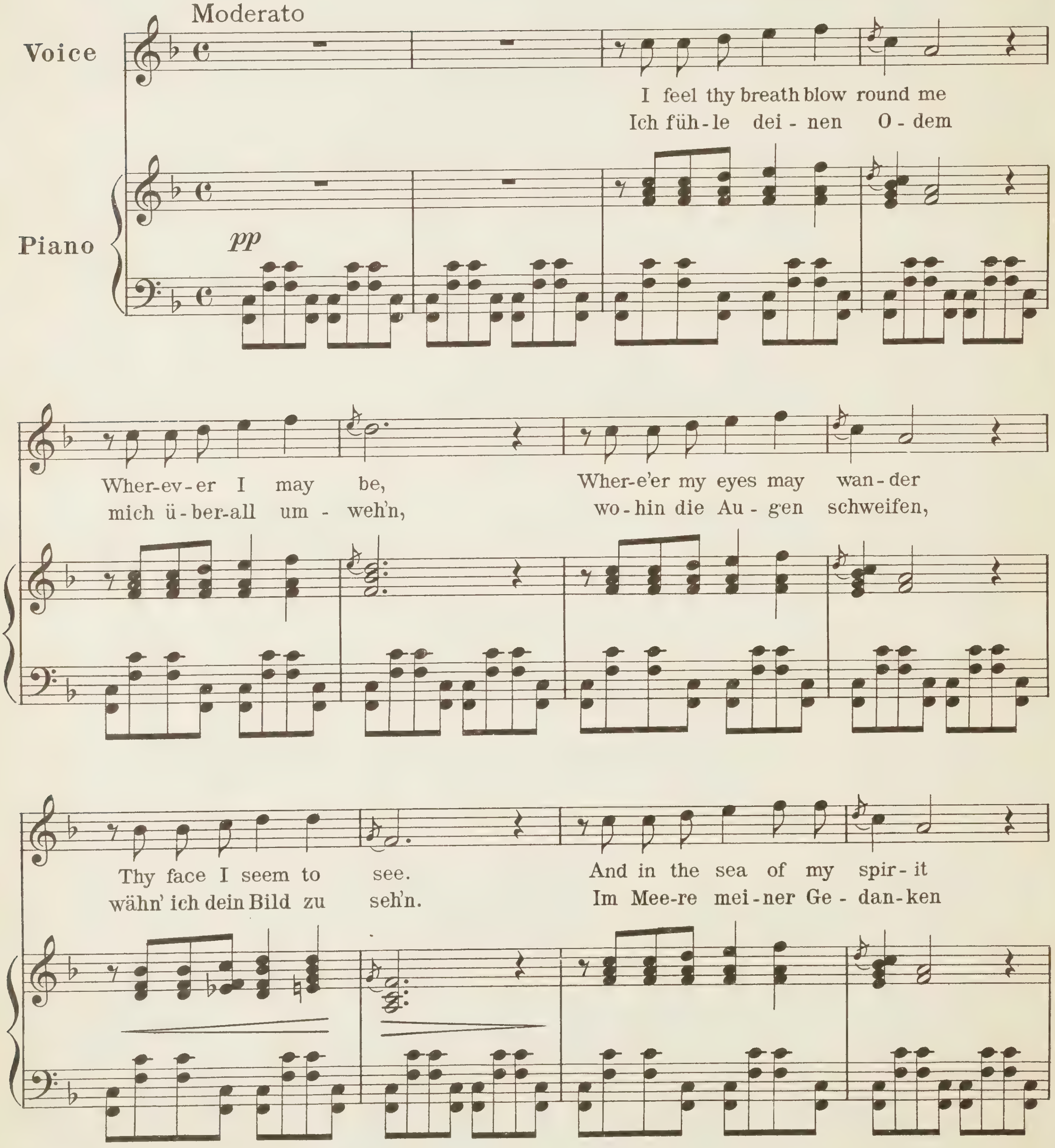
"I feel thy breath blow round me"

„Ich fühle deinen Odem"

(Mirza-Schaffy)

German words by F. Bodenstedt
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, Nº 6



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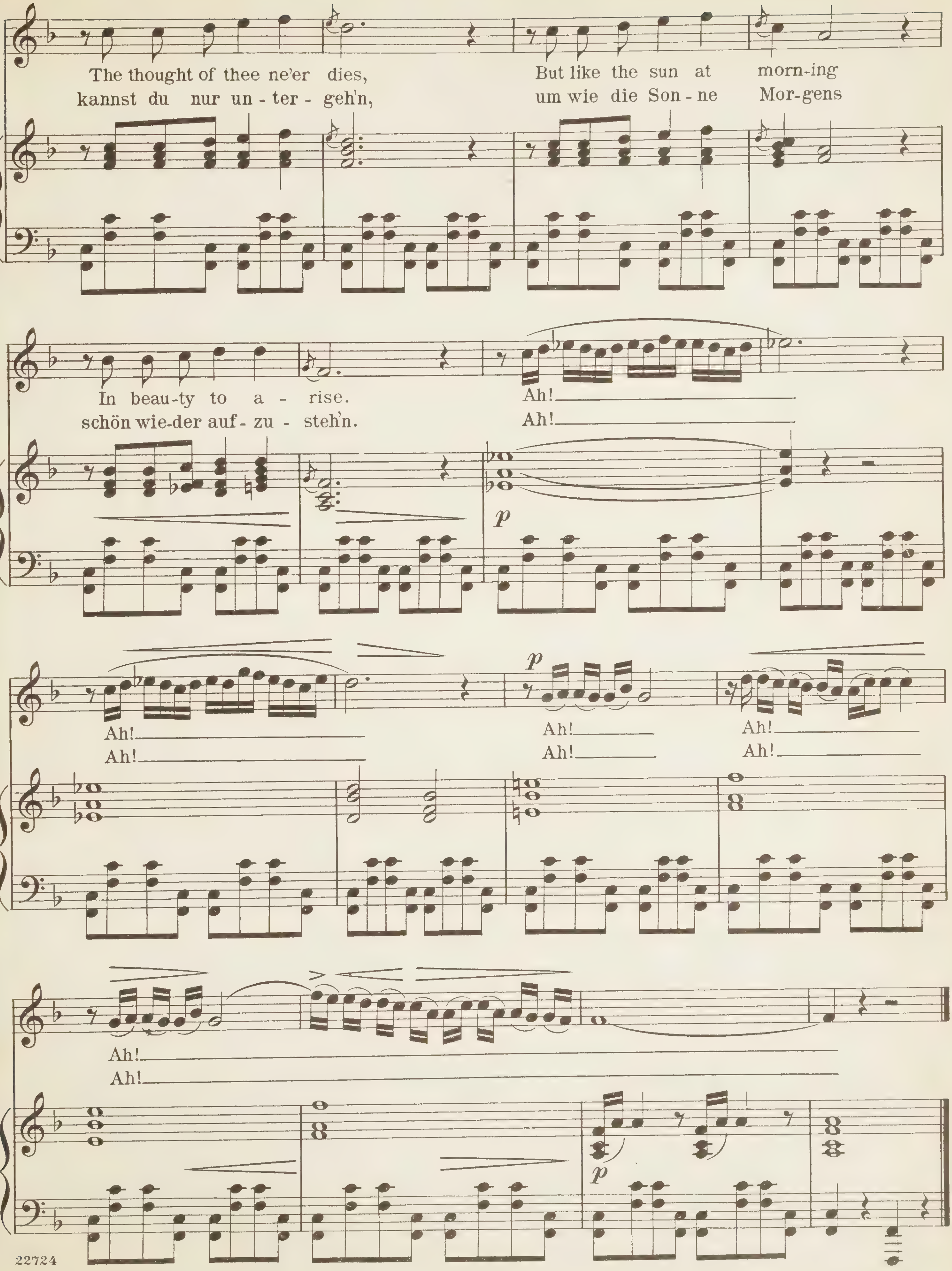

The thought of thee ne'er dies,
kannst du nur un - ter - geh'n,
But like the sun at morn-ing
um wie die Son - ne Mor-gens
In beau-ty to a - rise.
schön wie-der auf- zu - steh'n.
Ah!
Ah!
p
p
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
p

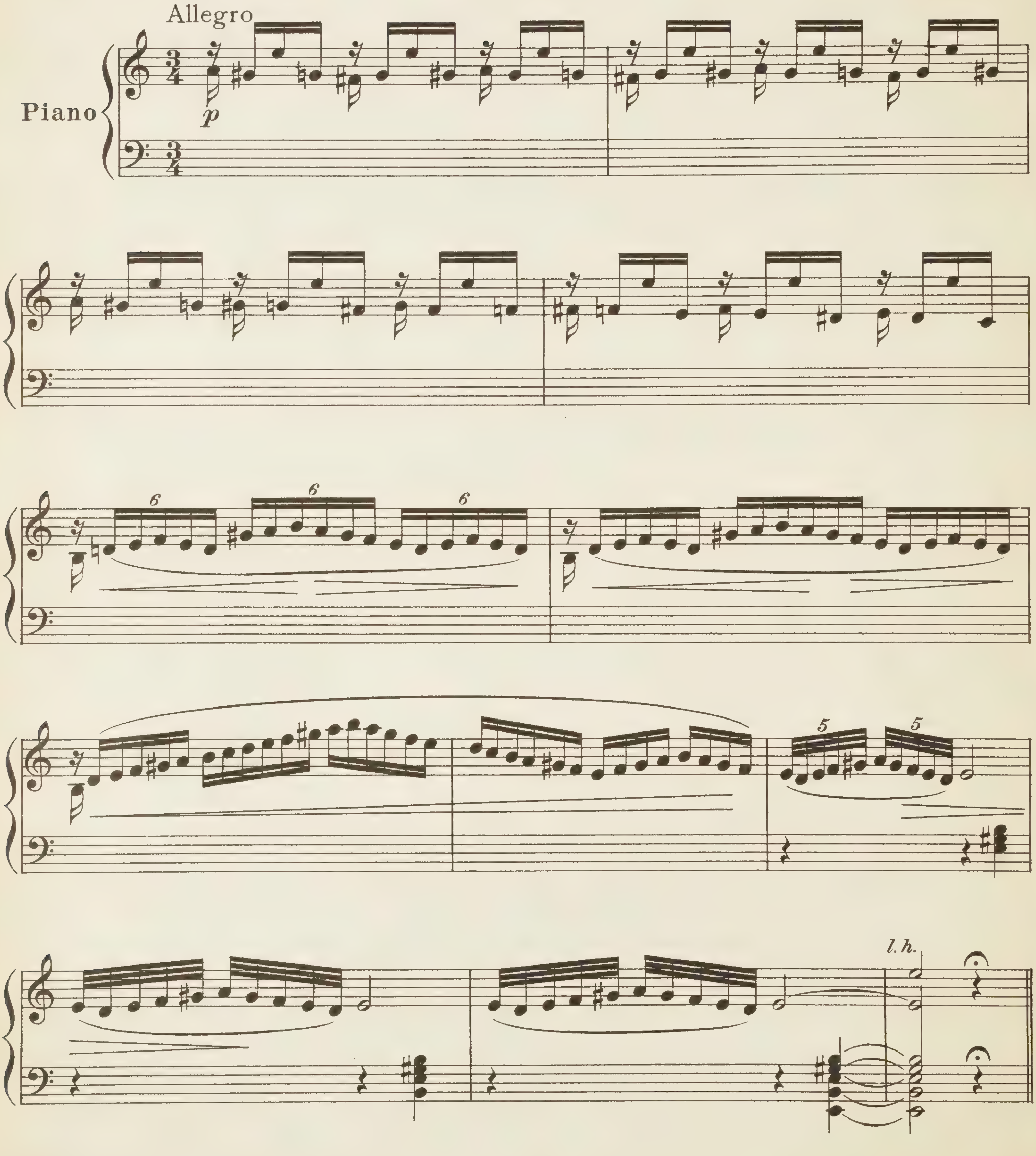
"Bend, lovely bud"

„Neig', schöne Knospe"

(Mirza-Schaffy)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
German words by F. Bodenstedt

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, Nº 8



22724

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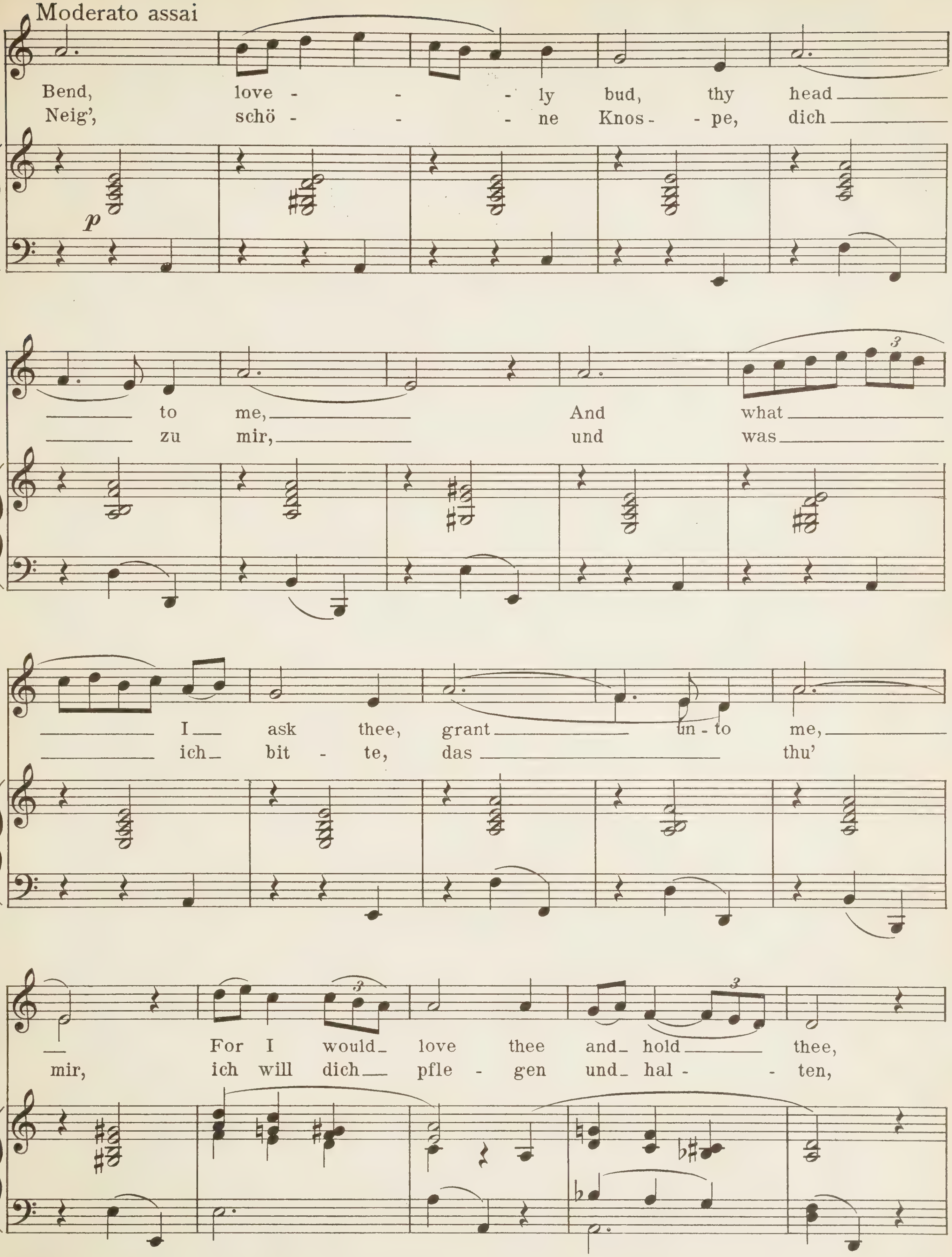
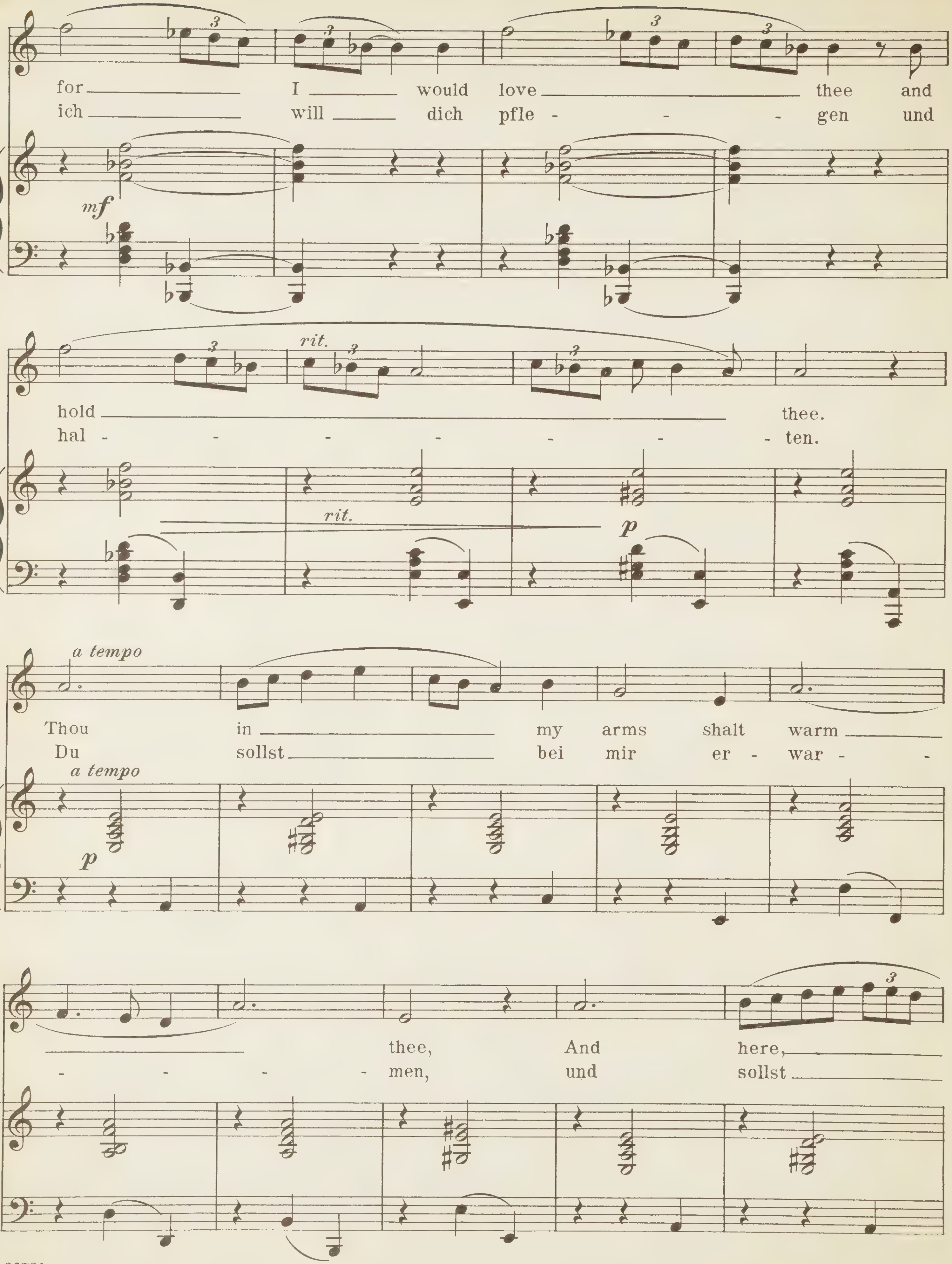
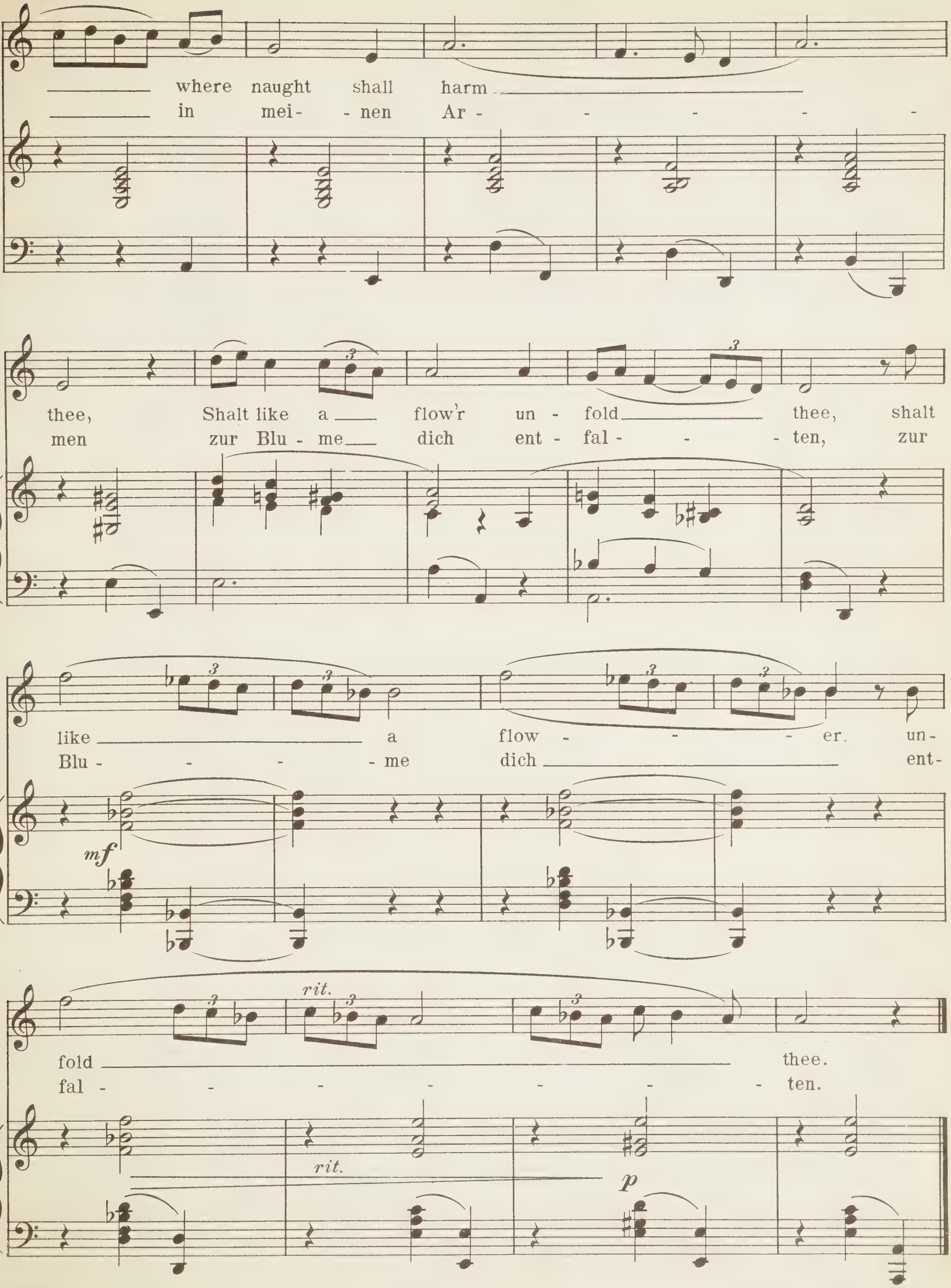

Moderato assai
Bend, love - - - ly bud, thy head
Neig', schö - - - ne Knos- - pe, dich
to me, And what
zu mir, und was
I ask thee, grant un - to me,
ich bit - te, das thu'
For I would love thee and hold thee,
mir, ich will dich pfle - gen und hal - - ten,


for I would love thee and
ich will dich pfle - - - gen und
mf
rit.
hold thee.
hal - - - - - - ten.
rit.
p
a tempo
Thou in my arms shalt warm
Du sollst bei mir er - war -
a tempo
p
thee, And here,
- - - - men, und sollst

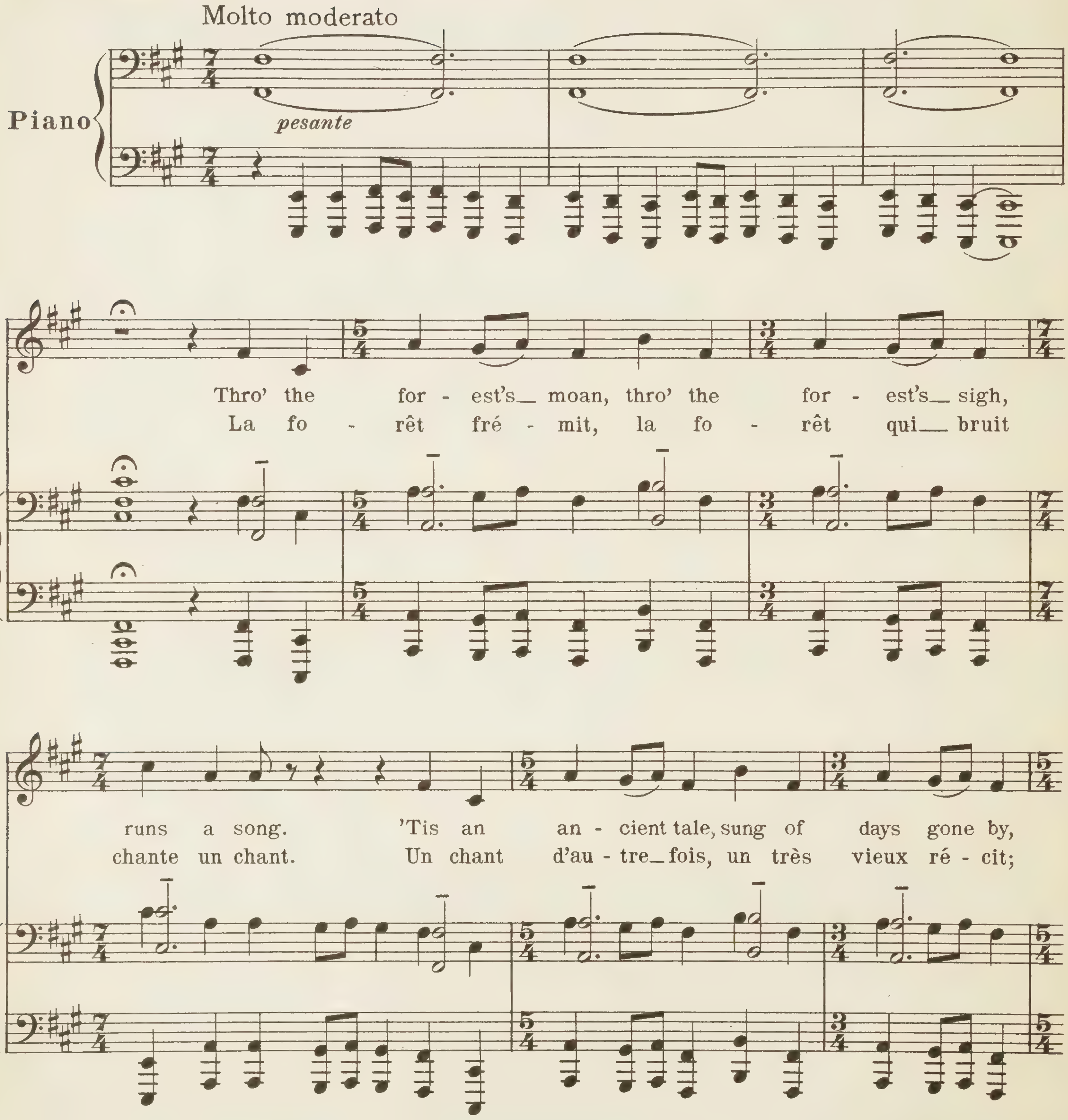

where naught shall harm
in meinen Ar-
thee, Shalt like a flow'r unfold thee, shalt
men zur Blume dich entfalten, zur
like a flow-er. un-
Blu-me dich ent-
mf
fold thee.
falten.
rit.
rit.
p

Song of the Dark Forest

Chanson de la Forêt Sombre

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
French version by
M.D. Calvocoressi

A. Borodine



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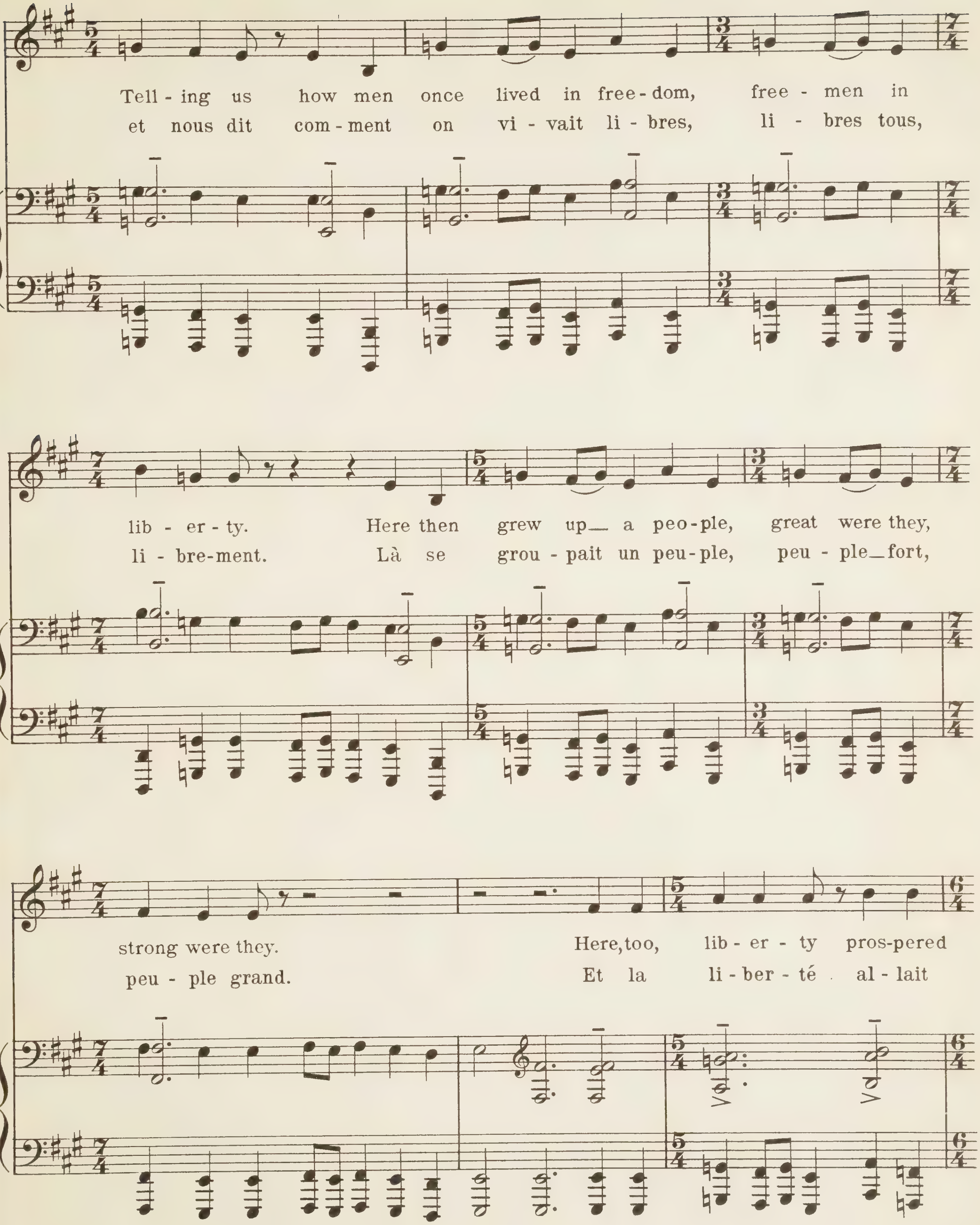
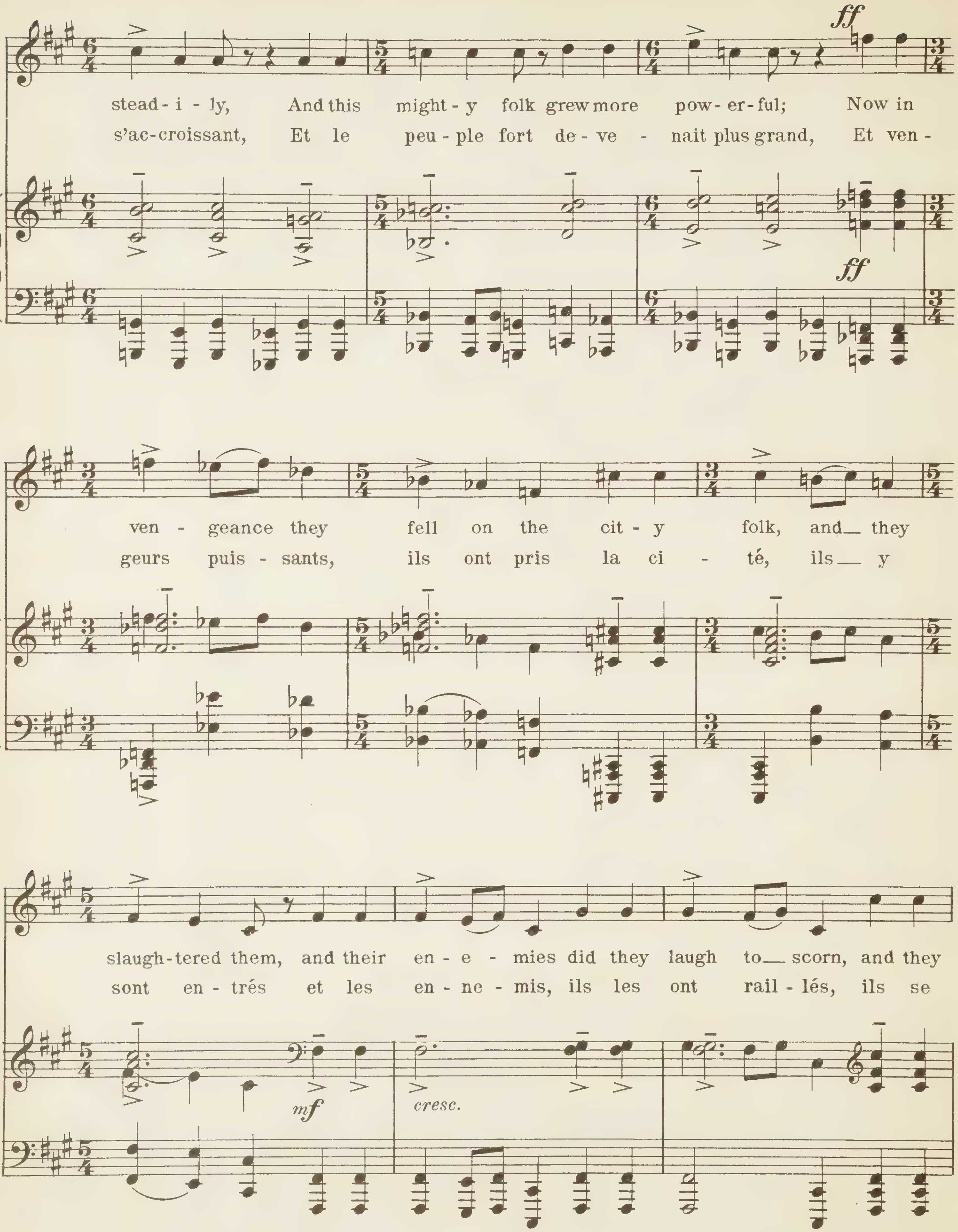
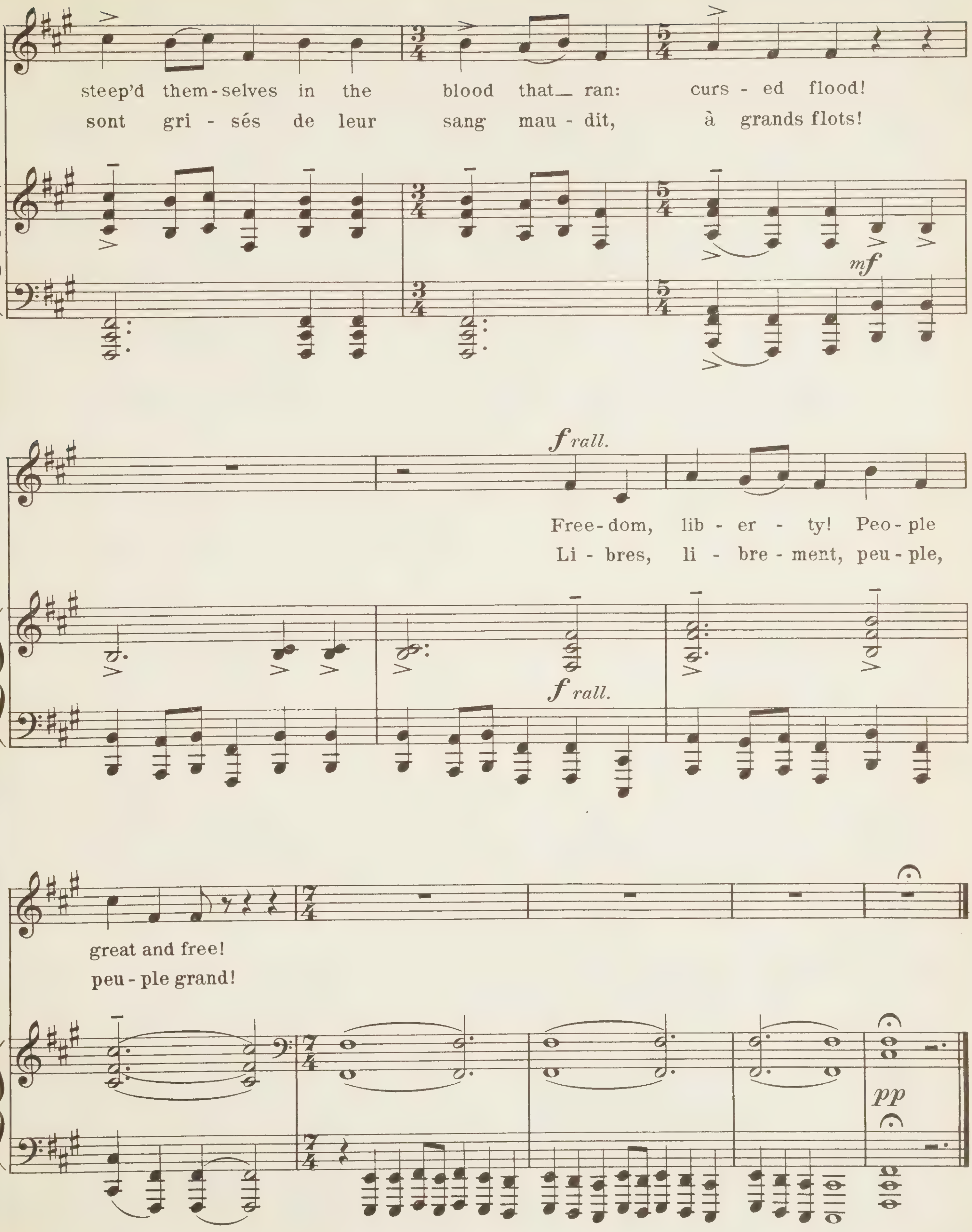

Tell - ing us how men once lived in free - dom, free - men in
et nous dit com - ment on vi - vait li - bres, li - bres tous,
lib - er - ty. Here then grew up — a peo - ple, great were they,
li - bre-ment. Là se grou - pait un peu - ple, peu - ple — fort,
strong were they. Here, too, lib - er - ty pros-pered
peu - ple grand. Et la li - ber - té al - lait


ff
stead - i - ly, And this might - y folk grew more pow - er - ful; Now in
s'ac-croissant, Et le peu - ple fort de - ve - nait plus grand, Et ven -
ff
ven - geance they fell on the cit - y folk, and they
geurs puis - sants, ils ont pris la ci - té, ils y
slaugh - tered them, and their en - e - mies did they laugh to scorn, and they
sont en - trés et les en - ne - mis, ils les ont rail - lés, ils se
mf
cresc.


steep'd them-selves in the blood that_ ran: curs - ed flood!
sont gri - sés de leur sang mau - dit, à grands flots!
mf
f rall.
Free-dom, lib - er - ty! Peo-ple
Li - bres, li - bre - ment, peu - ple,
f rall.
great and free!
peu - ple grand!
pp

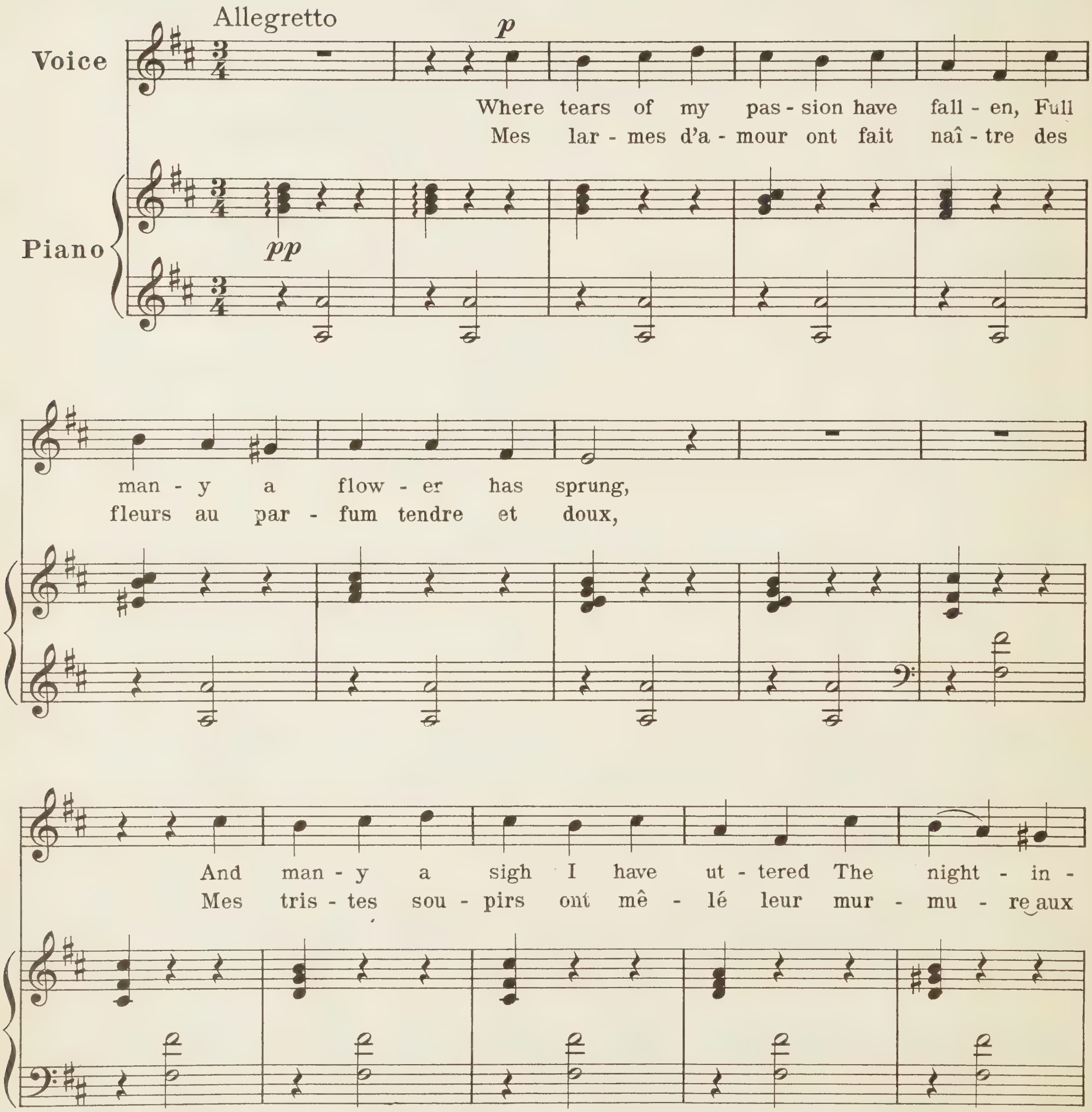
Flowers of Love

Fleurs d'Amour

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

French words by
Paul Collin

A. Borodine



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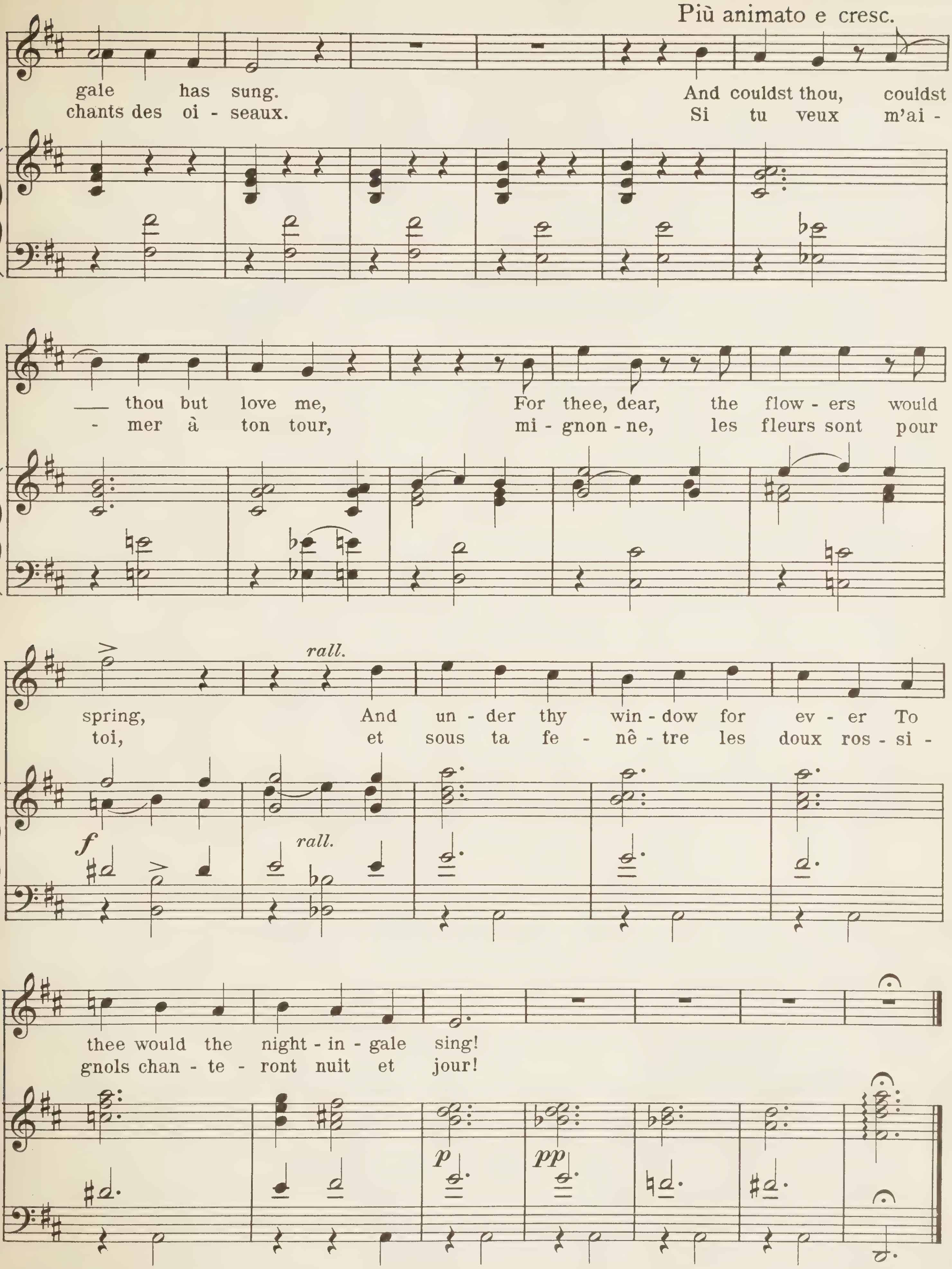
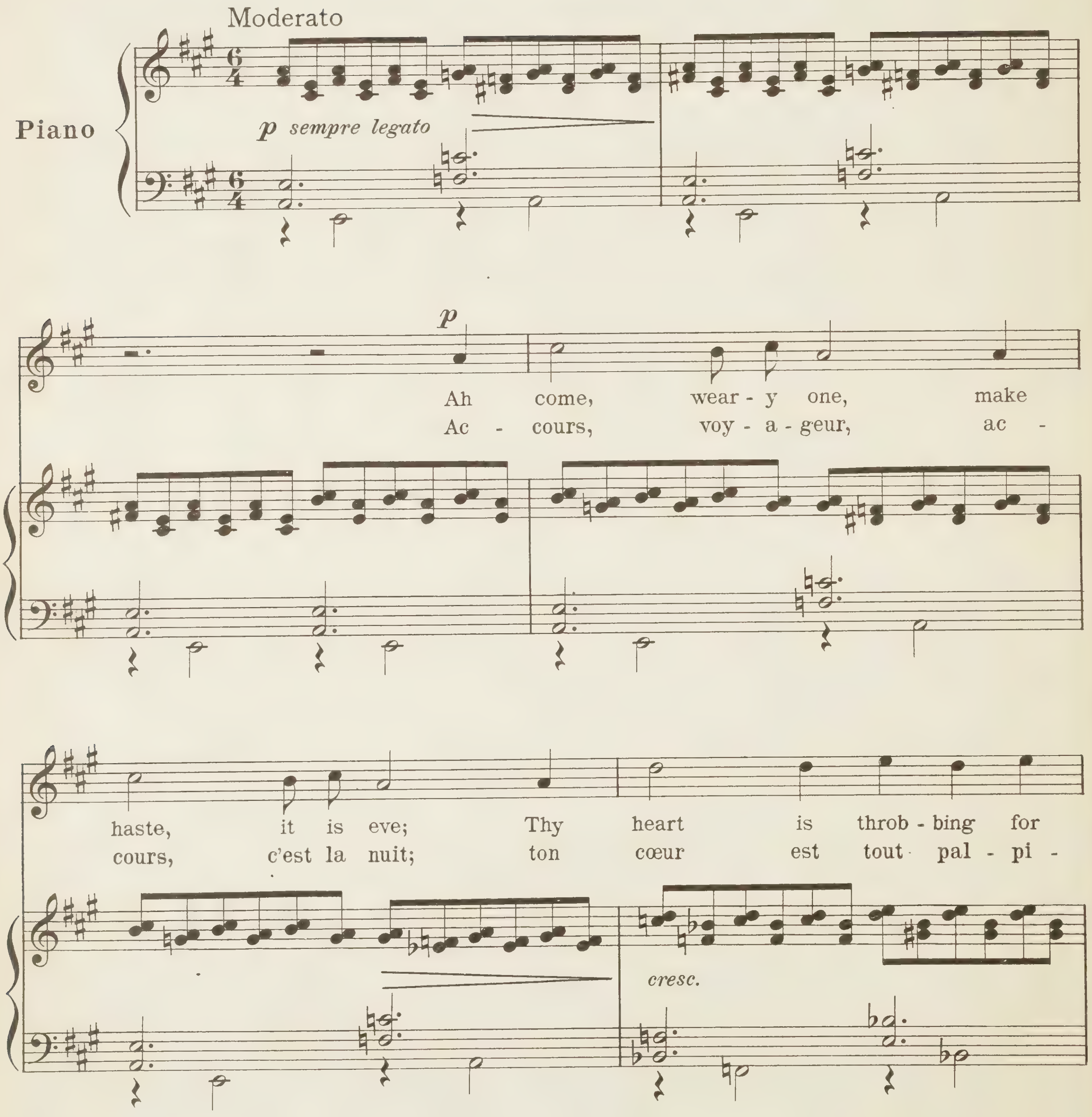

Più animato e cresc.
gale has sung. And couldst thou, couldst
chants des oi - seaux. Si tu veux m'ai -
— thou but love me, For thee, dear, the flow - ers would
- mer à ton tour, mi - gnon - ne, les fleurs sont pour
rall.
spring, And un - der thy win - dow for ev - er To
toi, et sous ta fe - nê - tre les doux ros - si -
f
rall.
thee would the night - in - gale sing!
gnols chan - te - ront nuit et jour!
p
pp

The Sea-Queen

La Reine de la Mer

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
French words by
C. Grandmougin

A. Borodine



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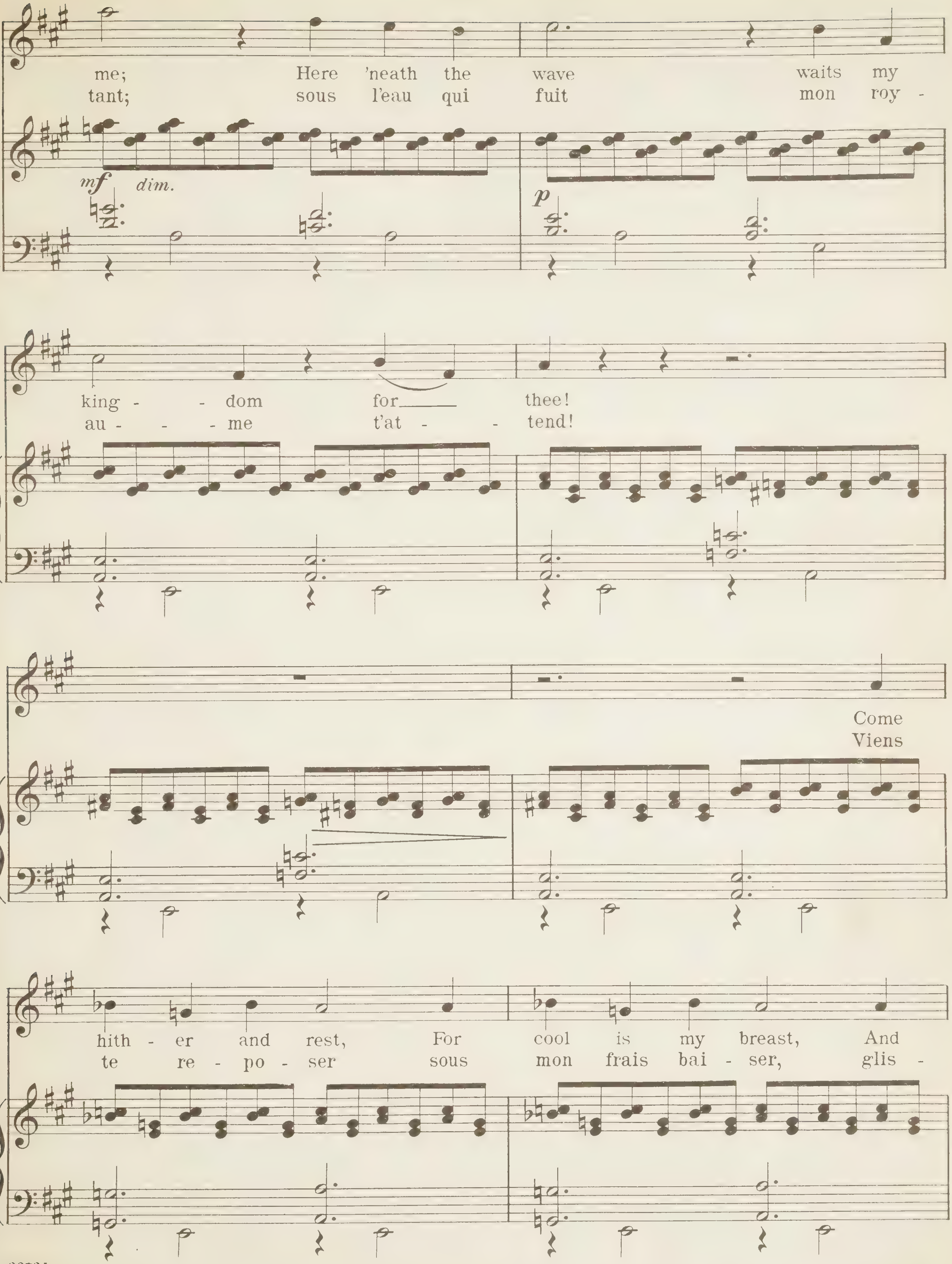
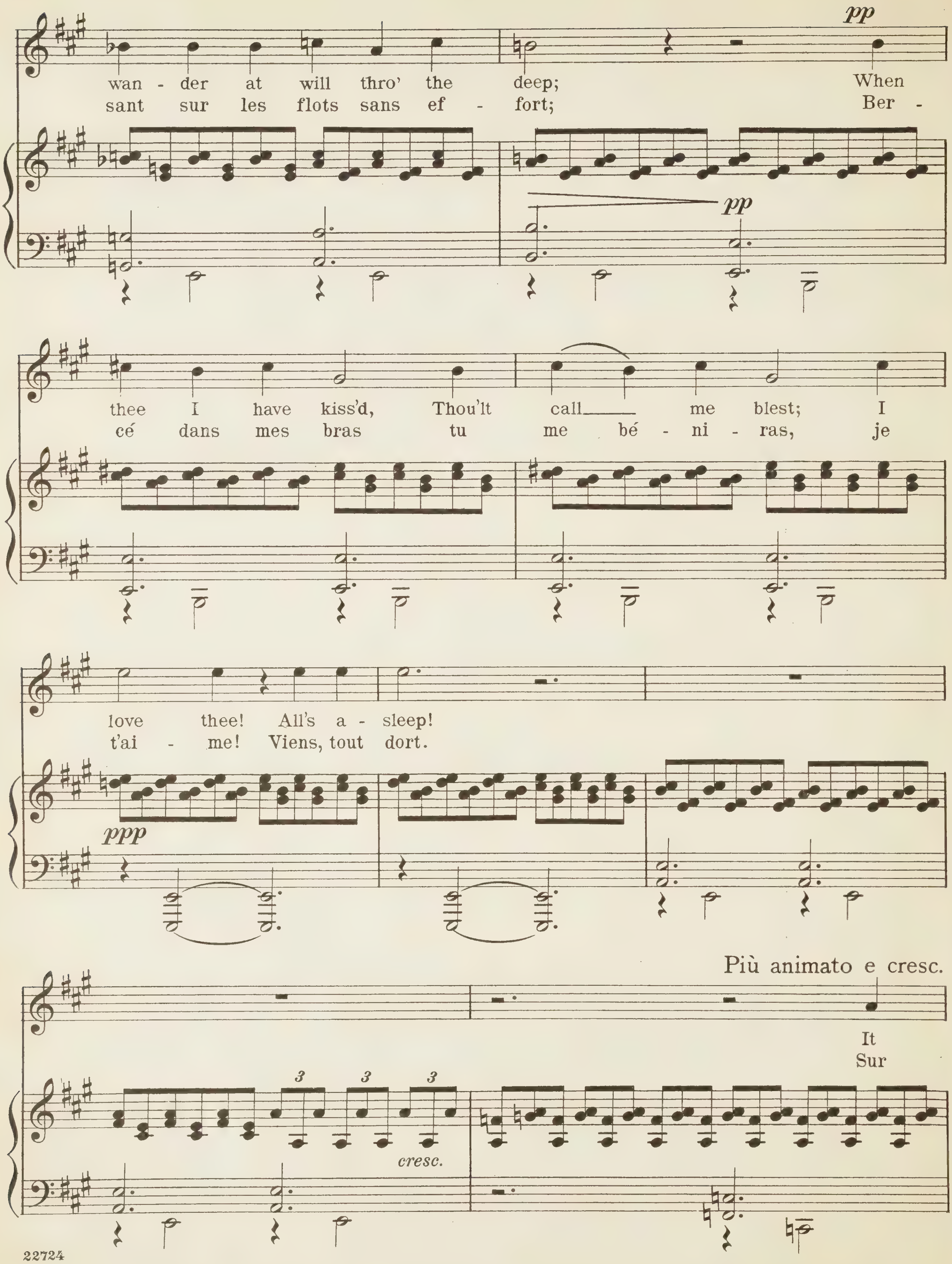
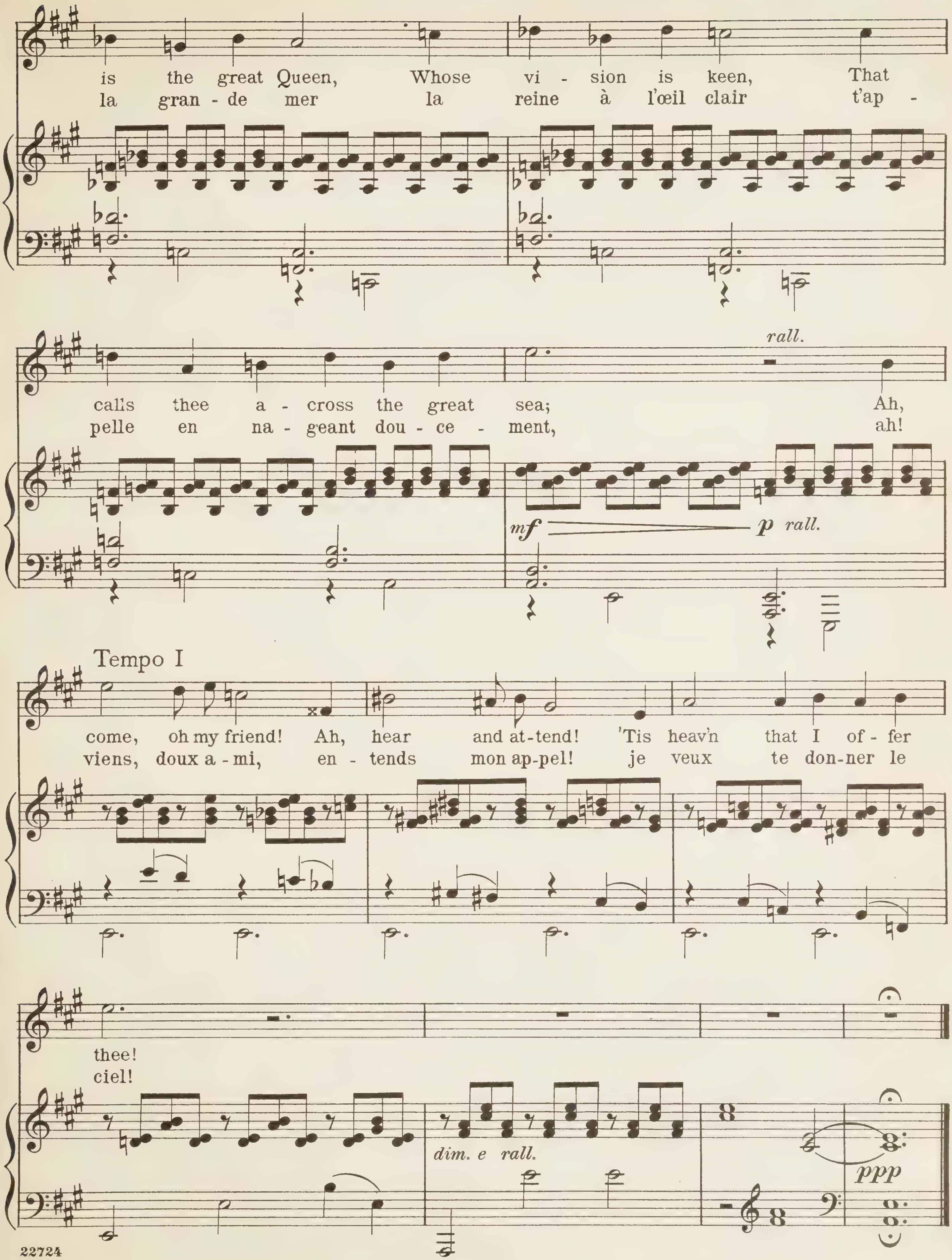

me; Here 'neath the wave waits my
tant; sous l'eau qui fuit mon roy -
mf dim.
p
king - - dom for thee!
au - - - me t'at - - tend!
Come
Viens
hith - er and rest, For cool is my breast, And
te re - po - ser sous mon frais bai - ser, glis -


pp
wan - der at will thro' the deep; When
sant sur les flots sans ef - fort; Ber -
pp
thee I have kiss'd, Thou'lt call me blest; I
cé dans mes bras tu me bé - ni - ras, je
love thee! All's a - sleep!
t'ai - me! Viens, tout dort.
ppp
Più animato e cresc.
It
Sur
3 3 3
cresc.


is the great Queen, Whose vision is keen, That
la gran-de mer la reine à l'œil clair t'ap-
rall.
calls thee a-cross the great sea; Ah,
pelle en na-geant dou-ce-ment, ah!
mf
p rall.
Tempo I
come, oh my friend! Ah, hear and at-tend! 'Tis heav'n that I of-fer
viens, doux a-mi, en-tends mon ap-pel! je veux te don-ner le
thee!
ciel!
dim. e rall.
ppp

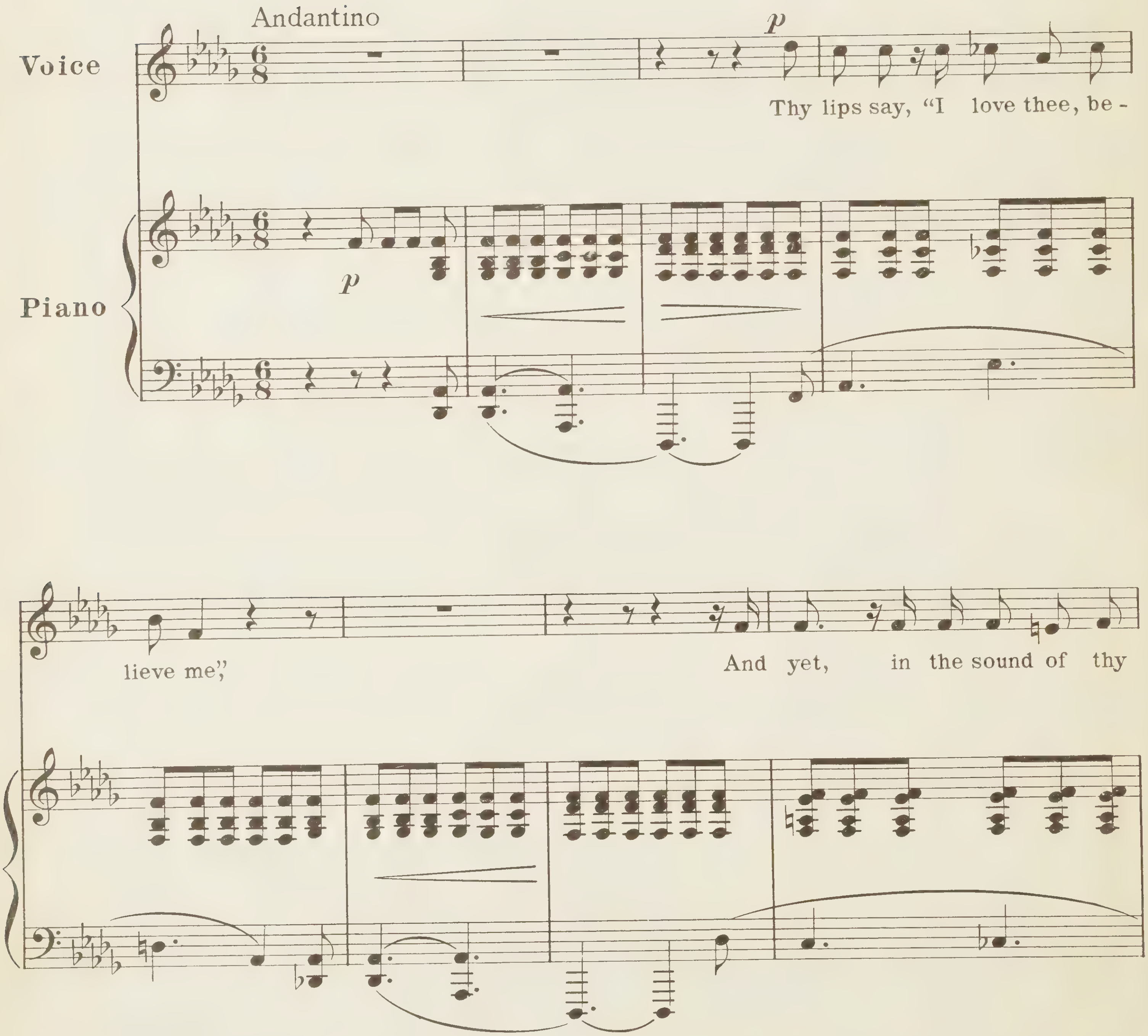
Dedicated to Modest P. Moussorgsky

A Dissonance

Romance

English version by
Kurt Schindler

A. Borodine



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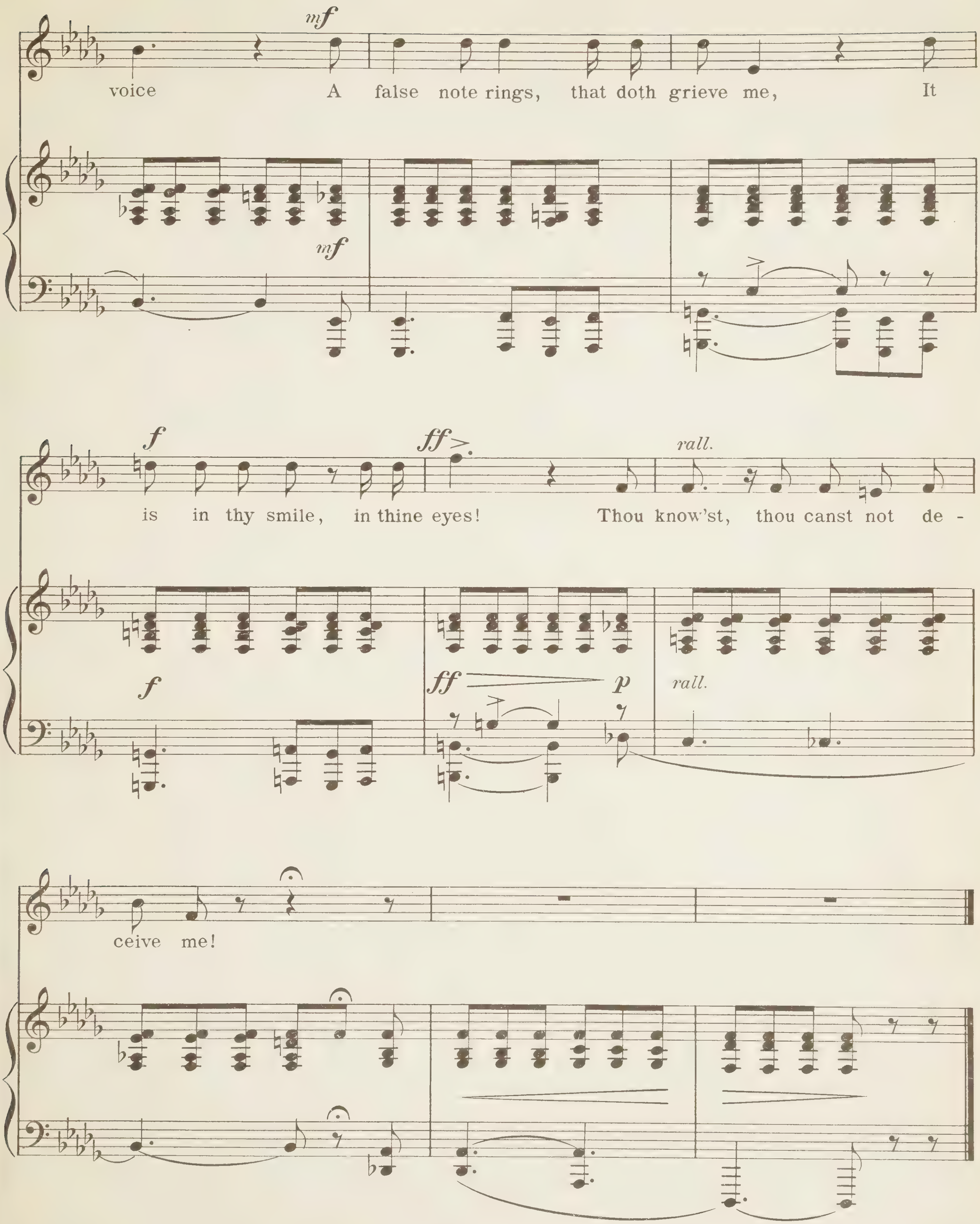

mf
voice A false note rings, that doth grieve me, It
mf
f
ff
rall.
is in thy smile, in thine eyes! Thou know'st, thou canst not de -
f
ff
p
rall.
ceive me!

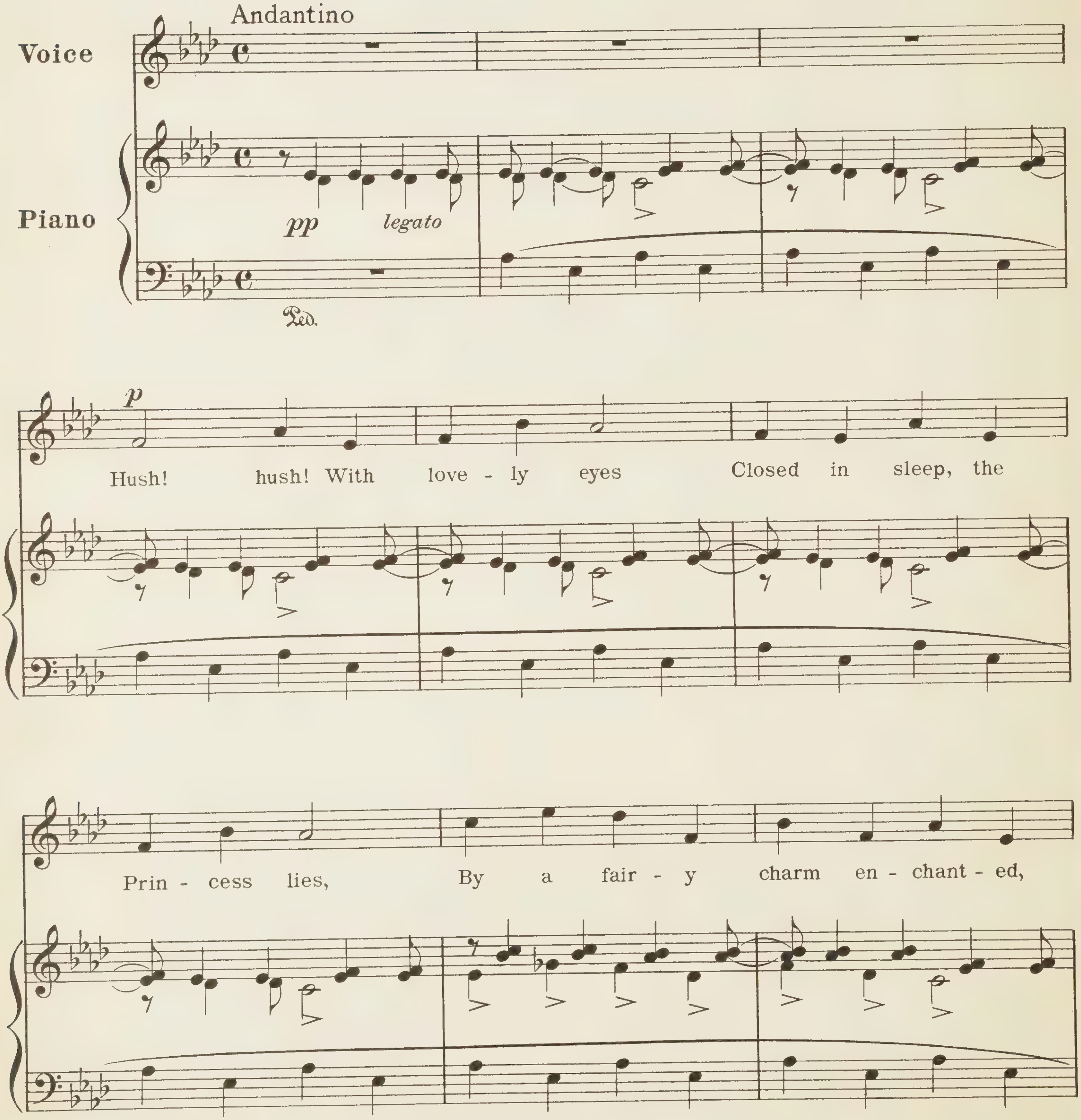
Dedicated to Nicolaj A. Rimsky-Korsakoff

The Sleeping Princess

Ballade

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

A. Borodine



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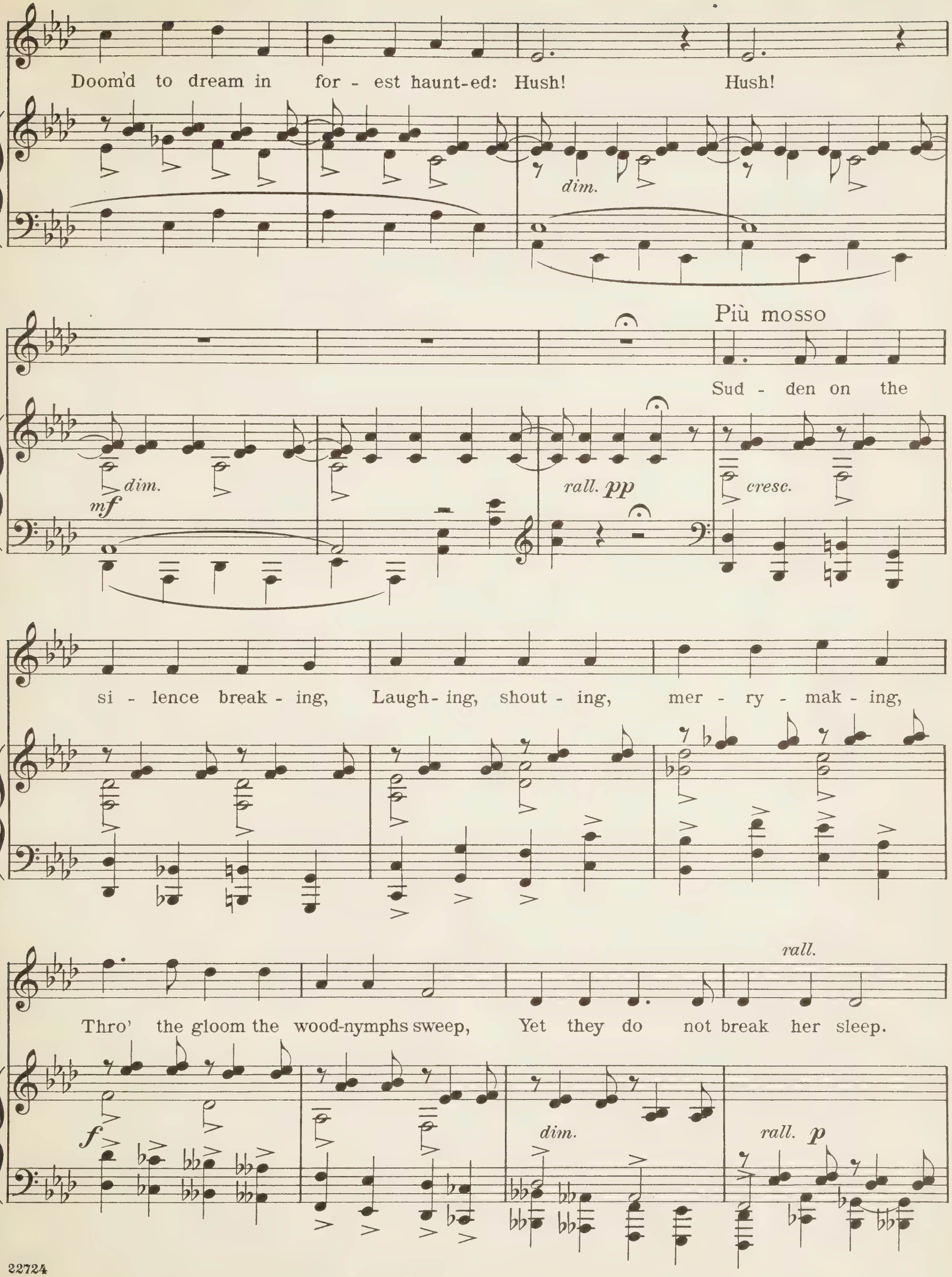
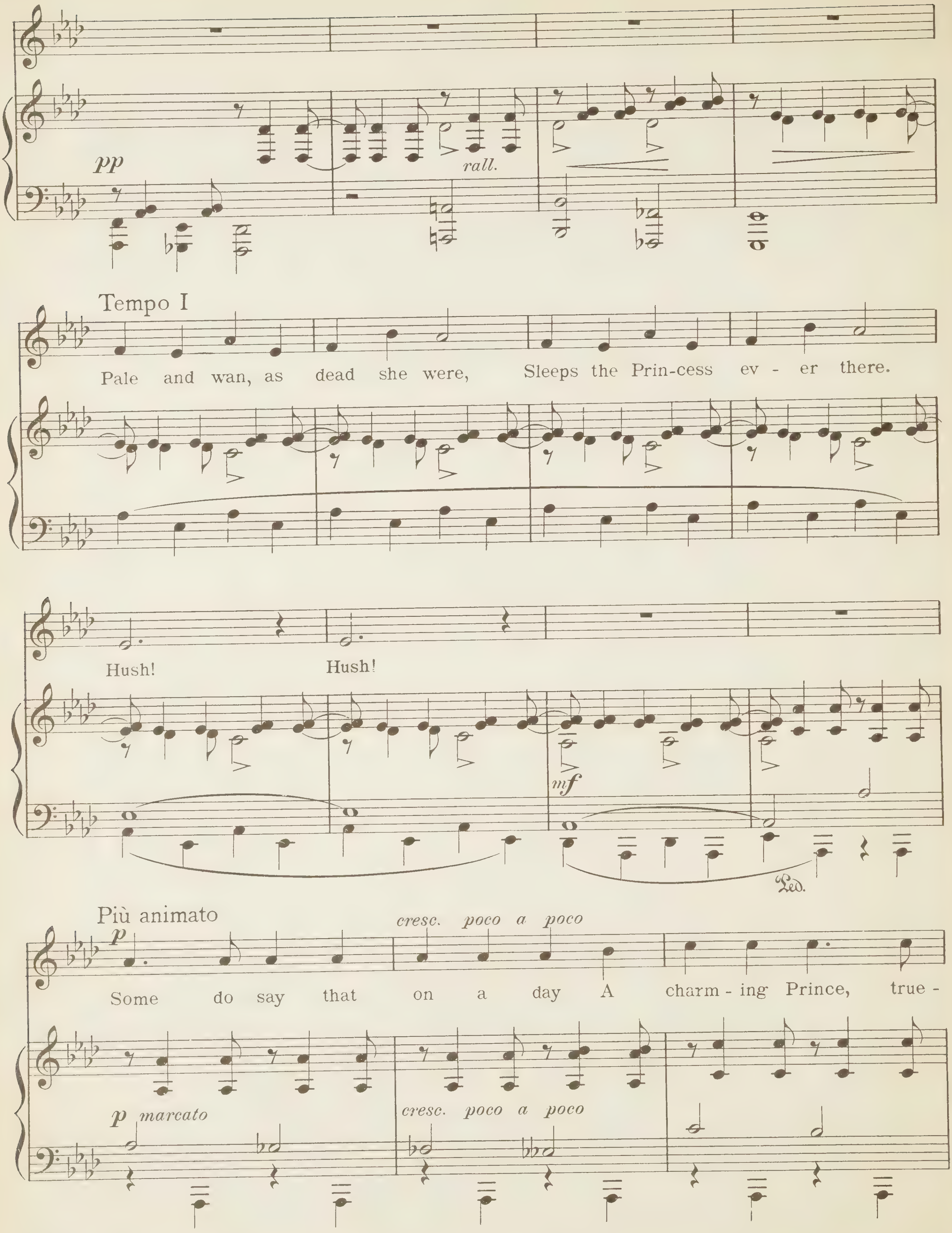
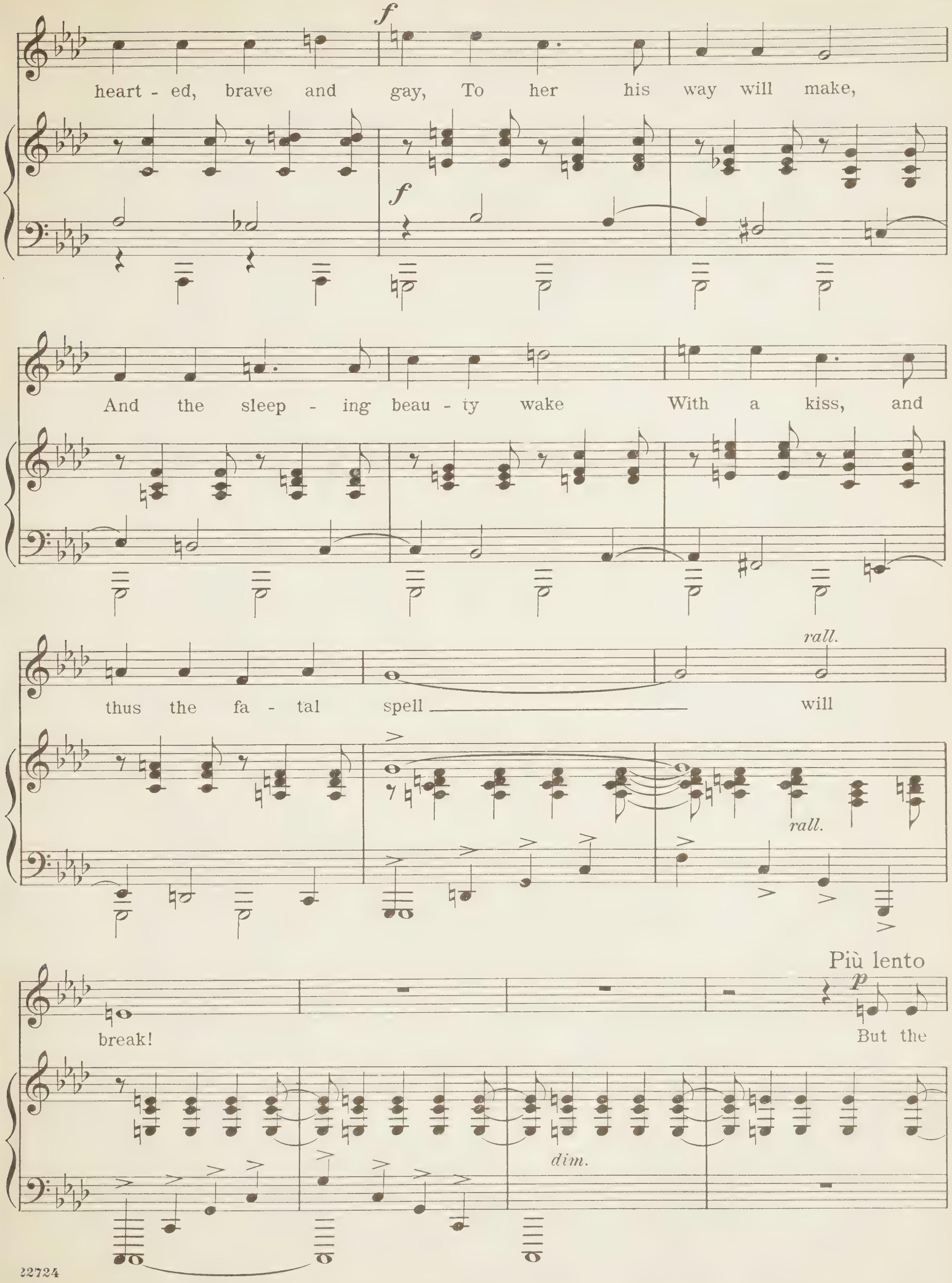
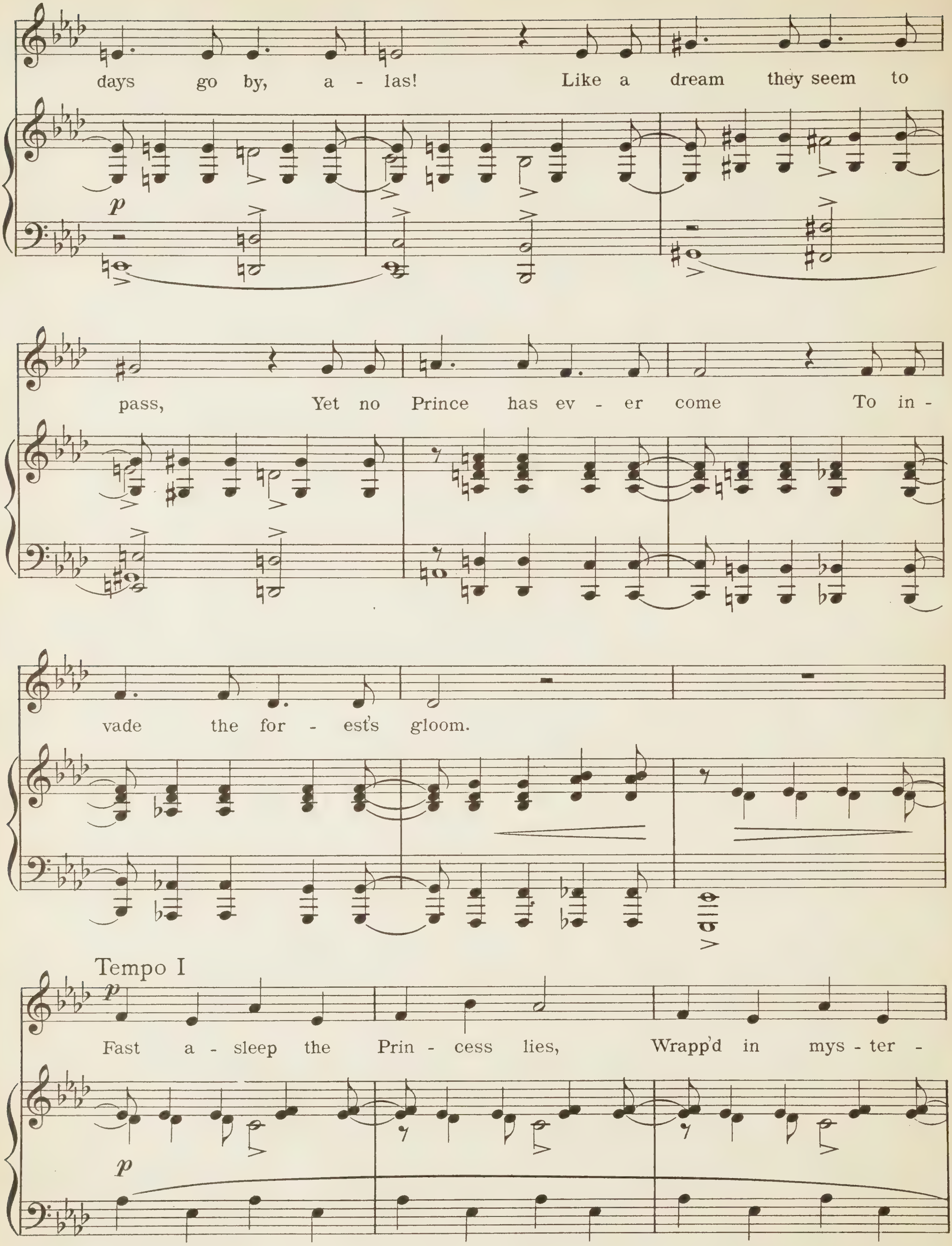
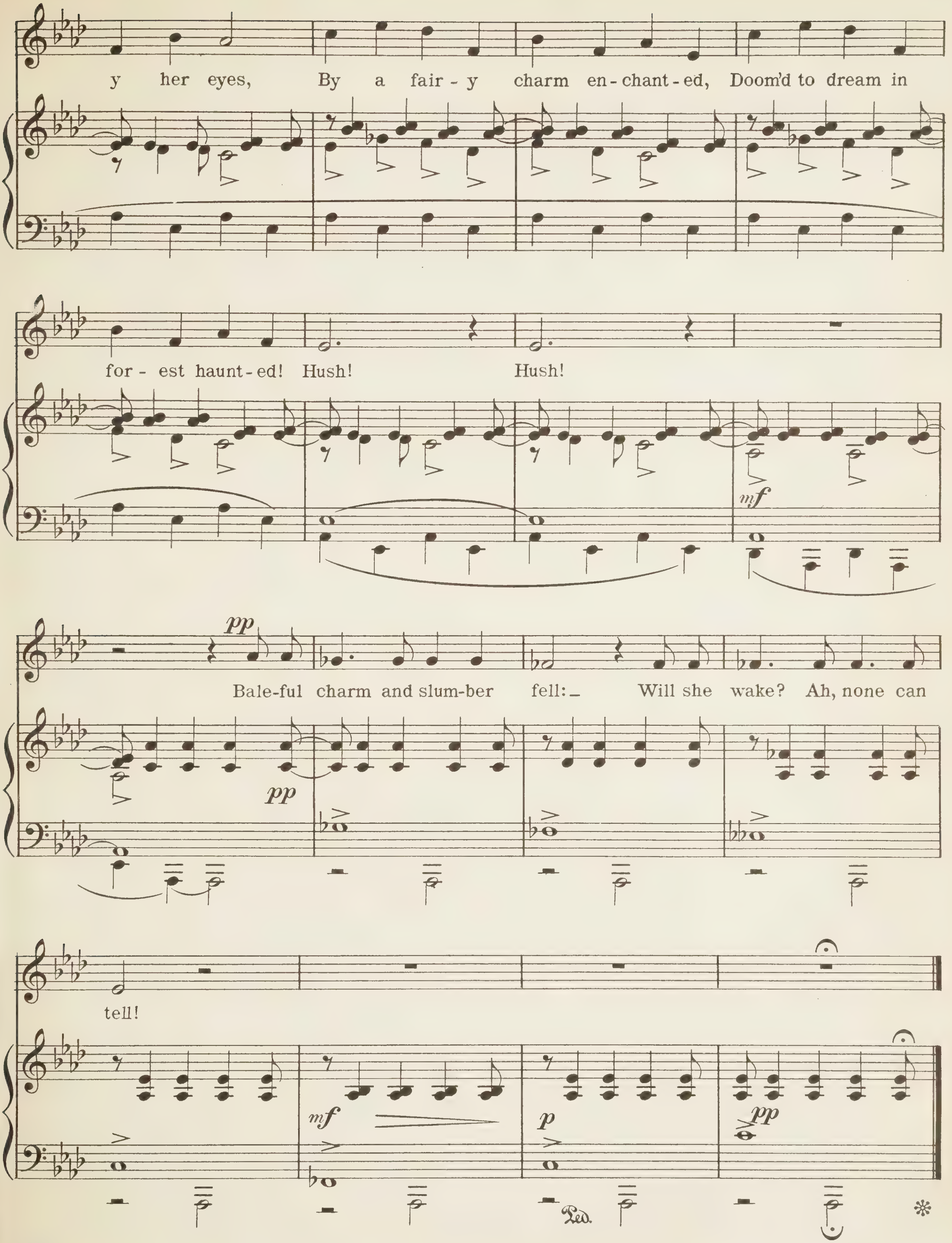

Doom'd to dream in for - est haunt-ed: Hush! Hush!
dim.
mf
dim.
rall. pp
Più mosso
Sud - den on the
cresc.
si - lence break - ing, Laugh - ing, shout - ing, mer - ry - mak - ing,
Thro' the gloom the wood-nymphs sweep, Yet they do not break her sleep.
f
dim.
rall.
rall. p


pp
rall.
Tempo I
Pale and wan, as dead she were, Sleeps the Prin-cess ev - er there.
Hush! Hush!
mf
Ped.
Più animato
p
cresc. poco a poco
Some do say that on a day A charm - ing Prince, true -
p marcato
cresc. poco a poco


f
heart - ed, brave and gay, To her his way will make,
f
And the sleep - ing beau - ty wake With a kiss, and
rall.
thus the fa - tal spell will
rall.
break!
Più lento
p
But the
dim.


days go by, a - las! Like a dream they seem to
p
pass, Yet no Prince has ev - er come To in -
vade the for - est's gloom.
Tempo I
p
Fast a - sleep the Prin - cess lies, Wrapp'd in mys - ter -
p


y her eyes, By a fair - y charm en - chant - ed, Doom'd to dream in
for - est haunt - ed! Hush! Hush!
mf
pp
Bale - ful charm and slum - ber fell: Will she wake? Ah, none can
pp
tell!
mf
p
pp
Ped.

"Slowly the daylight departs"

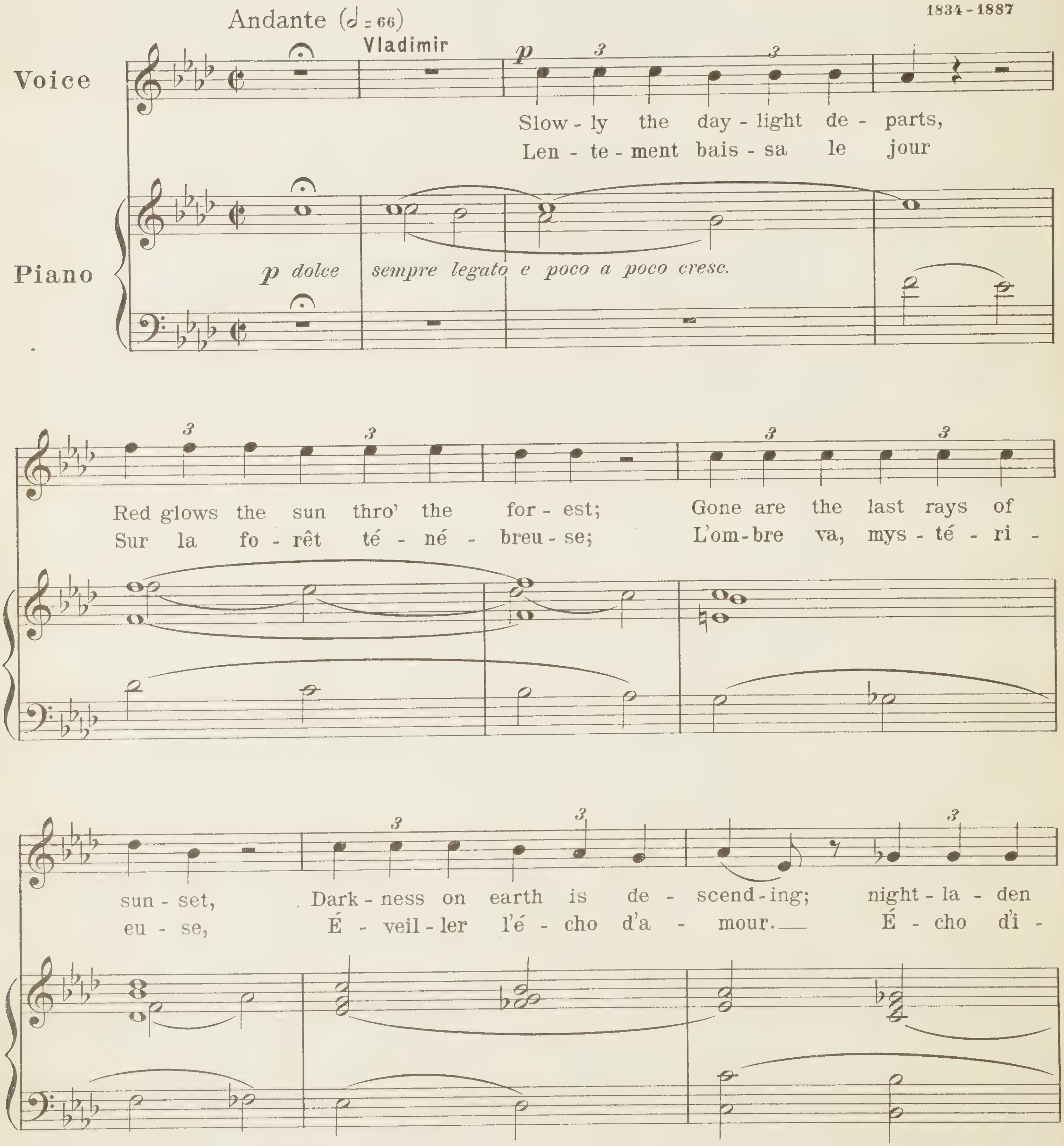
«Lentement baissa le jour»

Recitative and Cavatina from the opera

"Prince Igor"

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Alex. Borodine
1834-1887



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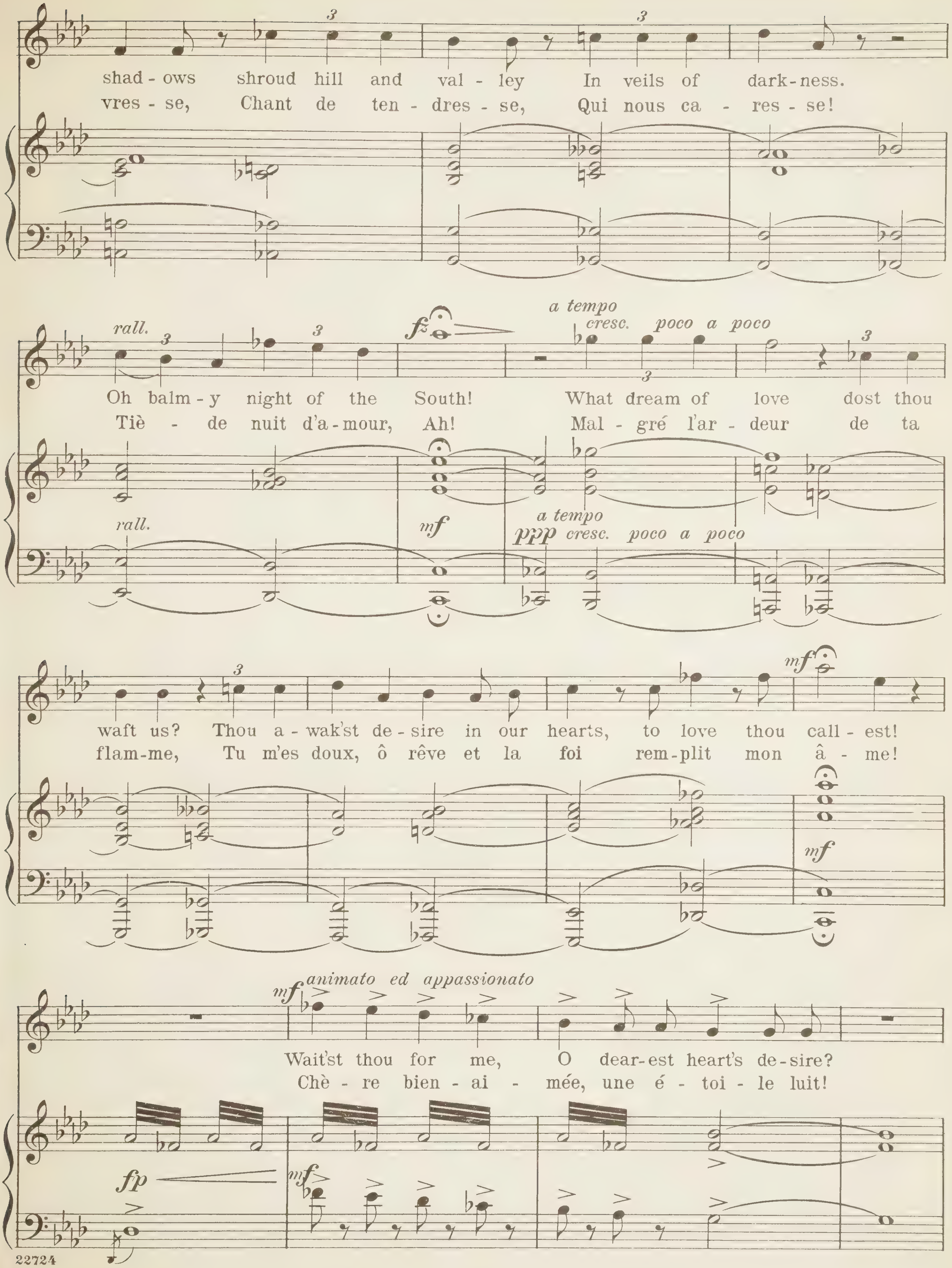
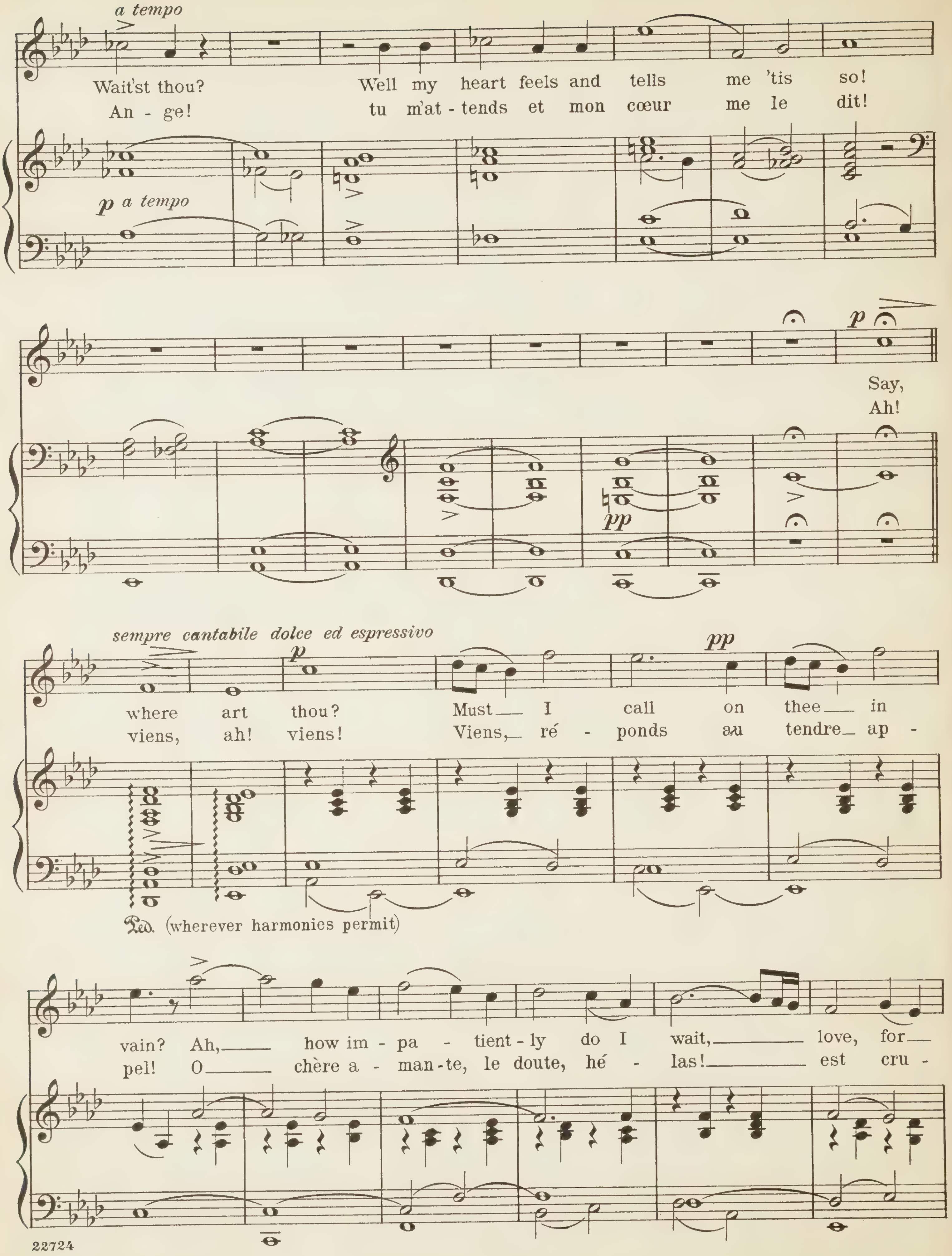
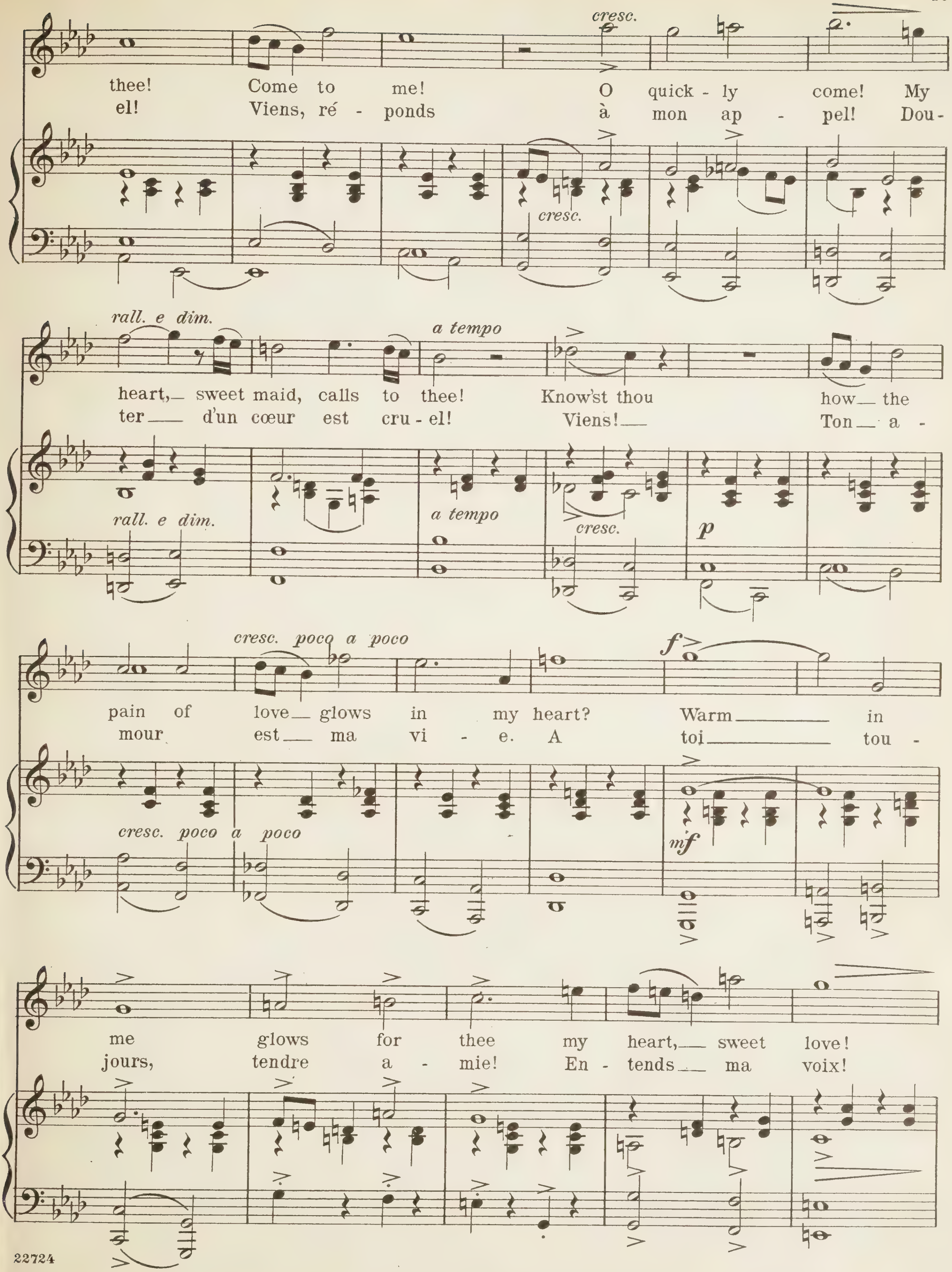
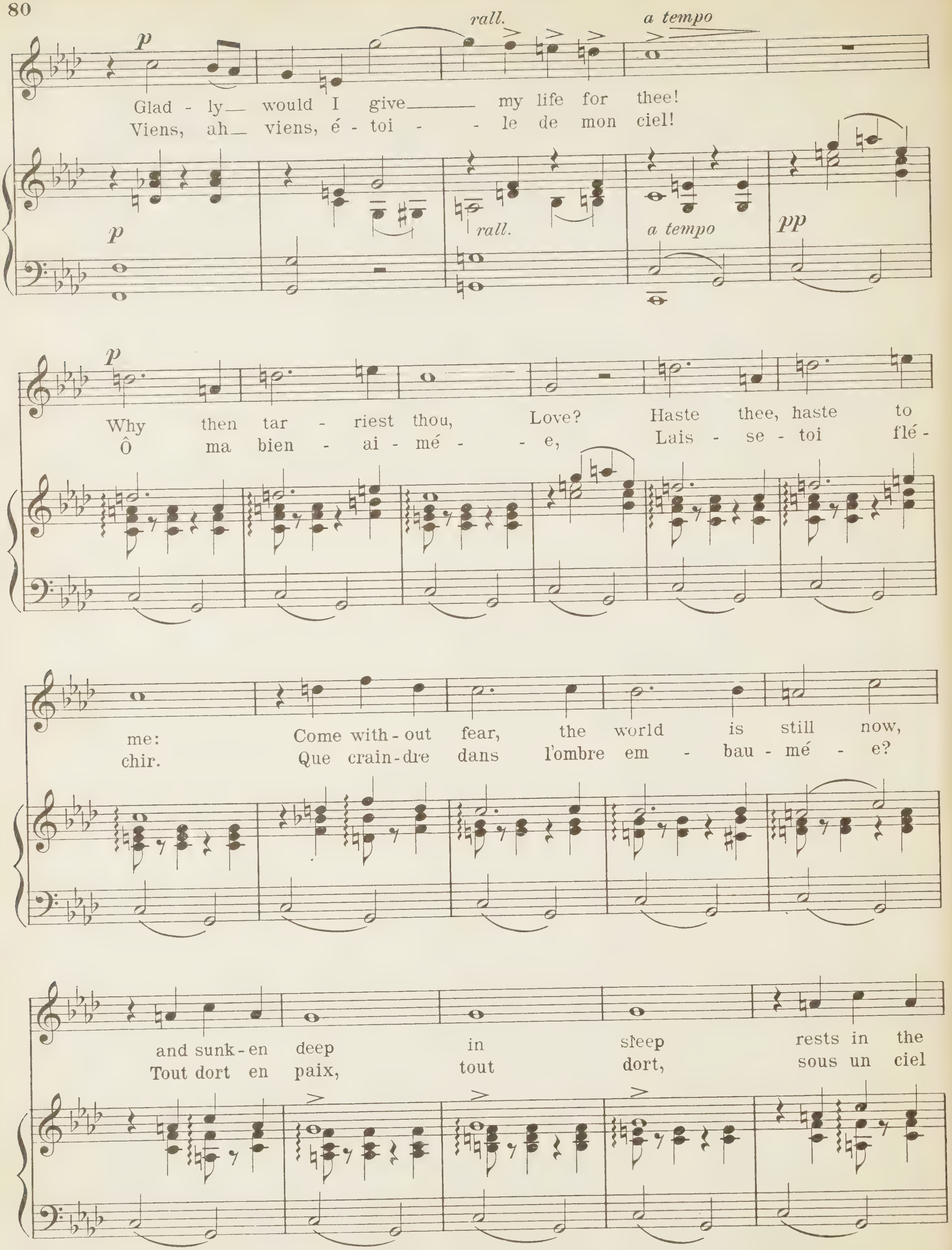
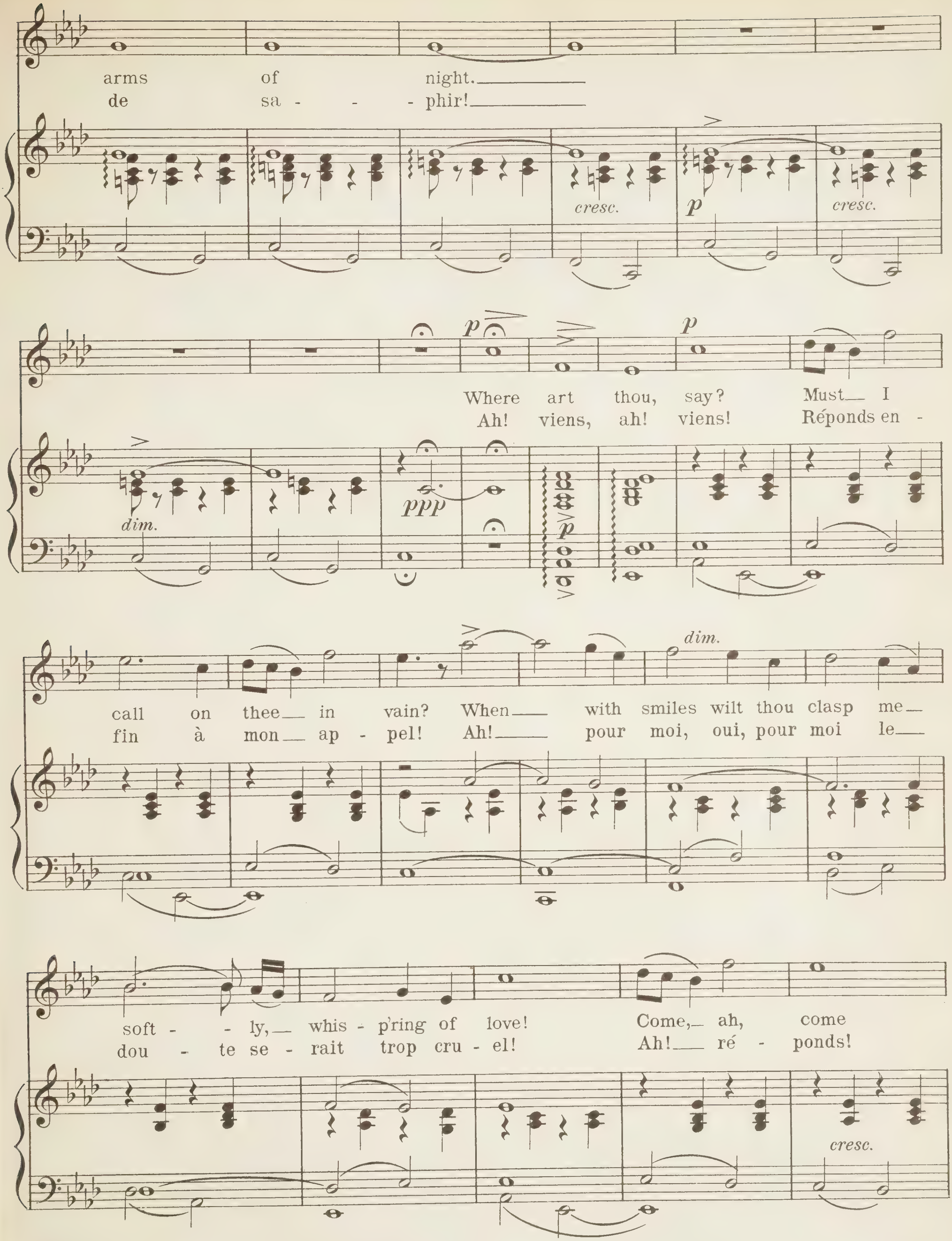
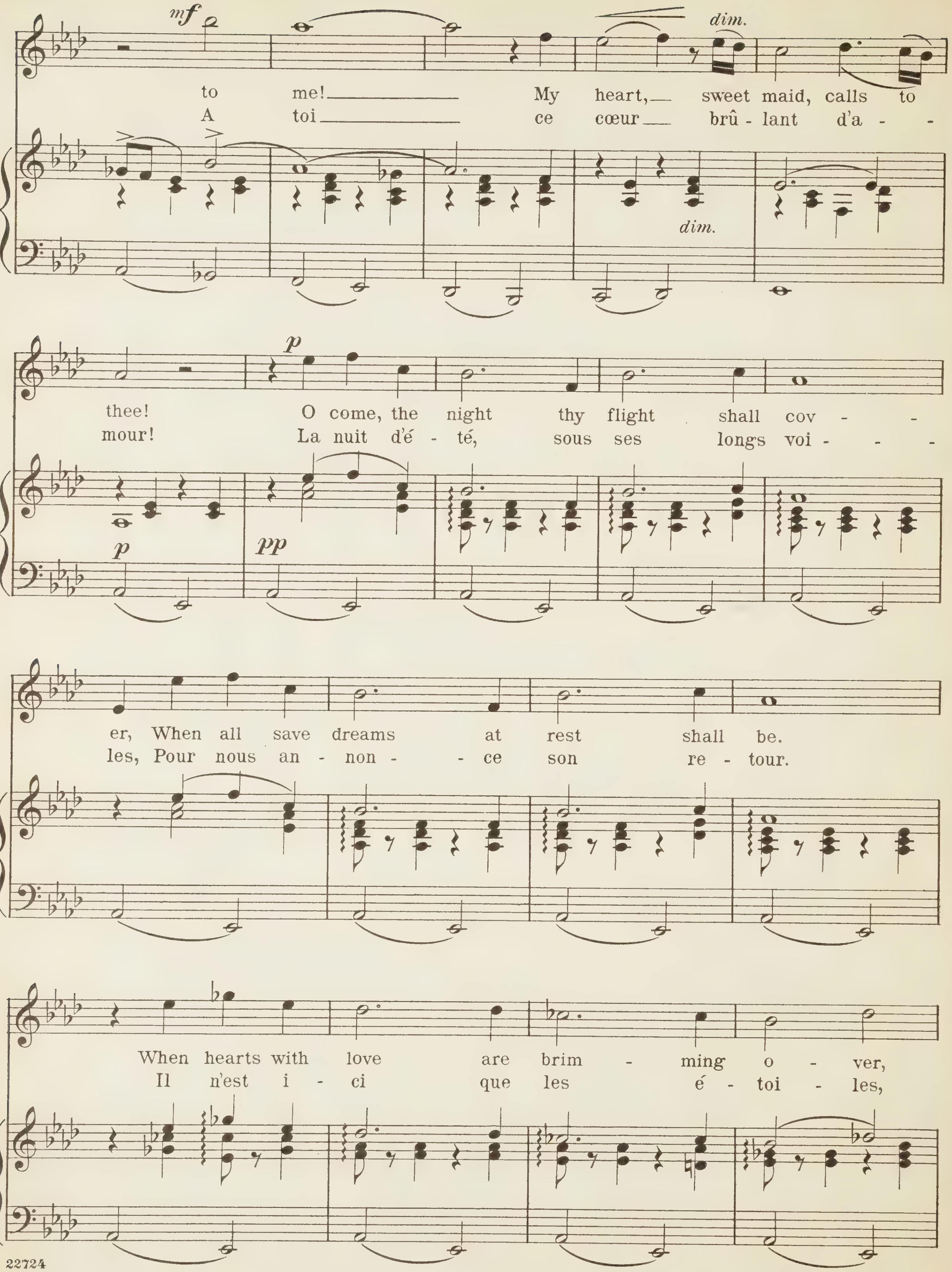

shad - ows shroud hill and val - ley In veils of dark - ness.
vres - se, Chant de ten - dres - se, Qui nous ca - res - se!
rall.
fz
a tempo
cresc. poco a poco
Oh balm - y night of the South! What dream of love dost thou
Tiè - de nuit d'a - mour, Ah! Mal - gré l'ar - deur de ta
mf
ppp
waft us? Thou a - wak'st de - sire in our hearts, to love thou call - est!
flam - me, Tu m'es doux, ô rêve et la foi rem - plit mon â - me!
animato ed appassionato
Wait'st thou for me, O dear - est heart's de - sire?
Chè - re bien - ai - mée, une é - toi - le luit!
fp

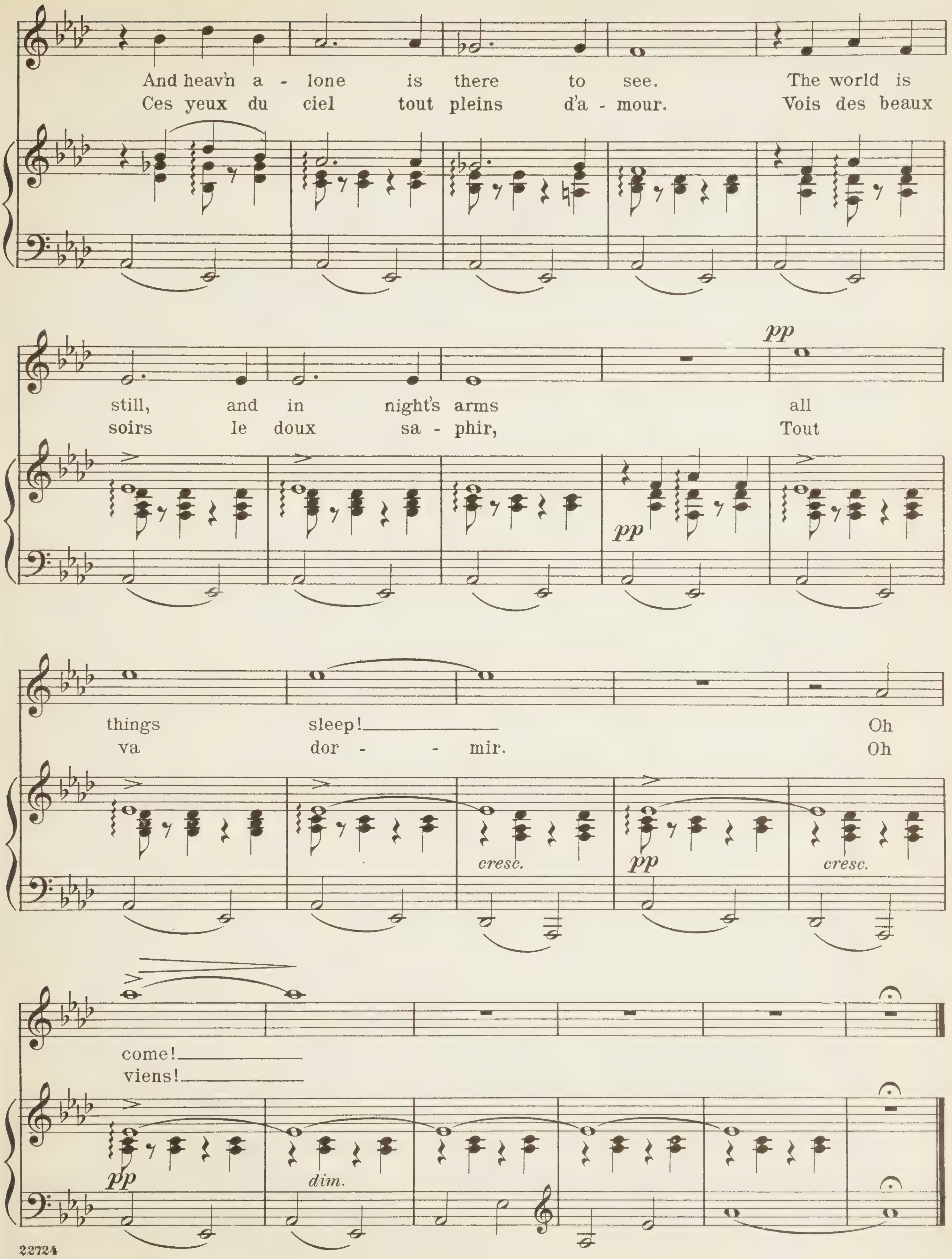

a tempo
Wait'st thou? Well my heart feels and tells me 'tis so!
An - ge! tu m'at - tends et mon cœur me le dit!
p a tempo
p
Say,
Ah!
pp
sempre cantabile dolce ed espressivo
p
pp
where art thou? Must I call on thee in
viens, ah! viens! Viens, ré - ponds au tendre ap -
Ped. (wherever harmonies permit)
vain? Ah, how im - pa - tient - ly do I wait, love, for
pel! O chère a - man - te, le doute, hé - las! est cru -


cresc.
thee! Come to me! O quick - ly come! My
el! Viens, ré - ponds à mon ap - pel! Dou-
cresc.
rall. e dim.
a tempo
heart,— sweet maid, calls to thee! Know'st thou how— the
ter— d'un cœur est cru - el! Viens!— Ton— a -
rall. e dim.
a tempo
cresc.
p
cresc. poco a poco
f
pain of love— glows in my heart? Warm— in
mour est— ma vi - e. A toi— tou -
cresc. poco a poco
mf
me glows for thee my heart,— sweet love!
jours, tendre a - mie! En - tends— ma voix!


rall.
a tempo
p
Glad - ly— would I give——— my life for thee!
Viens, ah— viens, é - toi - - le de mon ciel!
p
rall.
a tempo
pp
p
Why then tar - riest thou, Love? Haste thee, haste to
Ô ma bien - ai - mé - - e, Lais - se - toi flé -
me: Come with - out fear, the world is still now,
chir. Que crain - dre dans l'ombre em - bau - mé - e?
and sunk - en deep in sleep rests in the
Tout dort en paix, tout dort, sous un ciel


arms of night.
de sa - - - phir!
cresc.
p
cresc.
dim.
p
ppp
p
p
Where art thou, say? Must I
Ah! viens, ah! viens! Réponds en -
dim.
call on thee in vain? When with smiles wilt thou clasp me
fin à mon ap - pel! Ah! pour moi, oui, pour moi le
soft - - ly, whis - p'ring of love! Come, ah, come
dou - te se - rait trop cru - el! Ah! ré - ponds!
cresc.


mf
dim.
to me! My heart, sweet maid, calls to
A toi ce cœur brû - lant d'a -
dim.
p
thee! O come, the night thy flight shall cov -
mour! La nuit d'é - té, sous ses longs voi -
p
pp
er, When all save dreams at rest shall be.
les, Pour nous an - non - ce son re - tour.
When hearts with love are brim - ming o - ver,
Il n'est i - ci que les é - toi - les,


And heav'n a - lone is there to see. The world is
Ces yeux du ciel tout pleins d'a - mour. Vois des beaux
still, and in night's arms all
soirs le doux sa - phir, Tout
things sleep!
va dor - - mir.
Oh
Oh
come!
viens!
pp
cresc.
dim.

Poet and Critic

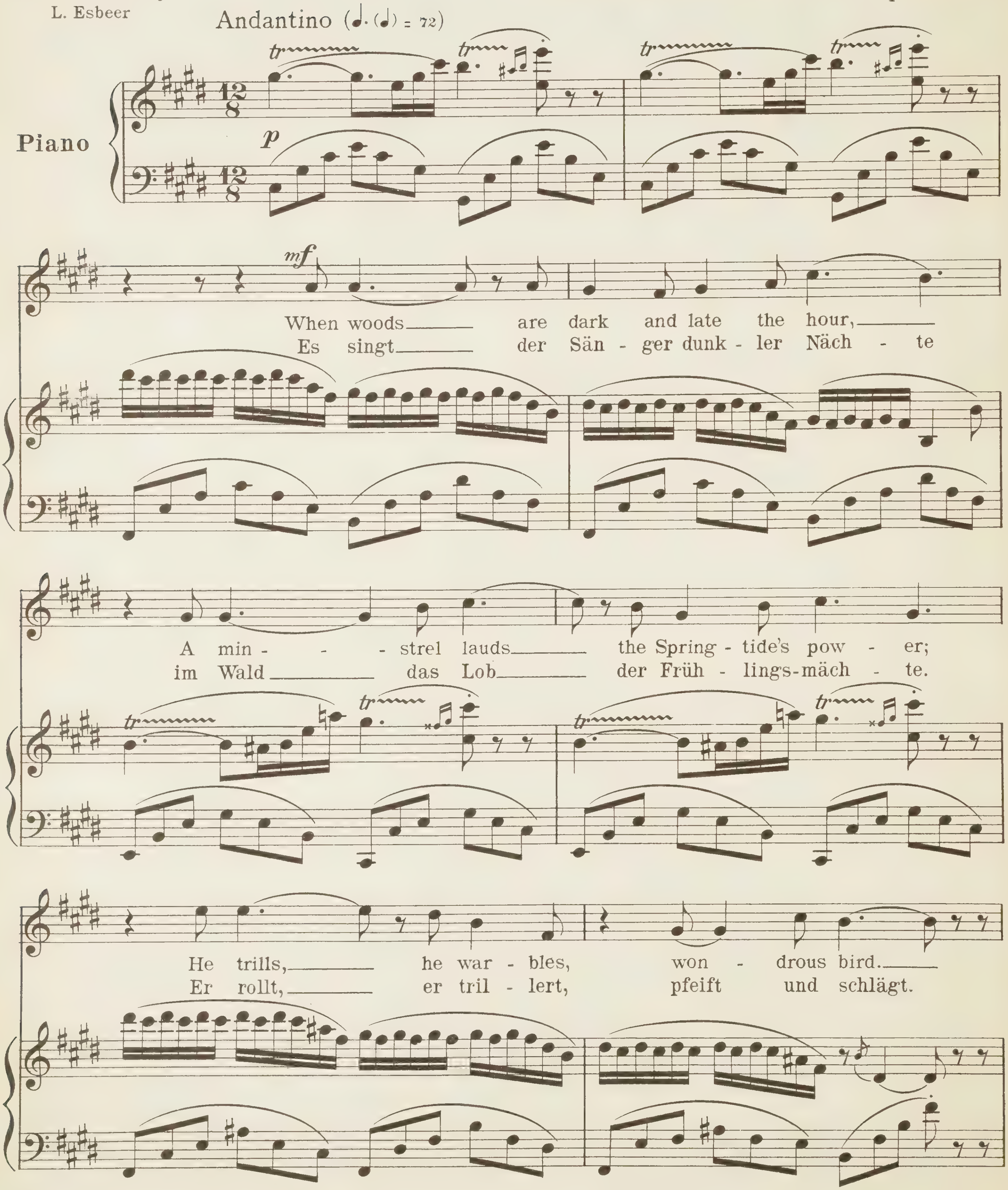
Nachtigall und Kukuk

(A. S. Pushkin)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

German words by
L. Esbeer

César Antonovitch Cui. Op. 57, № 22



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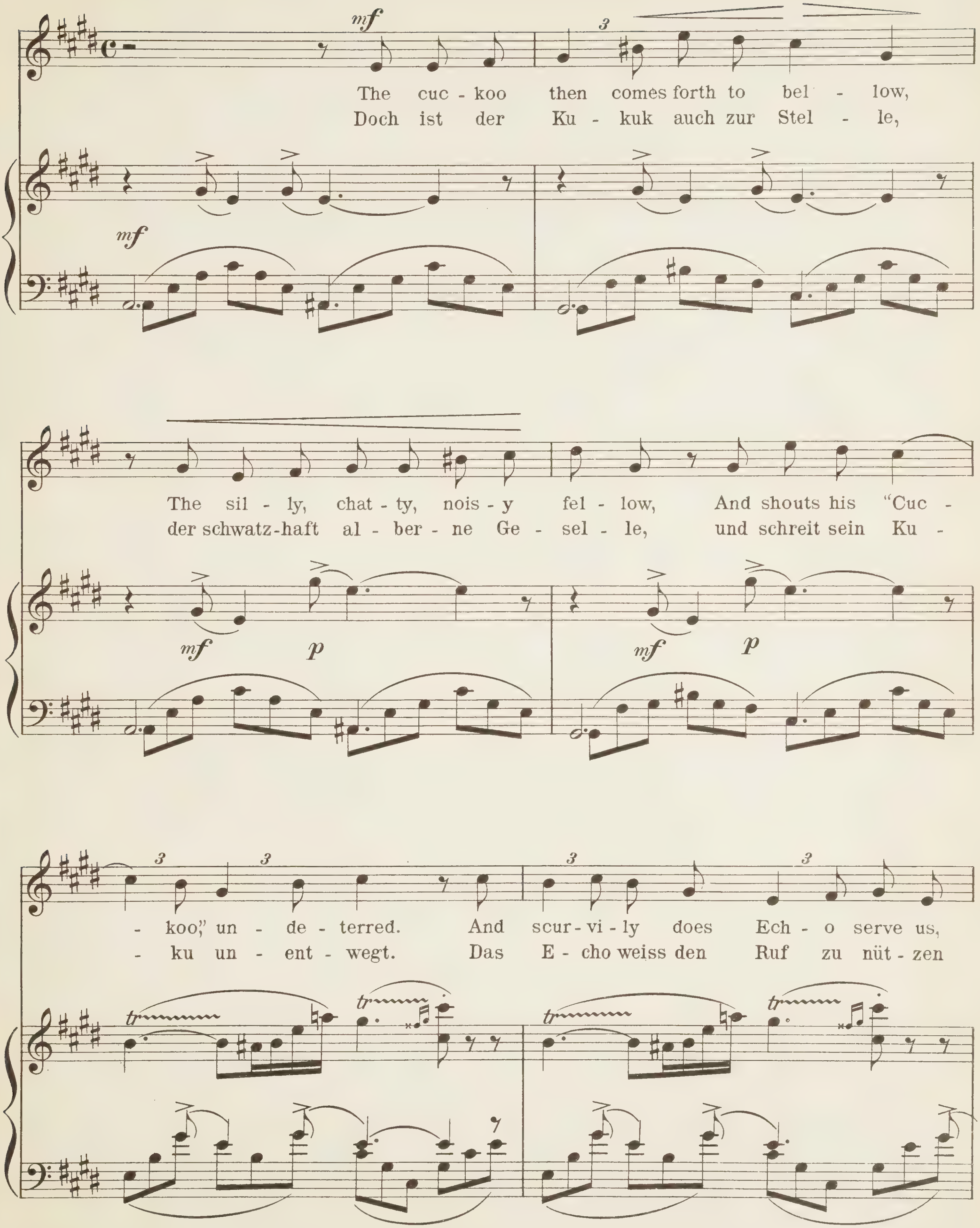
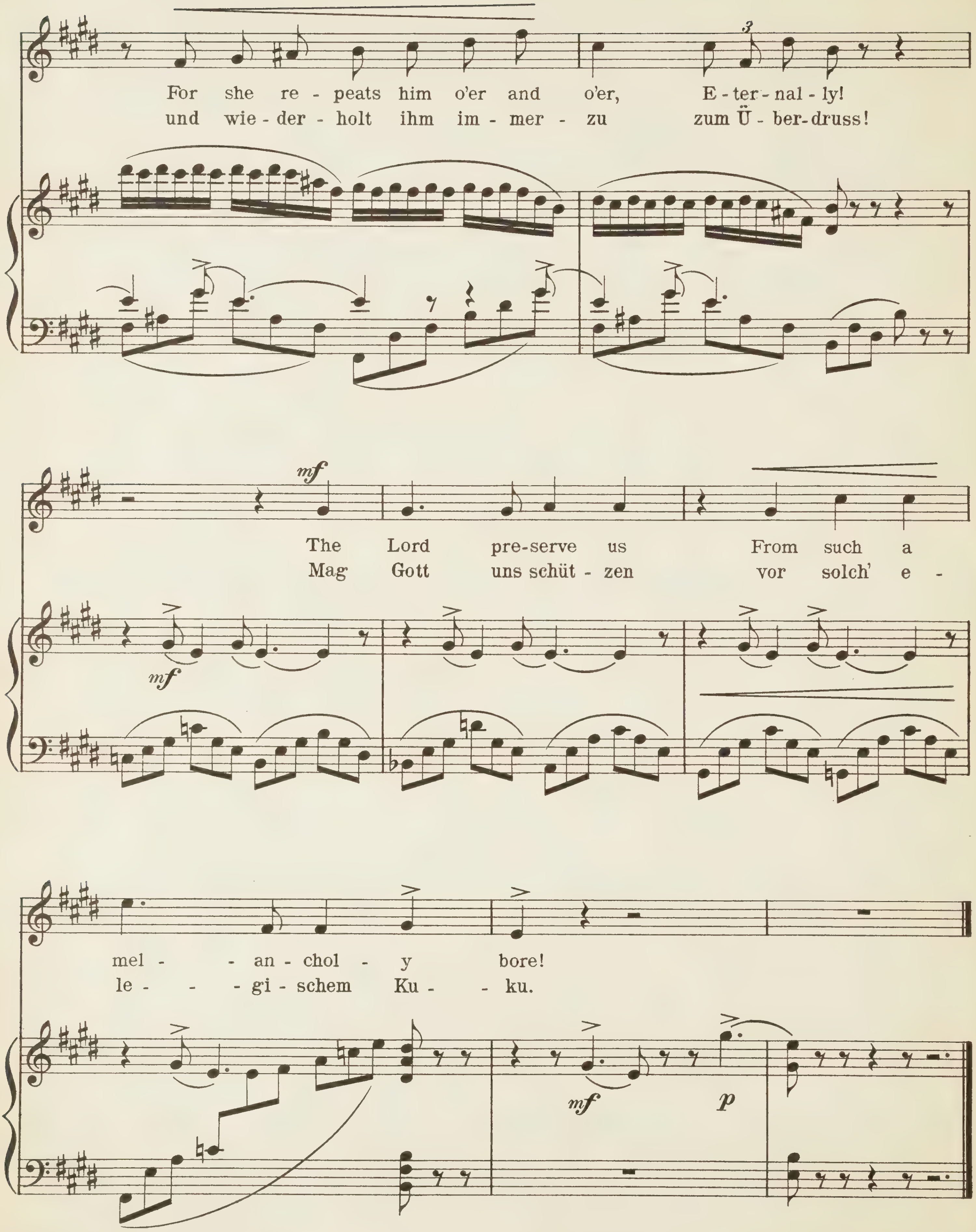

mf
The cuc - koo then comes forth to bel - low,
Doch ist der Ku - kuk auch zur Stel - le,
mf
The sil - ly, chat - ty, nois - y fel - low, And shouts his "Cuc -
der schwatz-haft al - ber - ne Ge - sel - le, und schreit sein Ku -
mf
p
mf
p
- koo," un - de - terred. And scur - vi - ly does Ech - o serve us,
- ku un - ent - wegt. Das E - cho weiss den Ruf zu nüt - zen
tr
tr
tr
tr


For she re - peats him o'er and o'er, E - ter - nal - ly!
und wie - der - holt ihm im - mer - zu zum Ü - ber - druss!
mf
The Lord pre-serve us From such a
Mag Gott uns schüt - zen vor solch' e -
mel - - an - chol - y bore!
le - - gi - schem Ku - - ku.
mf
p

To the memory of my mother
Julia Ivanovna Moussorgsky

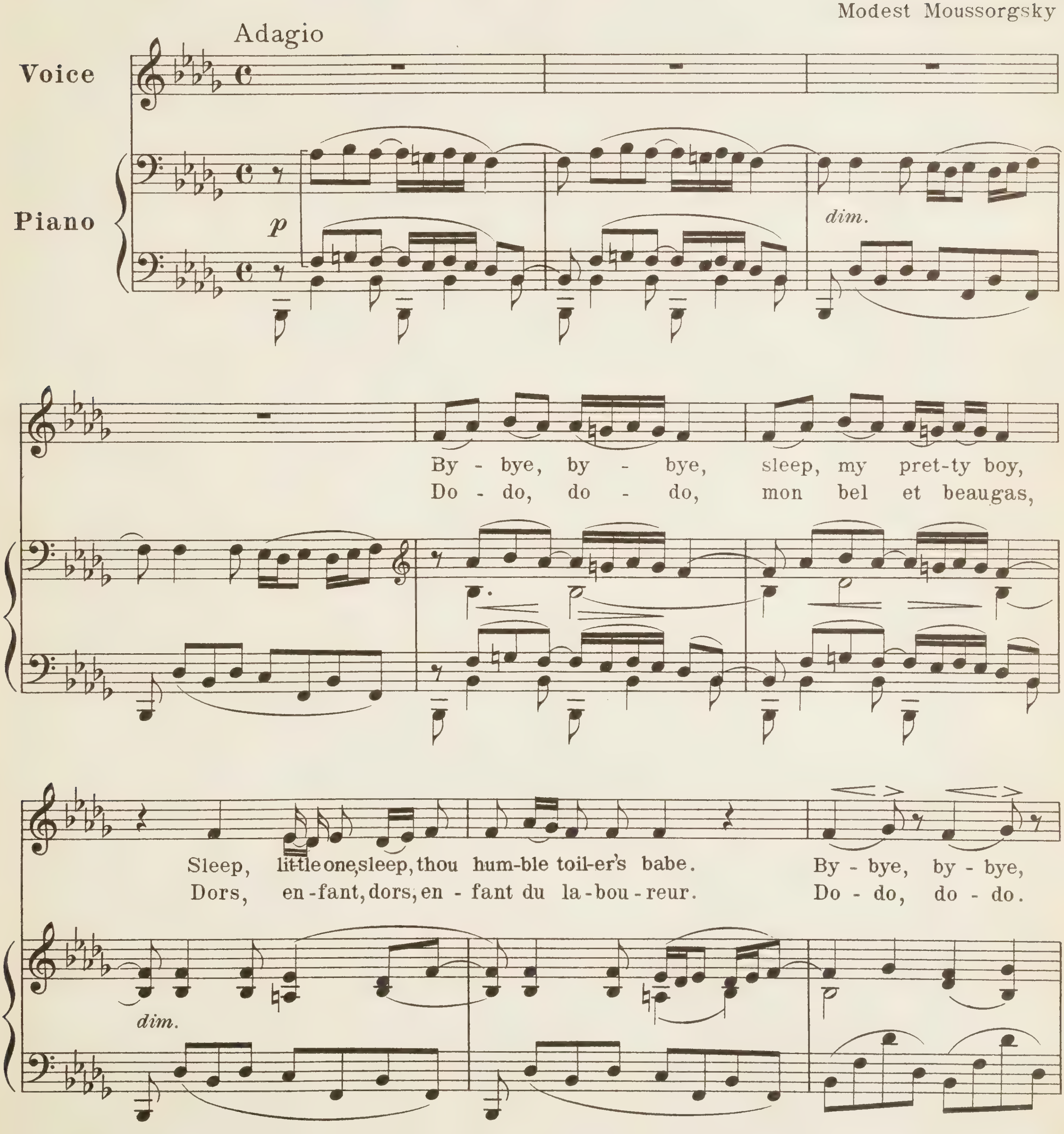
Peasant Cradle-Song

Berceuse du Paysan

From the drama "Voyevoda," by Ostrowski

English version by Henry G. Chapman
French version by Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky



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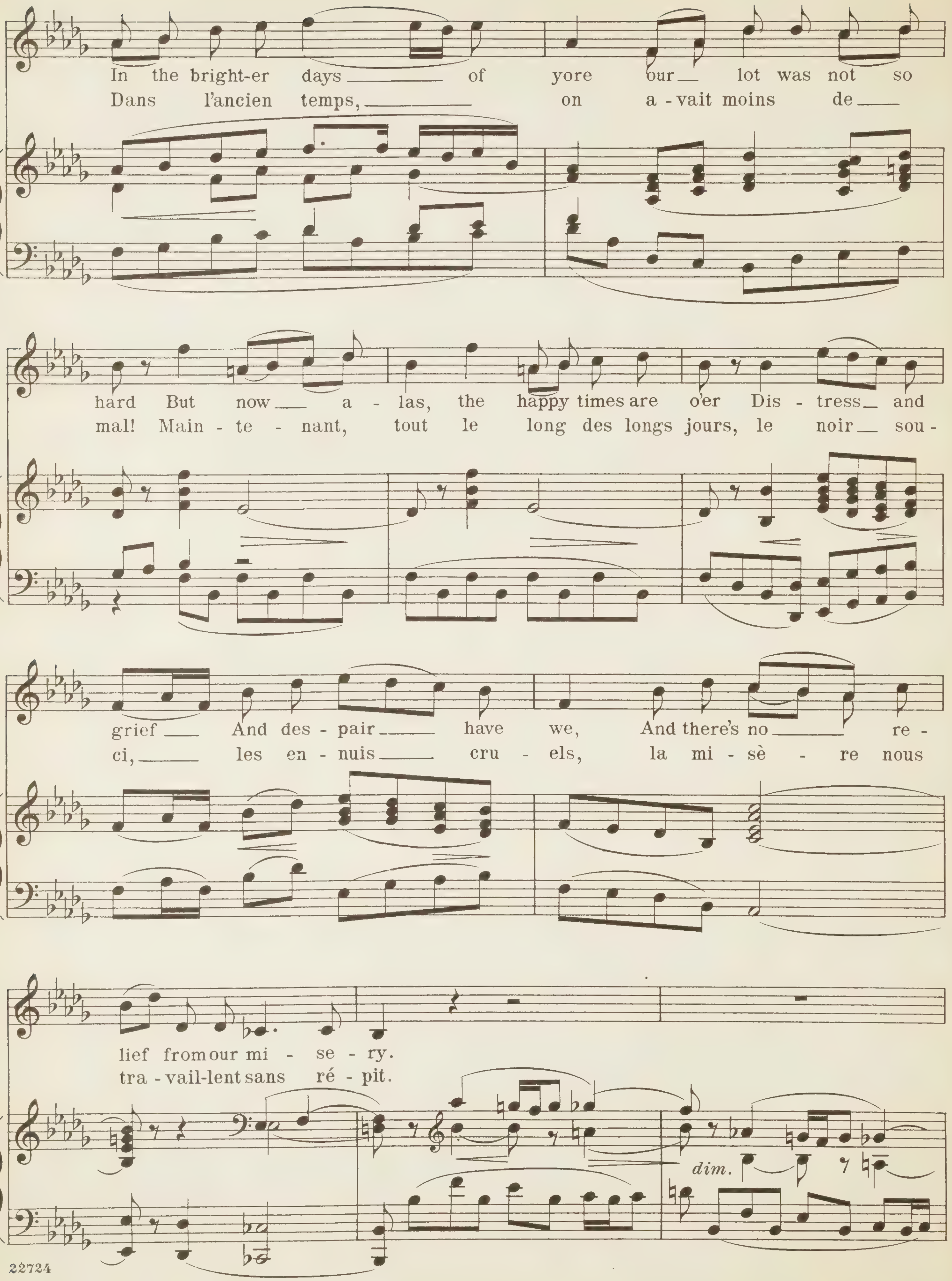
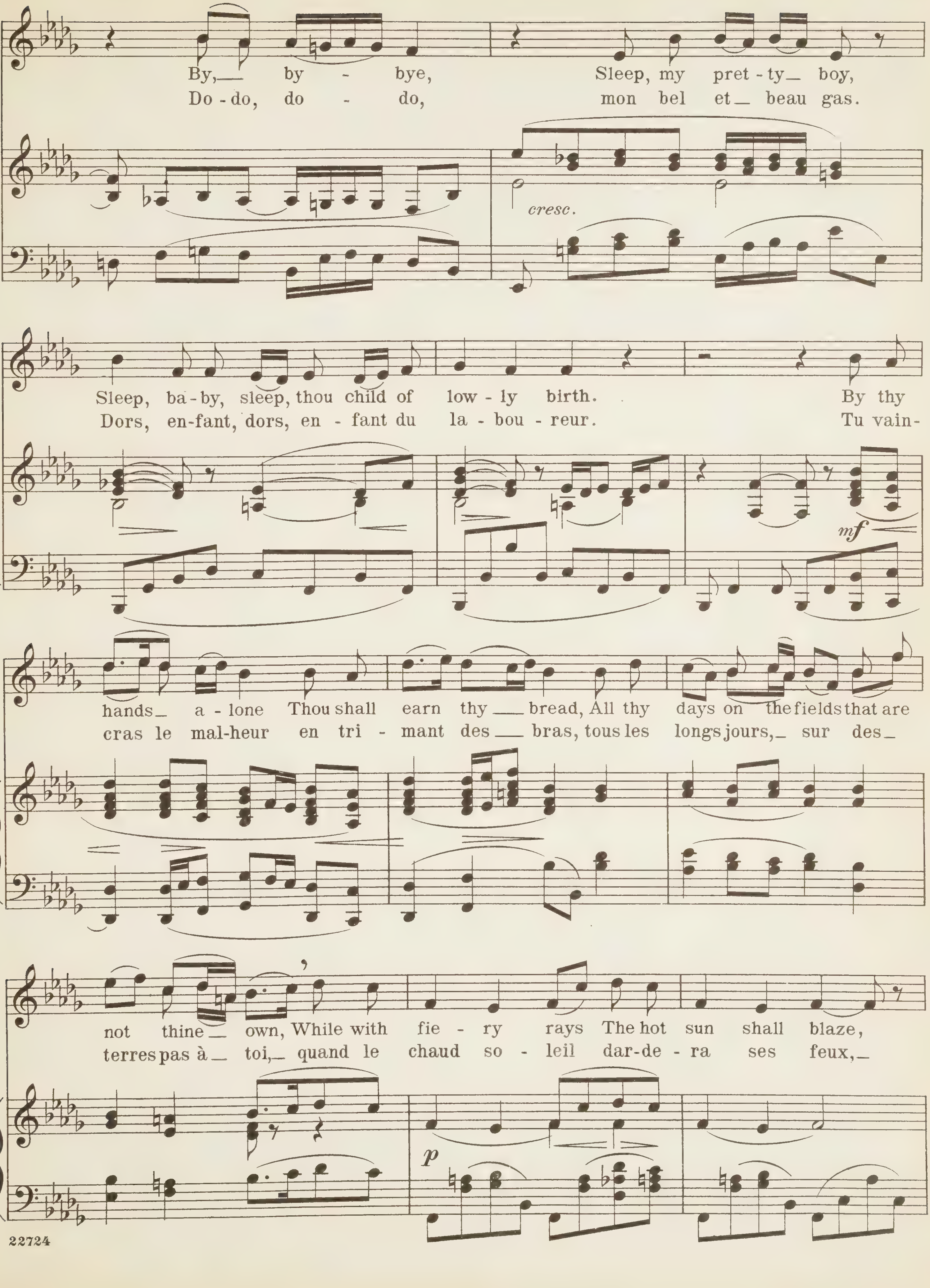
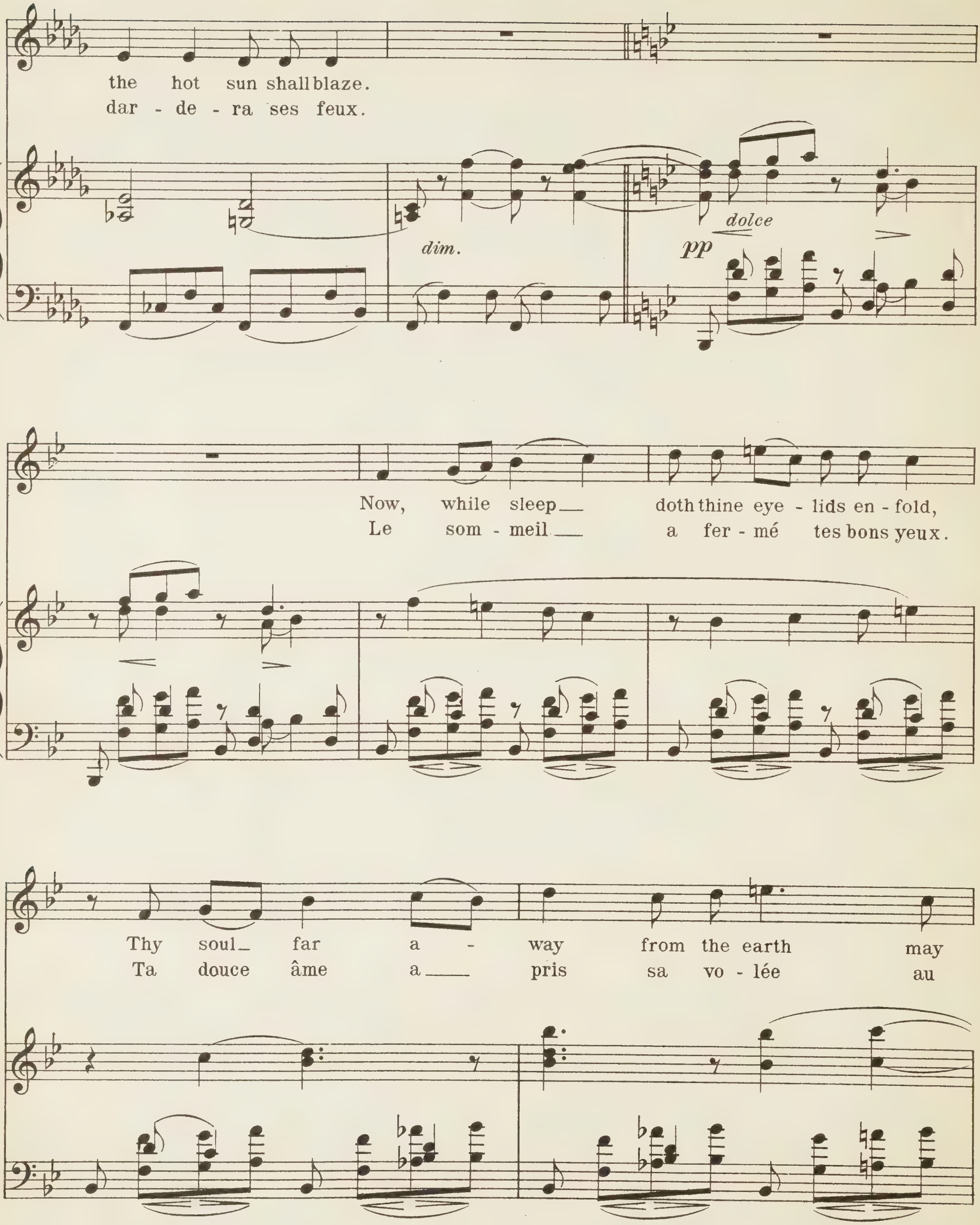
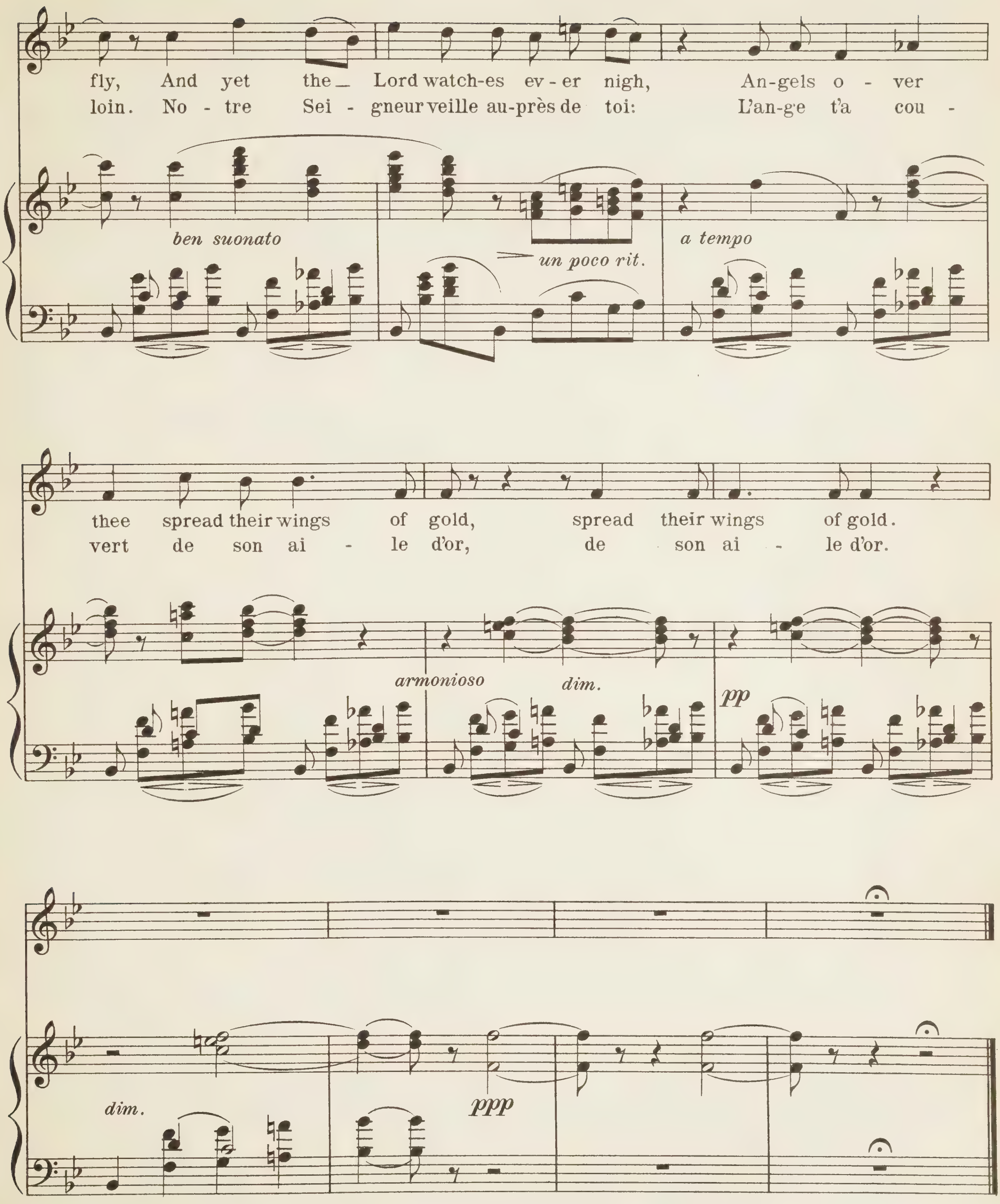

In the bright-er days of yore our lot was not so
Dans l'ancien temps, on a-vait moins de
hard But now a-las, the happy times are o'er Dis-tress and
mal! Main-te-nant, tout le long des longs jours, le noir sou-
grief And des-pair have we, And there's no re-
ci, les en-nuis cru-els, la mi-sè-re nous
lief from our mi-se-ry.
tra-vail-lent sans ré-pit.
dim.


By,_ by - bye, Sleep, my pret - ty_ boy,
Do-do, do - do, mon bel et_ beau gas.
cresc.
Sleep, ba-by, sleep, thou child of low - ly birth. By thy
Dors, en-fant, dors, en - fant du la - bou - reur. Tu vain-
mf
hands_ a - lone Thou shall earn thy _ bread, All thy days on the fields that are
cras le mal-heur en tri - mant des _ bras, tous les longs jours,_ sur des_
not thine_ own, While with fie - ry rays The hot sun shall blaze,
terres pas à_ toi,_ quand le chaud so - leil dar-de - ra ses feux,_
p

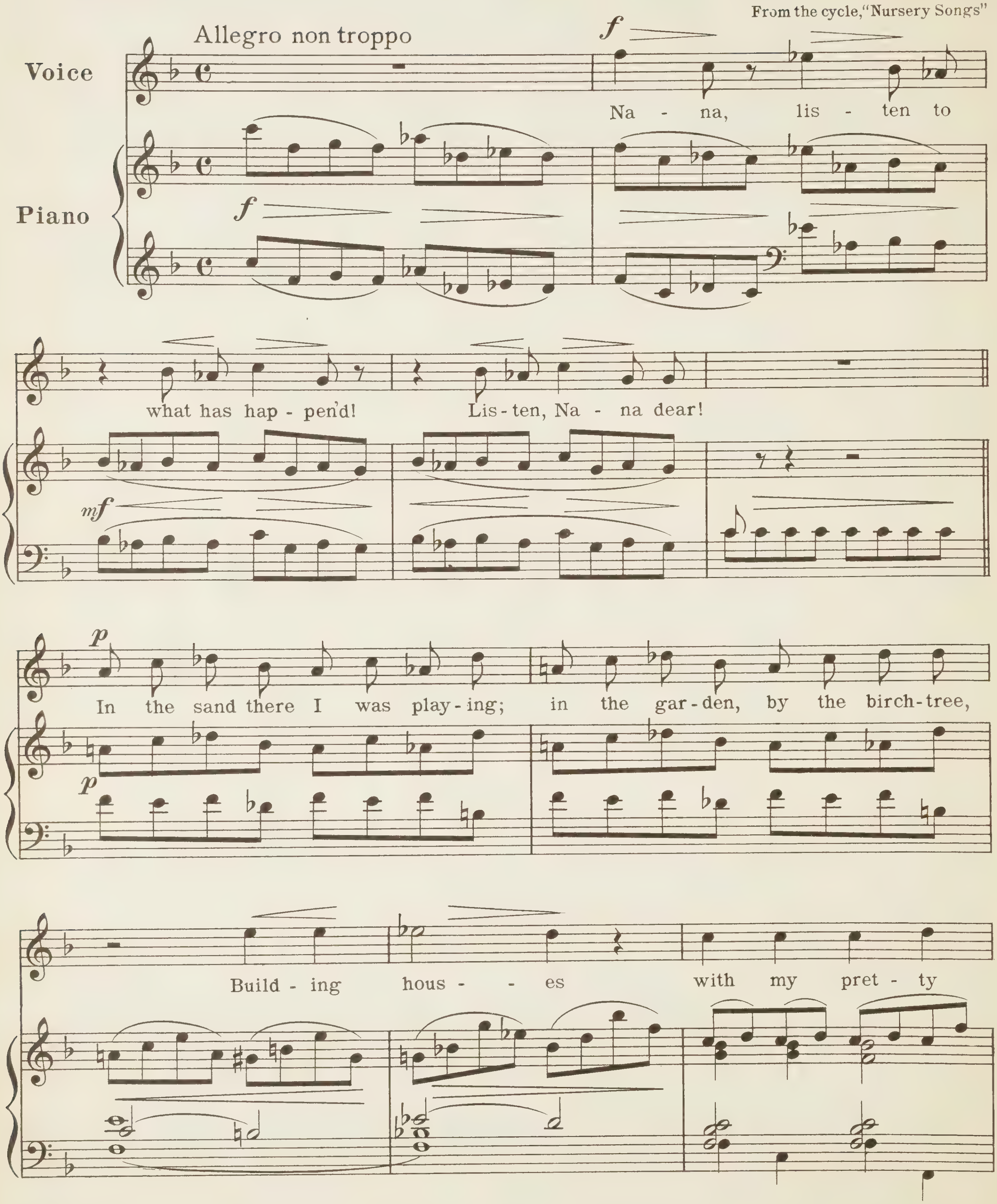

the hot sun shall blaze.
dar - de - ra ses feux.
dim.
pp
dolce
Now, while sleep doth thine eye - lids en - fold,
Le som - meil a fer - mé tes bons yeux.
Thy soul far a - way from the earth may
Ta douce âme a pris sa vo - lée au


fly, And yet the_ Lord watch-es ev-er nigh, An-gels o-ver
loin. No-tre Sei-gneur veille au-près de toi: L'an-ge t'a cou-
ben suonato
un poco rit.
a tempo
thee spread their wings of gold, spread their wings of gold.
vert de son ai-le d'or, de son ai-le d'or.
armonioso
dim.
pp
dim.
ppp

The Beetle
Le Hanneton

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

M. Moussorgsky
From the cycle, "Nursery Songs"



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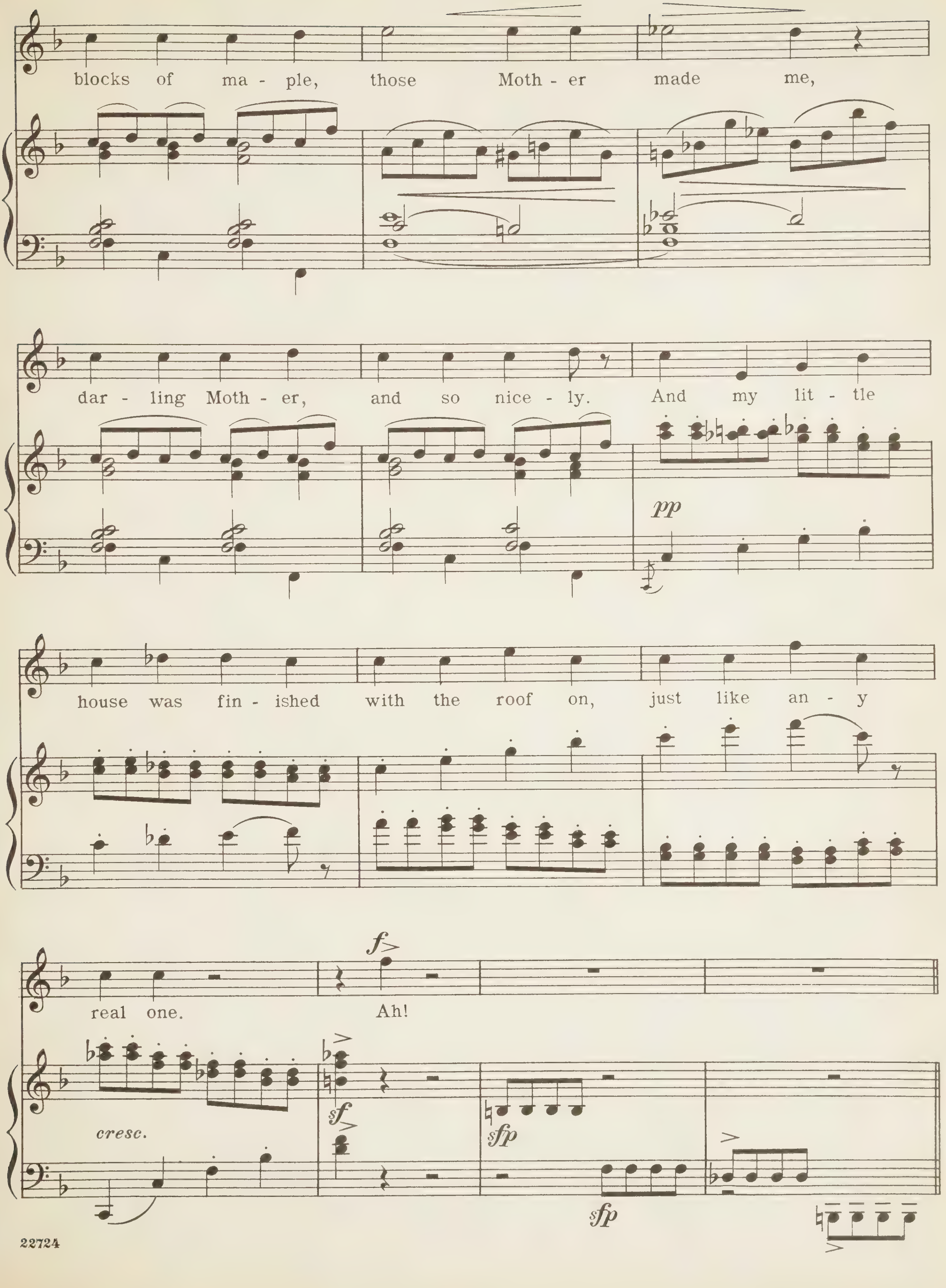
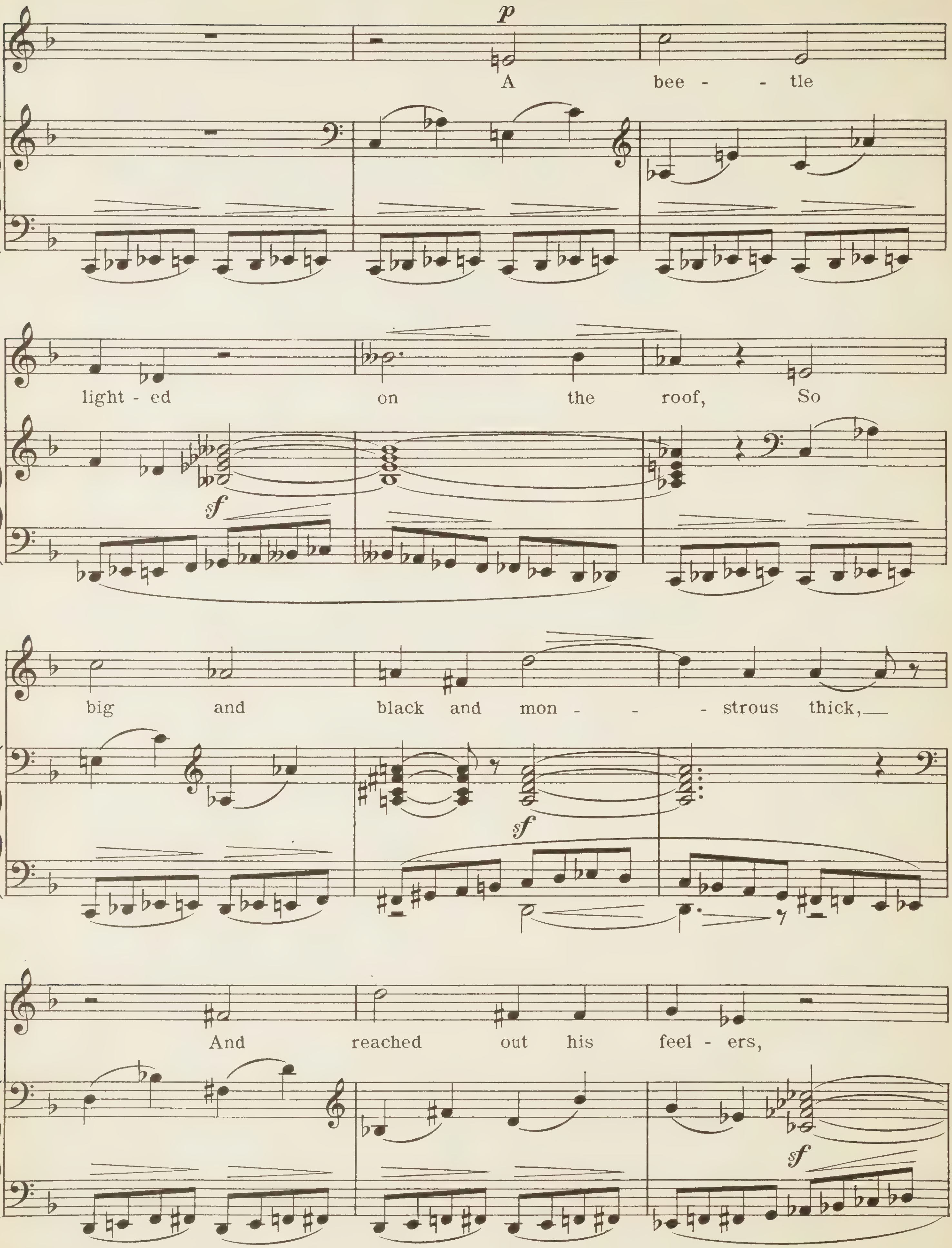
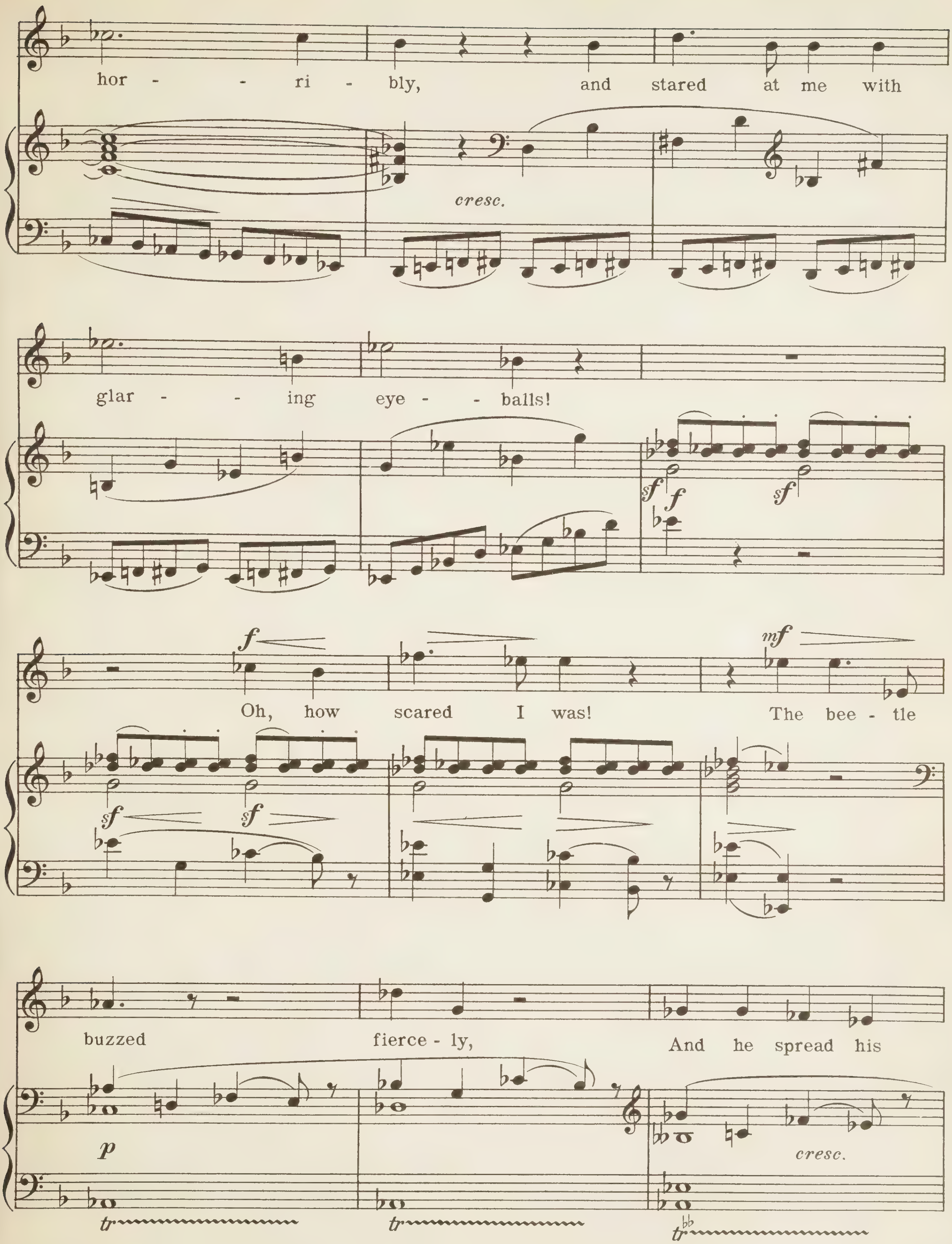
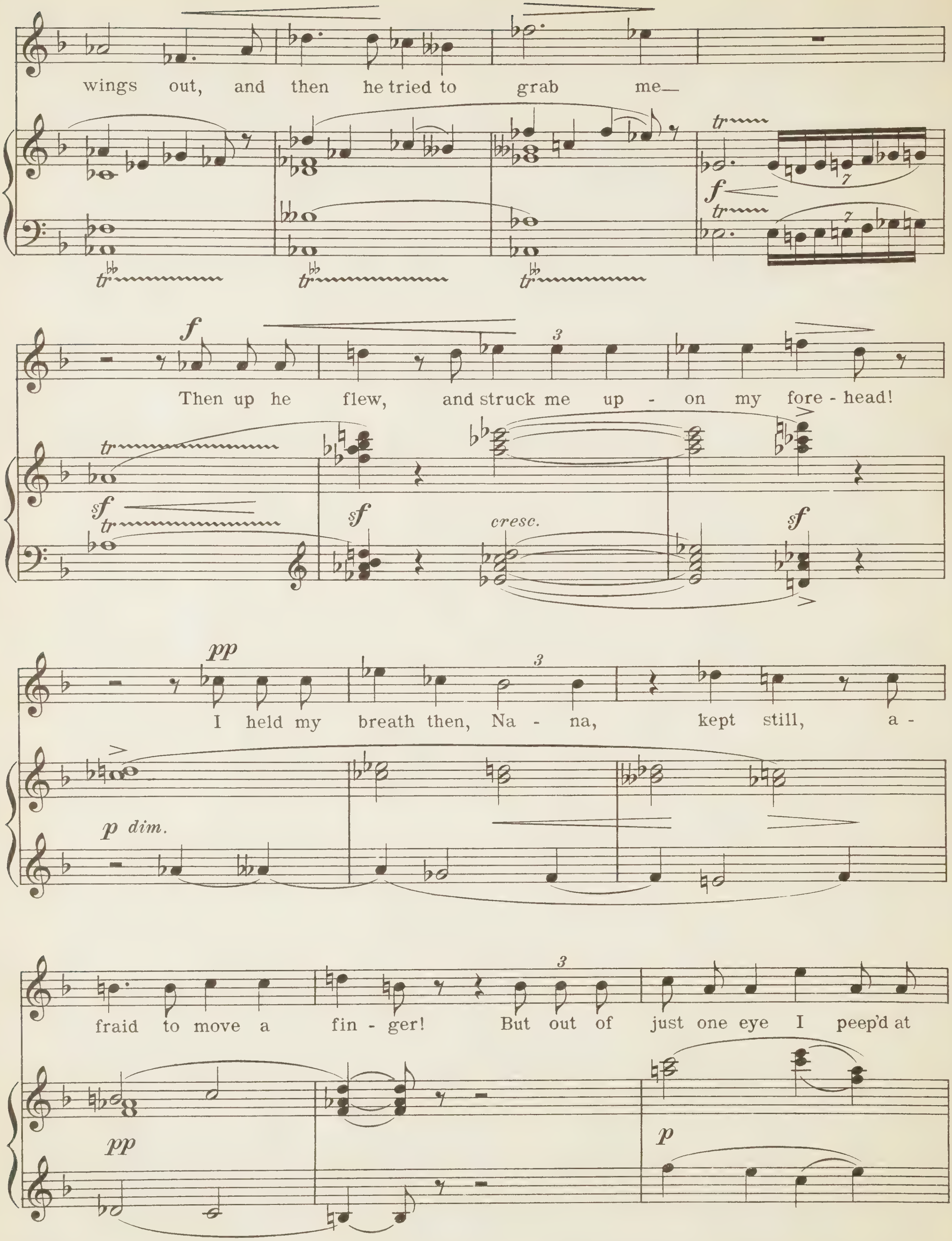
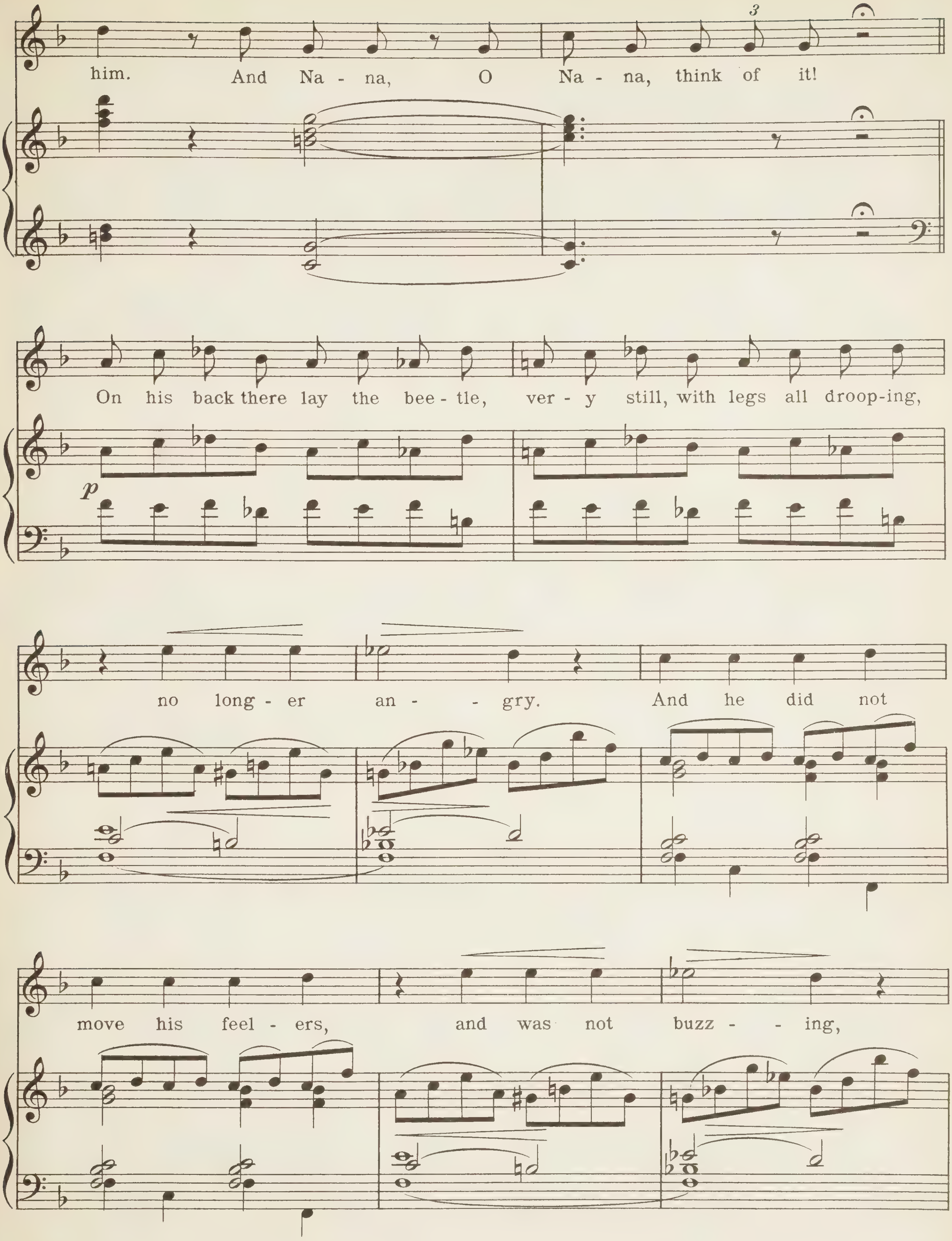
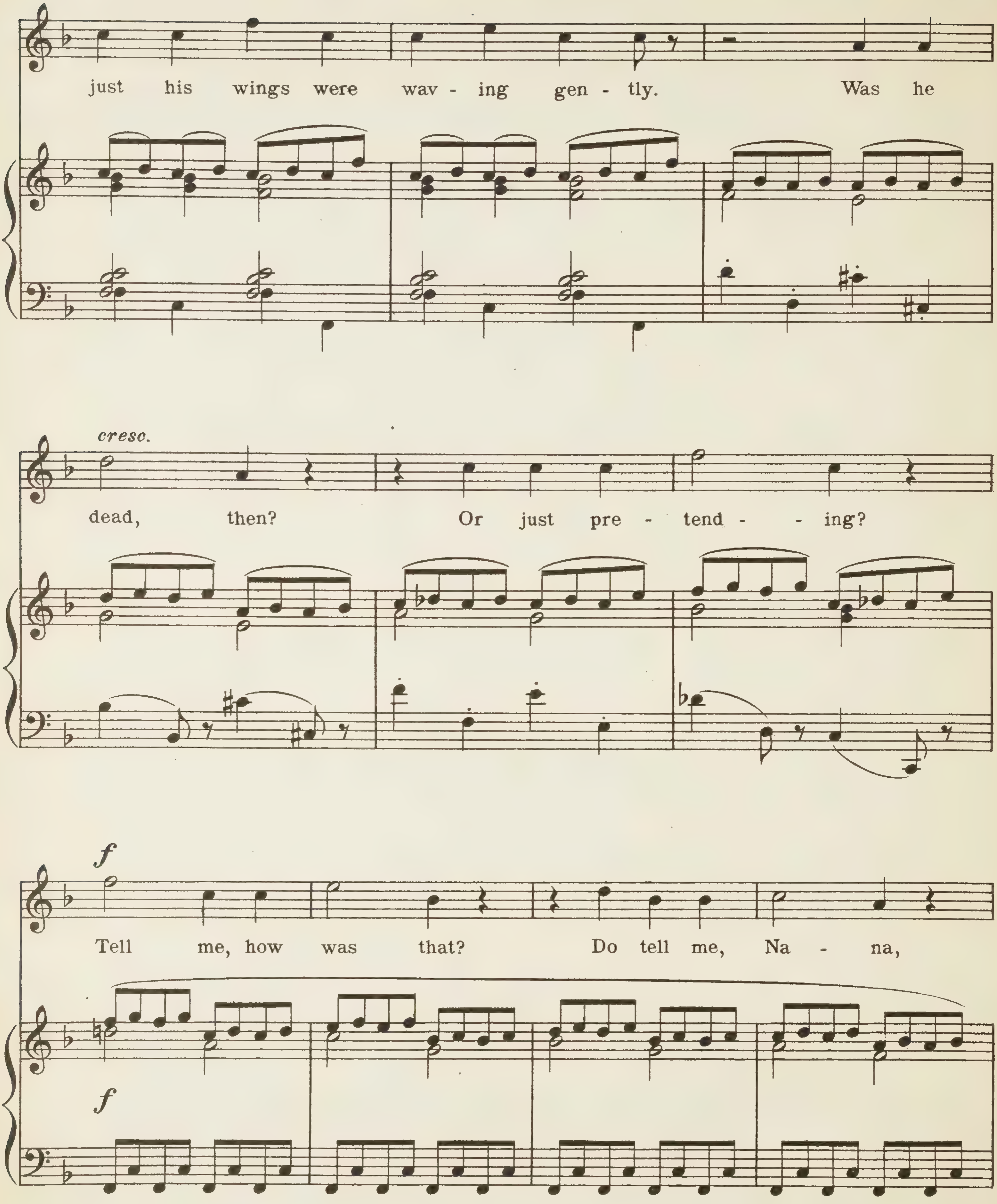

blocks of ma - ple, those Moth - er made me,
dar - ling Moth - er, and so nice - ly. And my lit - tle
pp
house was fin - ished with the roof on, just like an - y
f
real one. Ah!
cresc.
sf
sfp
sfp

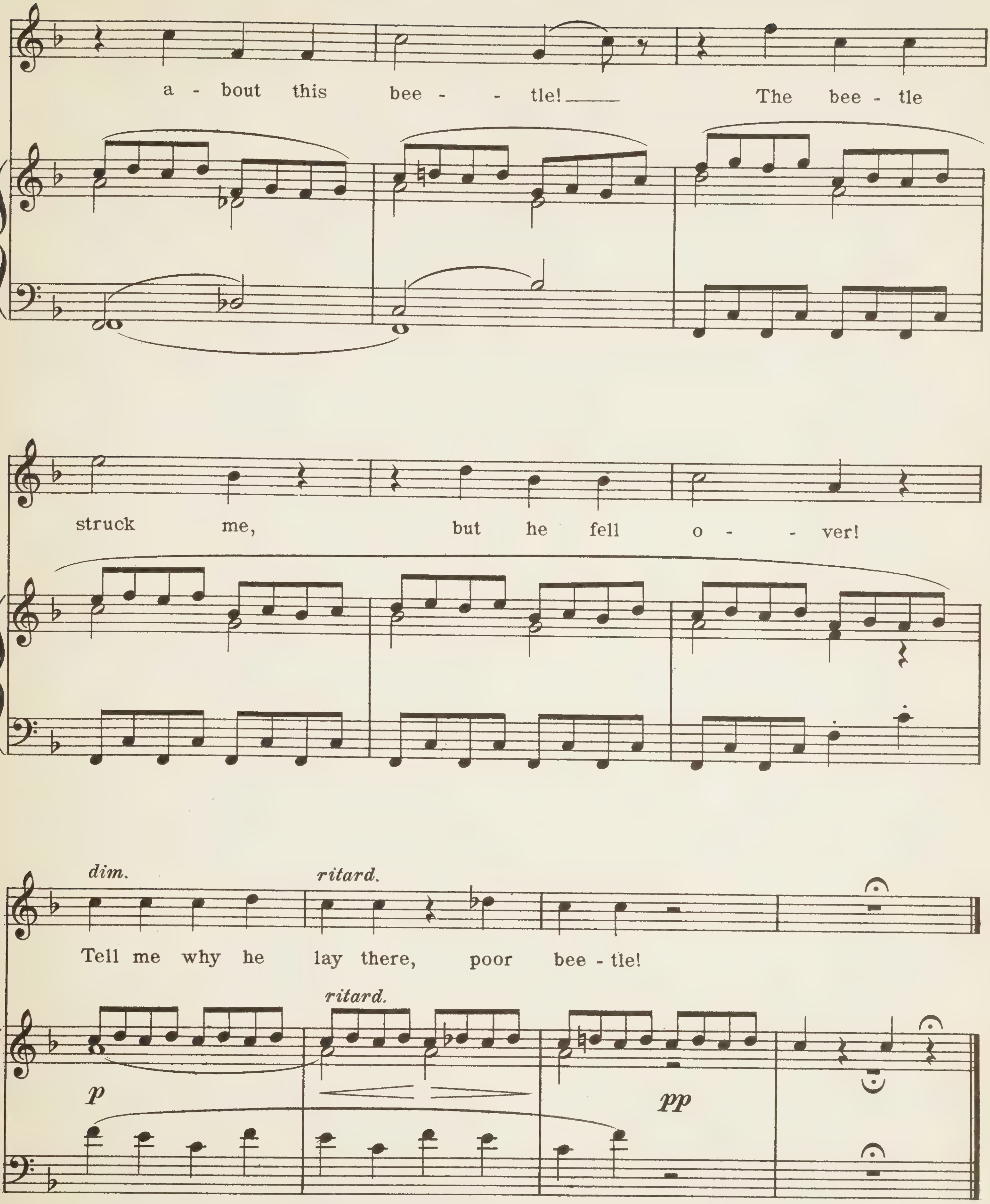

p
A bee - - tle
light - ed on the roof, So
sf
big and black and mon - - - strous thick,
sf
And reached out his feel - ers,
sf


hor - - ri - bly, and stared at me with
cresc.
glar - - ing eye - - balls!
sf f sf
f
Oh, how scared I was!
mf
The bee - tle
sf sf
buzzed fierce - ly,
And he spread his
p
cresc.
tr
tr
tr


wings out, and then he tried to grab me—
Then up he flew, and struck me up - on my fore - head!
I held my breath then, Na - na, kept still, a -
fraid to move a fin - ger! But out of just one eye I peep'd at
f
sf
cresc.
pp
p dim.
p
tr
3
7


him. And Na - na, O Na - na, think of it!
On his back there lay the bee - tle, ver - y still, with legs all droop-ing,
no long - er an - - gry. And he did not
move his feel - ers, and was not buzz - - ing,
p


just his wings were wav - ing gen - tly. Was he
cresc.
dead, then? Or just pre - tend - - ing?
f
Tell me, how was that? Do tell me, Na - na,
f


a - bout this bee - - tle! The bee - tle
struck me, but he fell o - - ver!
dim.
ritard.
Tell me why he lay there, poor bee - tle!
ritard.
p
pp

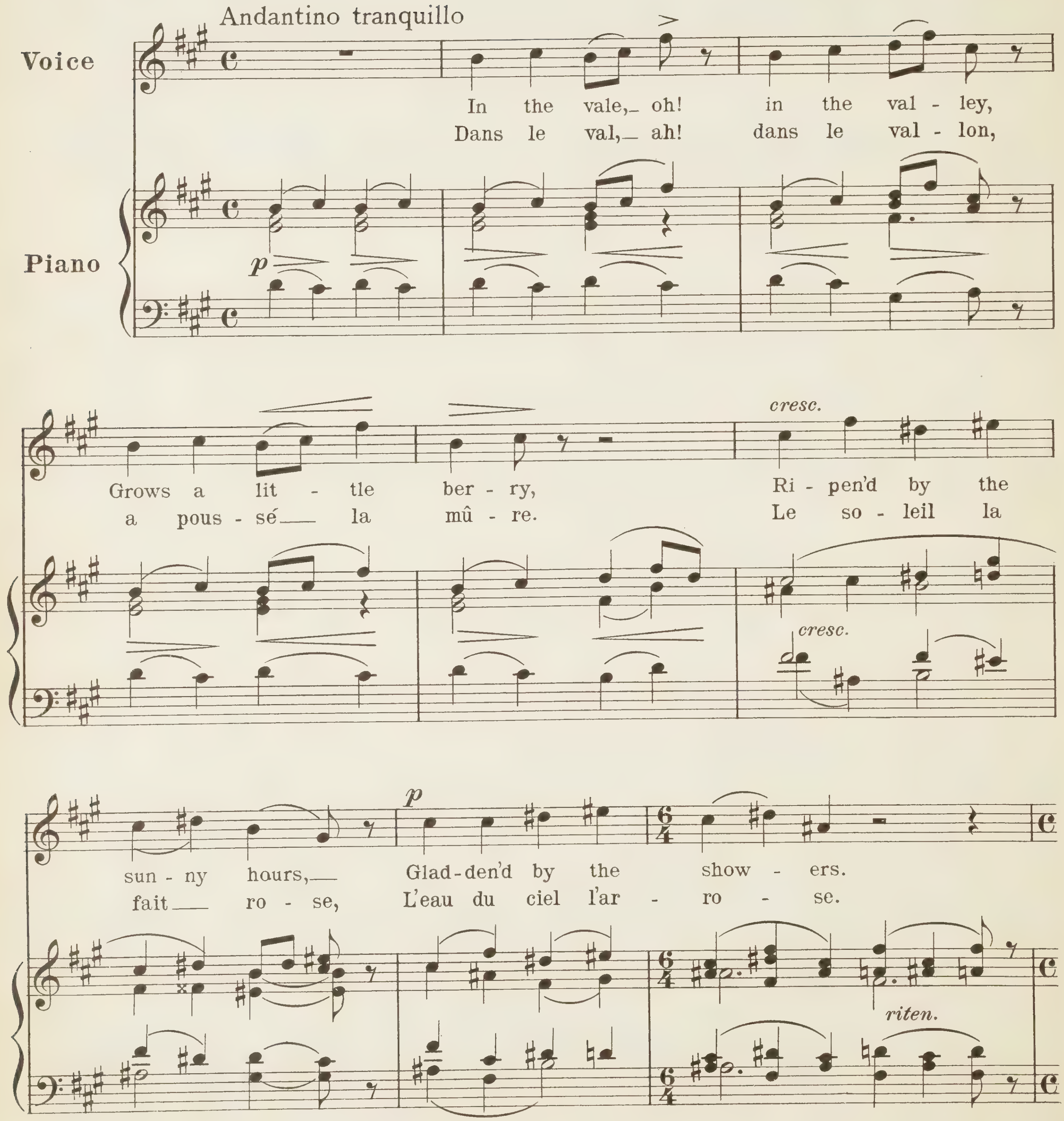
Child's Song

Chanson d'Enfant

(L. Mey)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
French words by Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky



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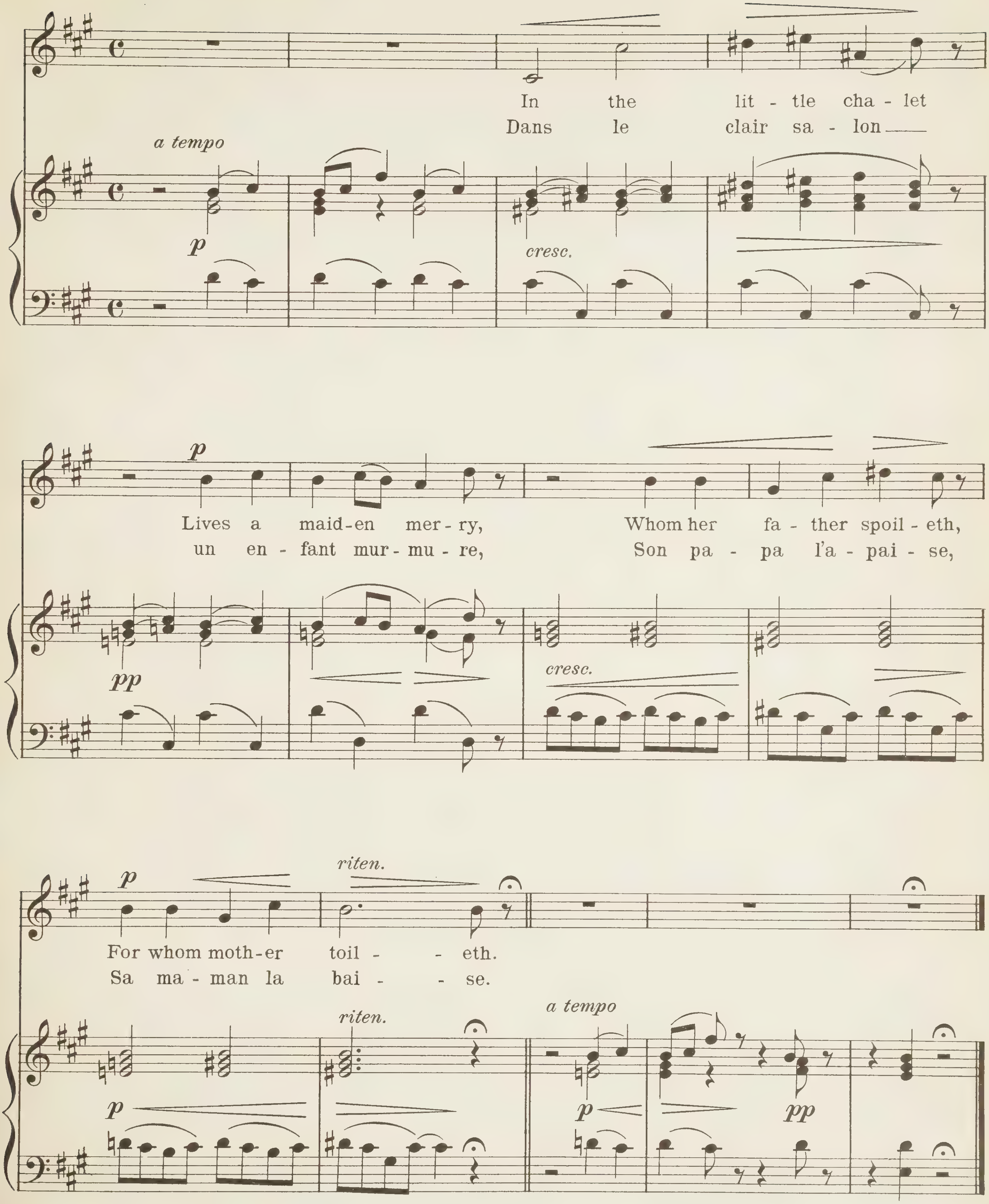

a tempo
p
In the lit - tle cha - let
Dans le clair sa - lon
cresc.
p
pp
Lives a maid-en mer - ry,
un en - fant mur - mu - re,
Whom her fa - ther spoil - eth,
Son pa - pa l'a - pai - se,
cresc.
p
riten.
For whom moth-er toil - - eth.
Sa ma - man la bai - - se.
riten.
a tempo
p
p
pp

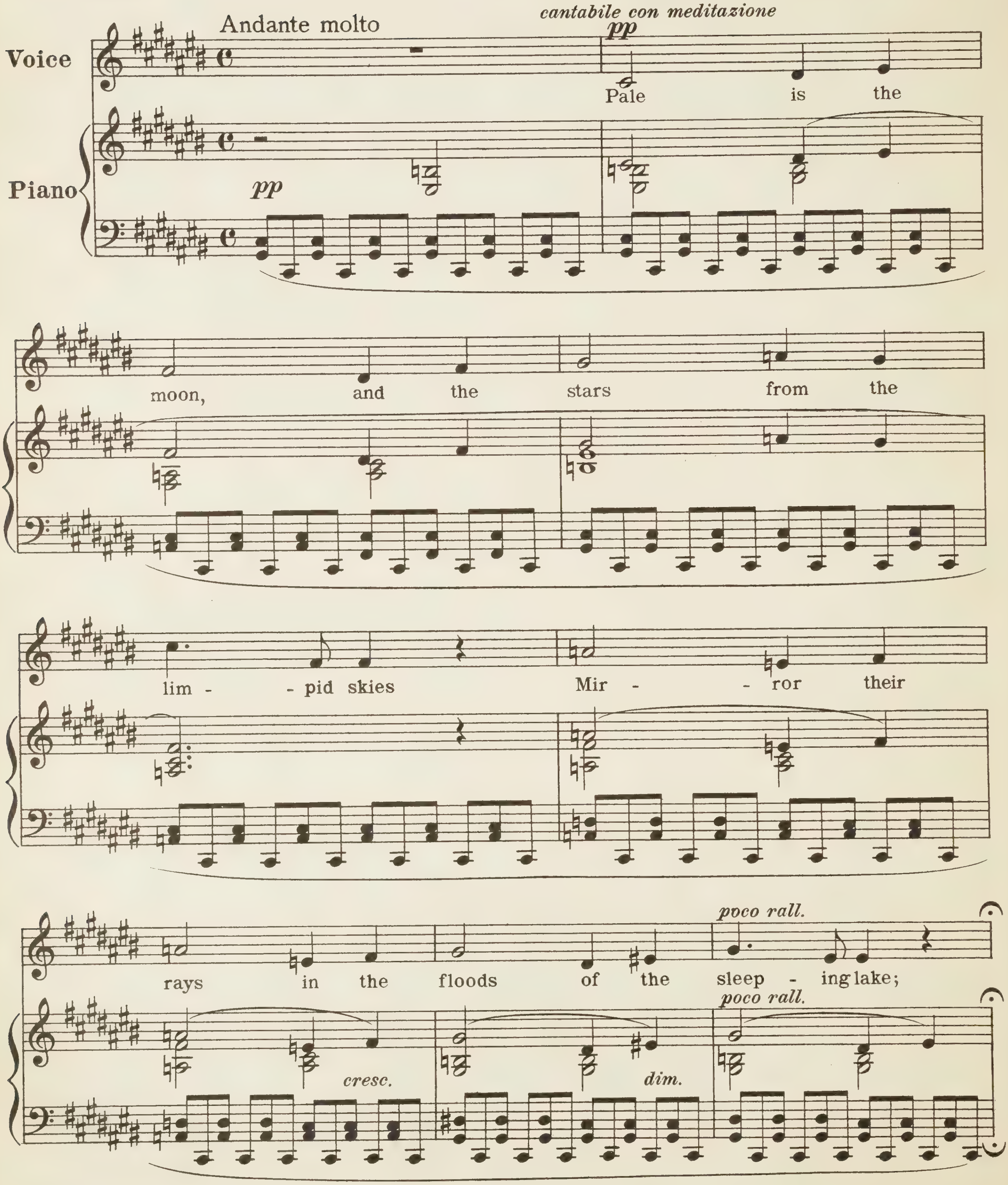
By the Water

(Count A. Golenistchew-Koutouzow)

English version by
Kurt Schindler

Modest Moussorgsky

From the Cycle: "Where No Sun Shines"



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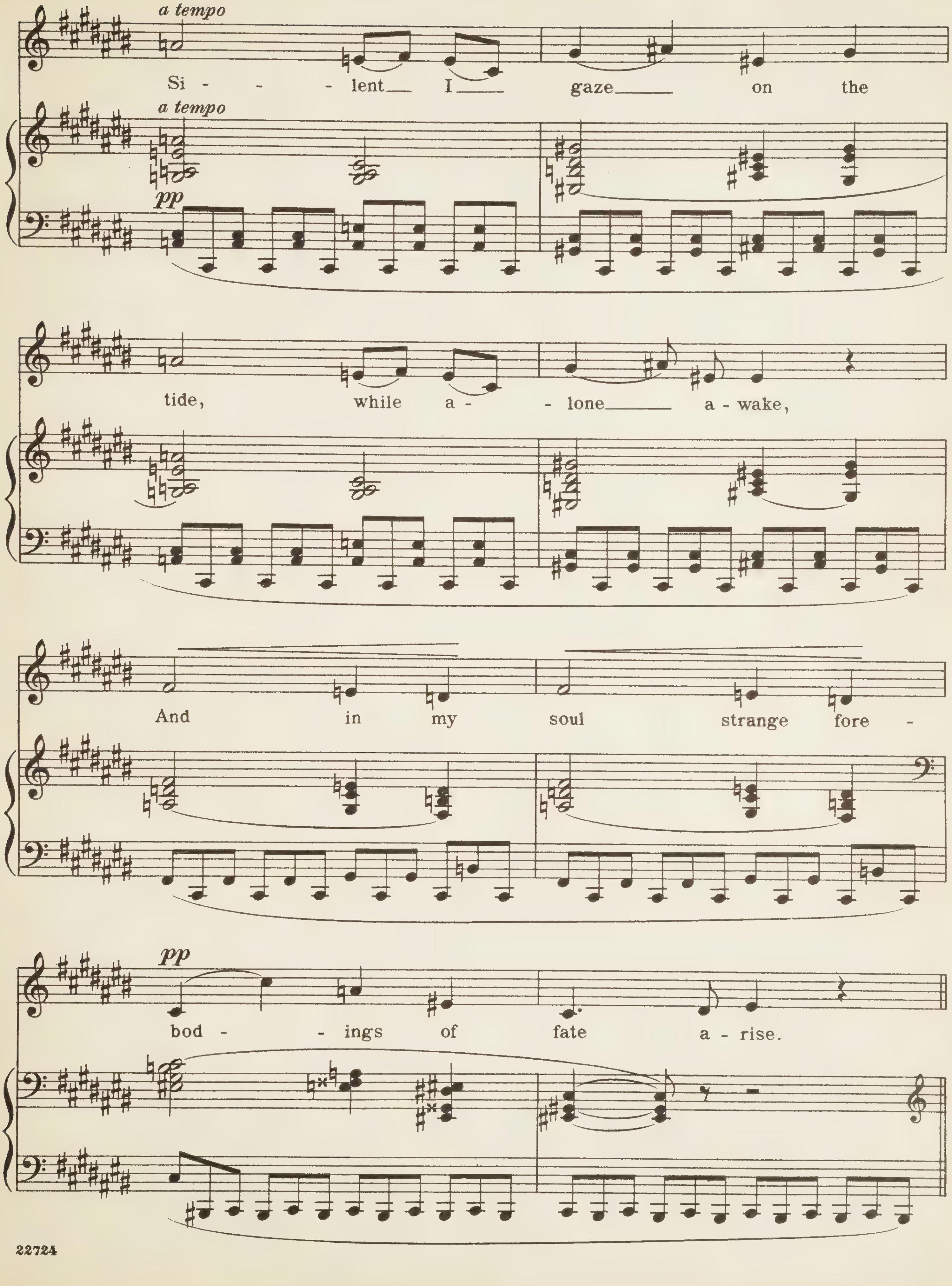
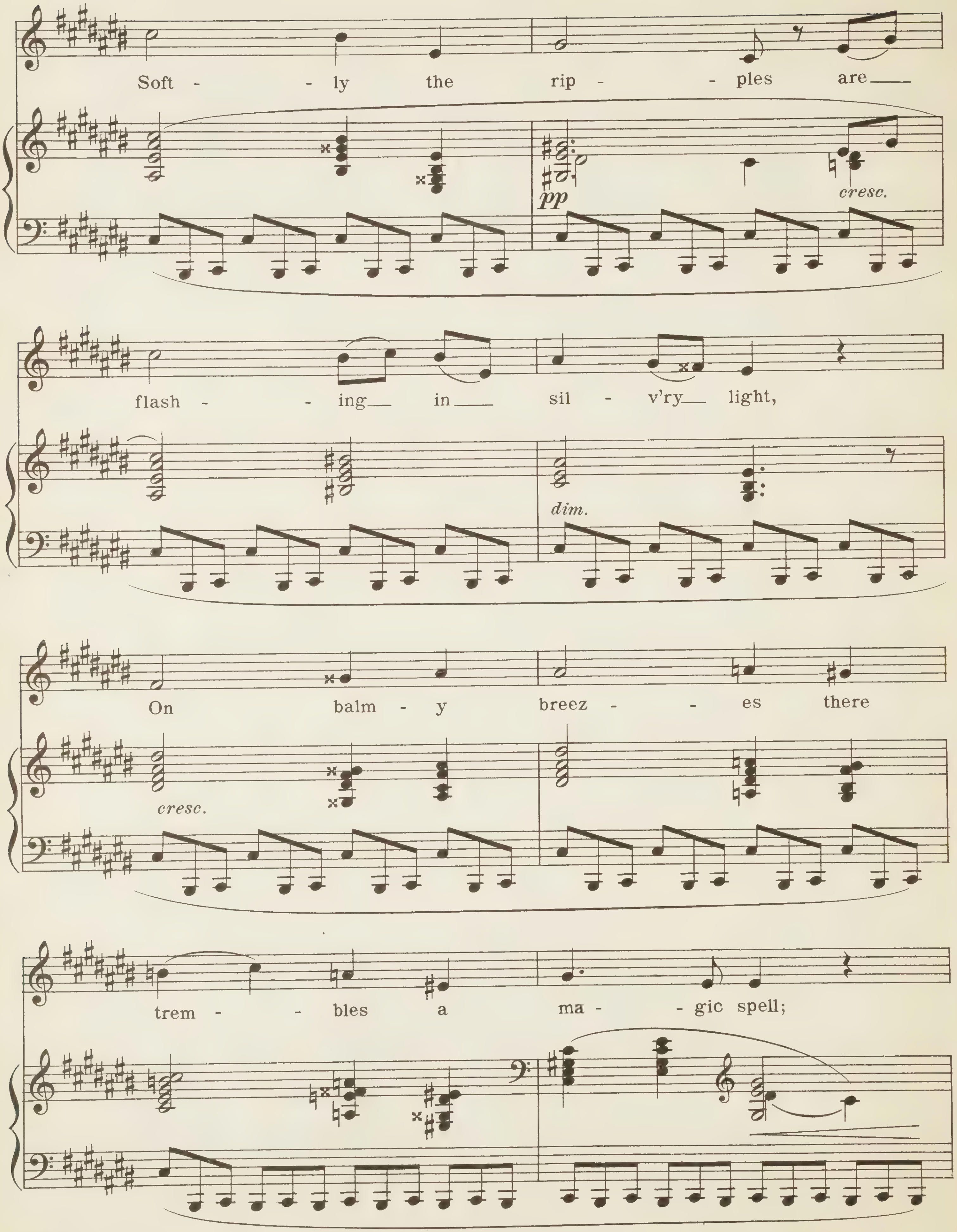
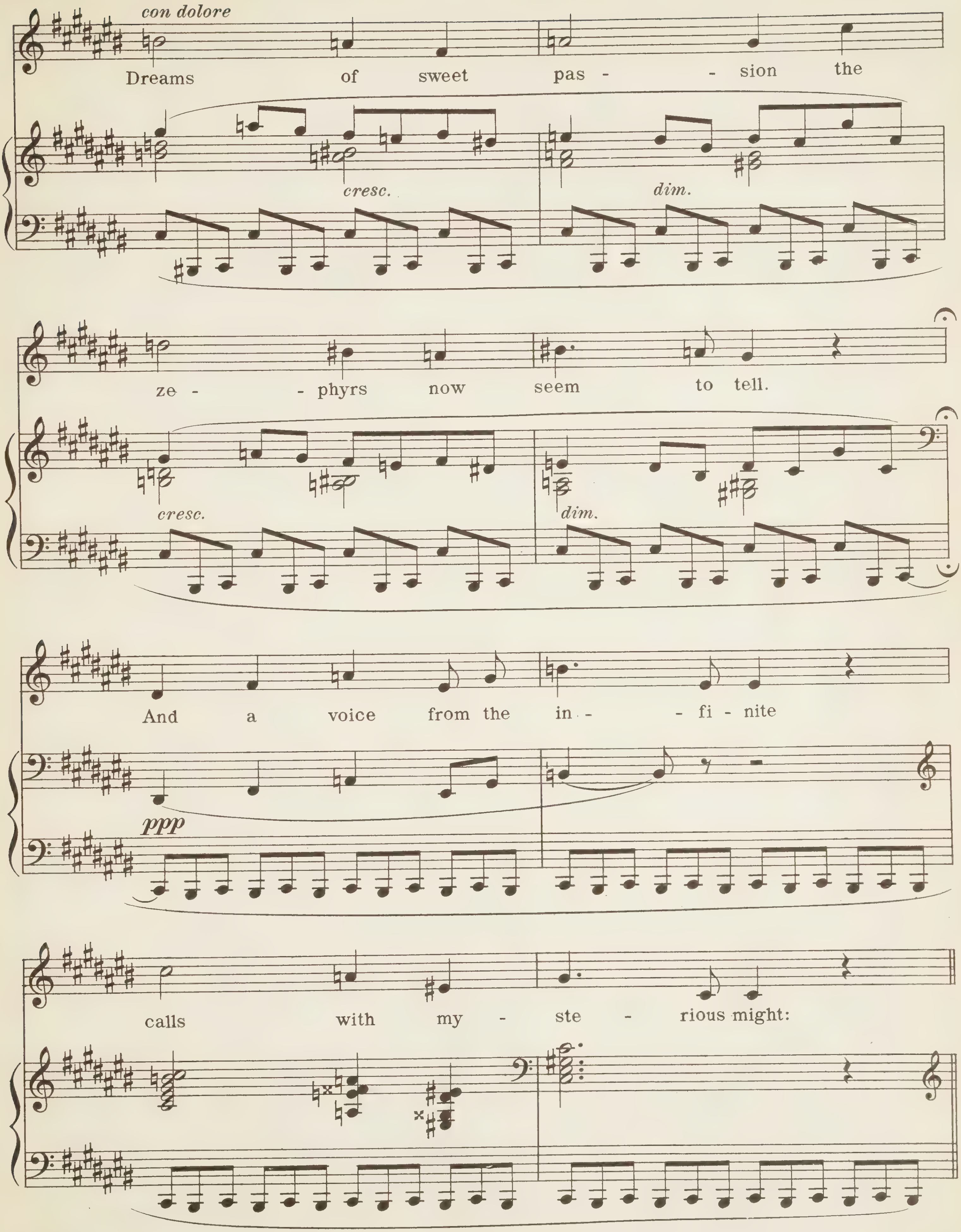
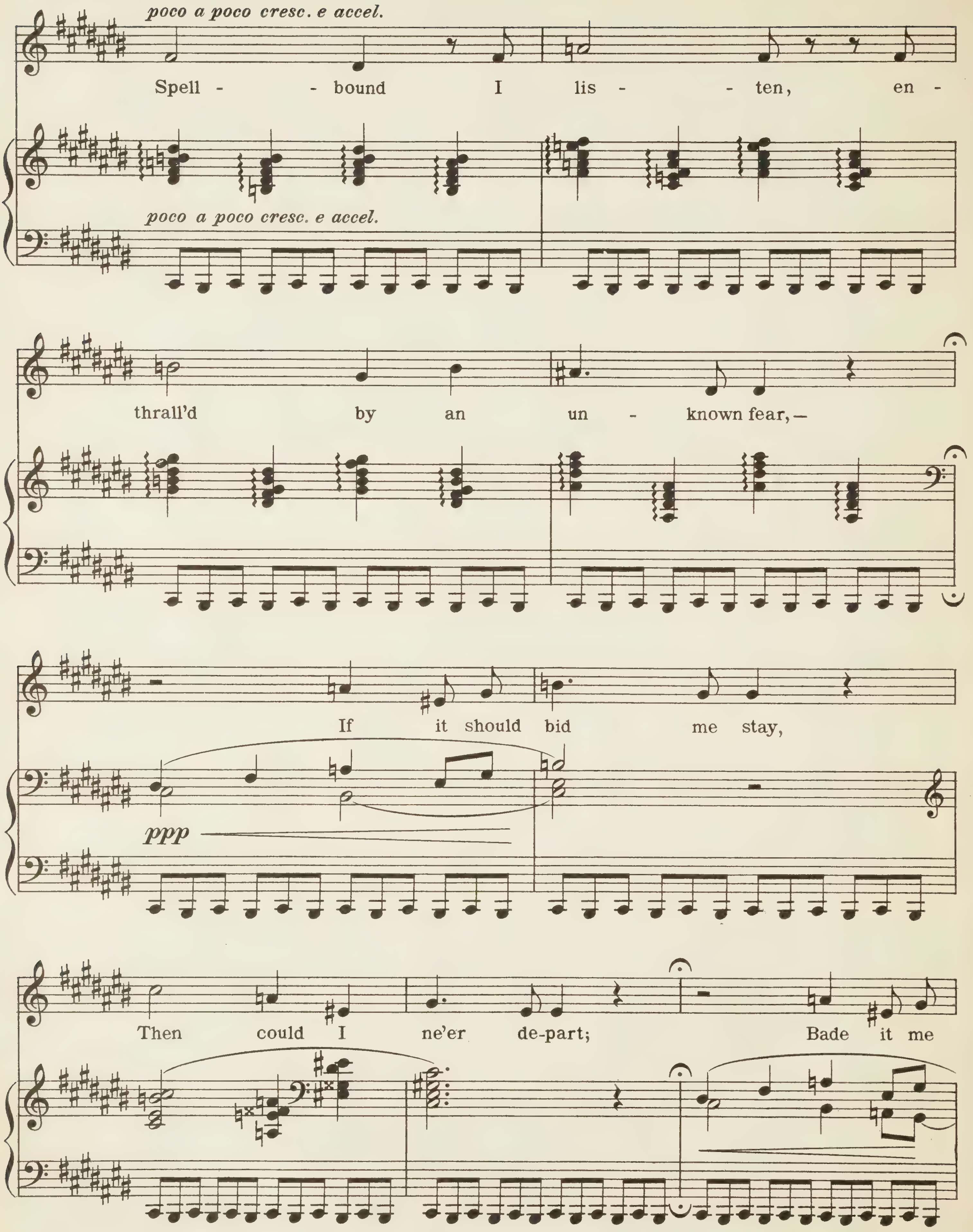
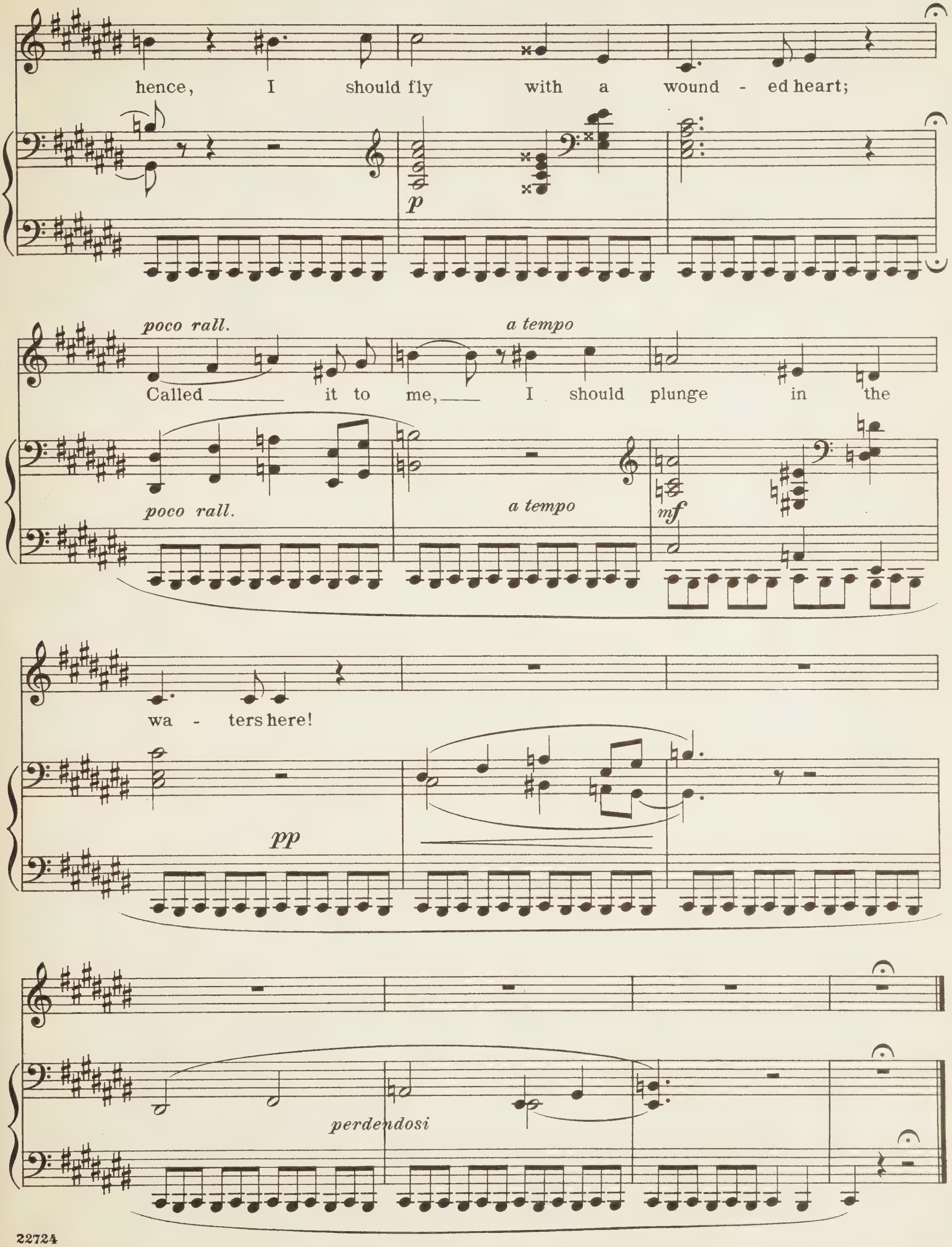

a tempo
Si - - - lent I gaze on the
a tempo
pp
tide, while a - - lone a - wake,
And in my soul strange fore -
pp
bod - - ings of fate a - rise.


Soft - - ly the rip - - ples are
pp
cresc.
flash - - ing in sil - v'ry light,
dim.
On balm - y breez - - es there
cresc.
trem - - bles a ma - - gic spell;


con dolore
Dreams of sweet pas - - sion the
cresc.
dim.
ze - - phyrs now seem to tell.
cresc.
dim.
And a voice from the in - - fi - nite
ppp
calls with my - ste - rious might:


poco a poco cresc. e accel.
Spell - - bound I lis - - ten, en -
poco a poco cresc. e accel.
thrall'd by an un - known fear, —
If it should bid me stay,
ppp
Then could I ne'er de-part;
Bade it me


hence, I should fly with a wound - ed heart;
p
poco rall.
a tempo
Called it to me, I should plunge in the
poco rall.
a tempo
mf
wa - ters here!
pp
perdendosi

Divination by Water*

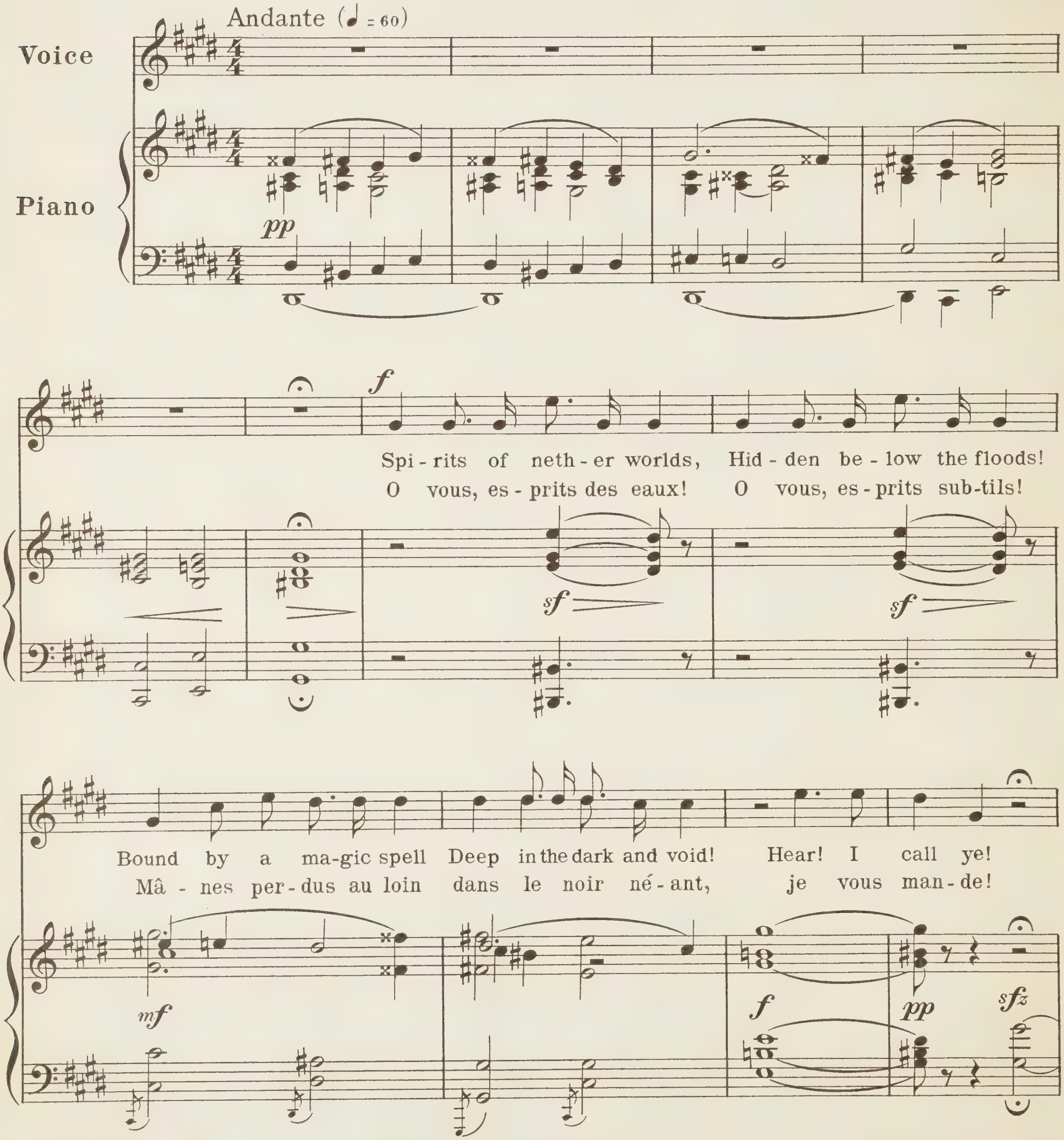
La Divination par l'eau

From the opera "Khovanstchina"

English version by
Kurt Schindler

French version by
Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky



*(Martha, a young woman of the sect of the "Old Believers," gifted with second-sight, reads, in a silver basin filled with water, the fortune of Prince Golitsyne.)

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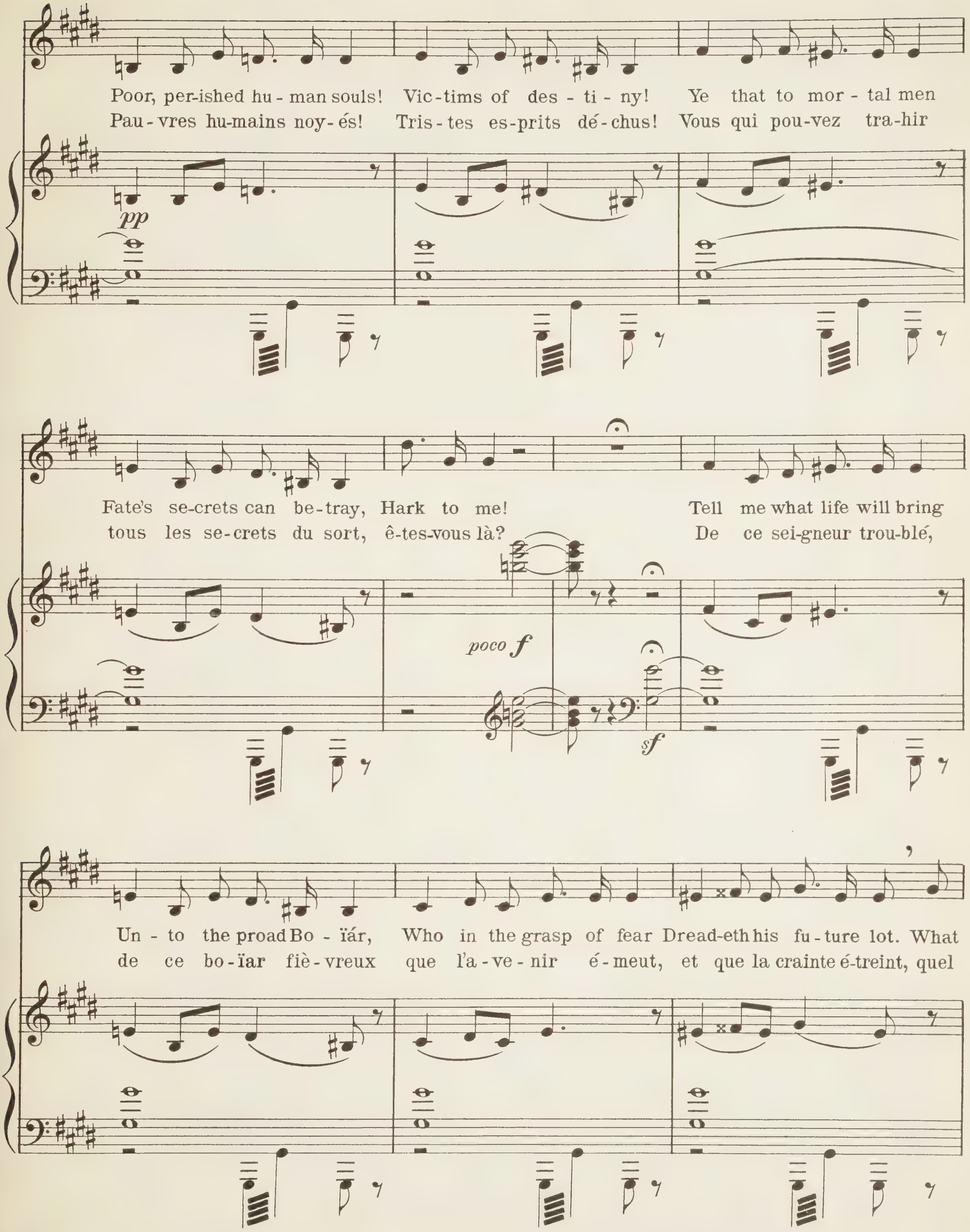
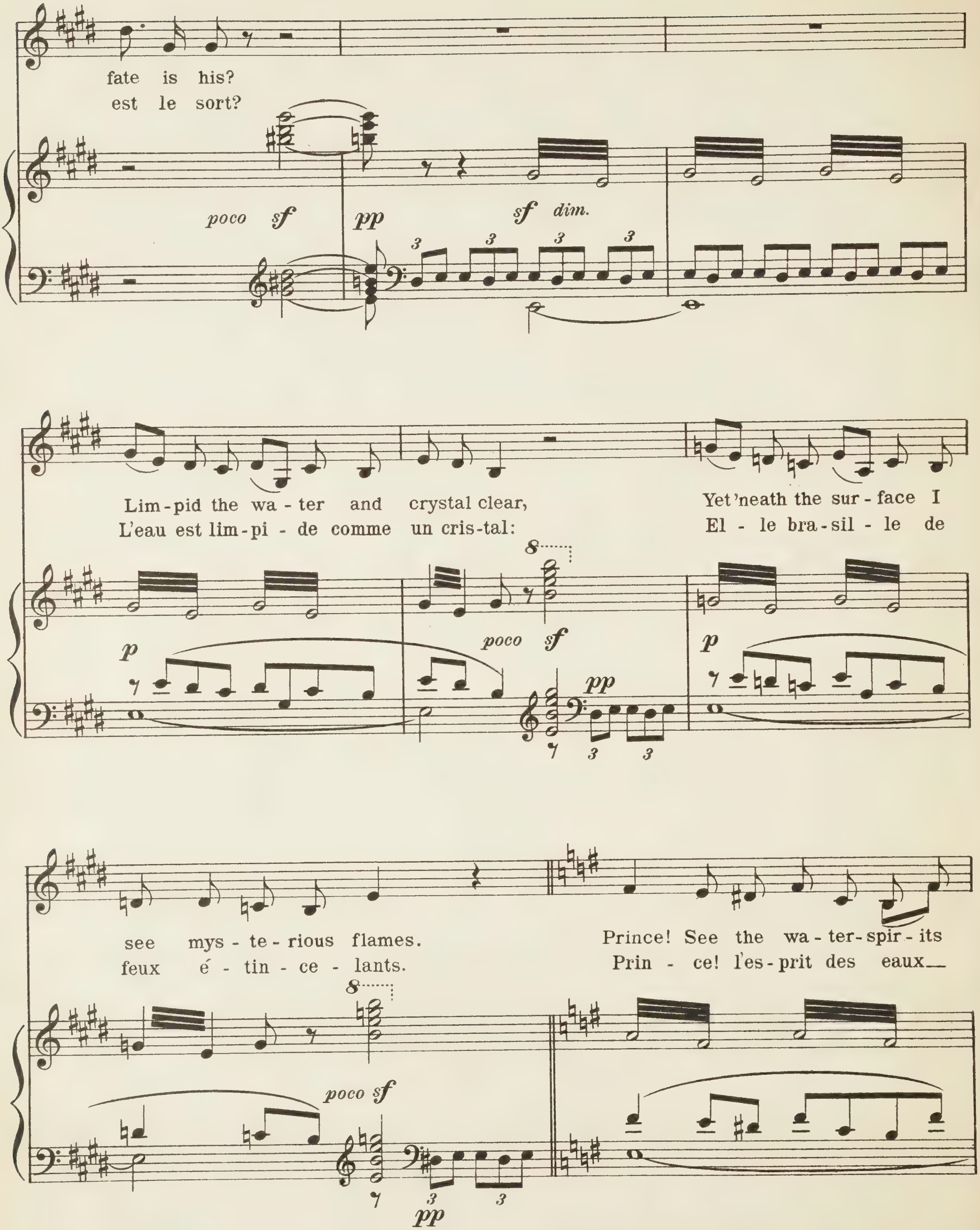
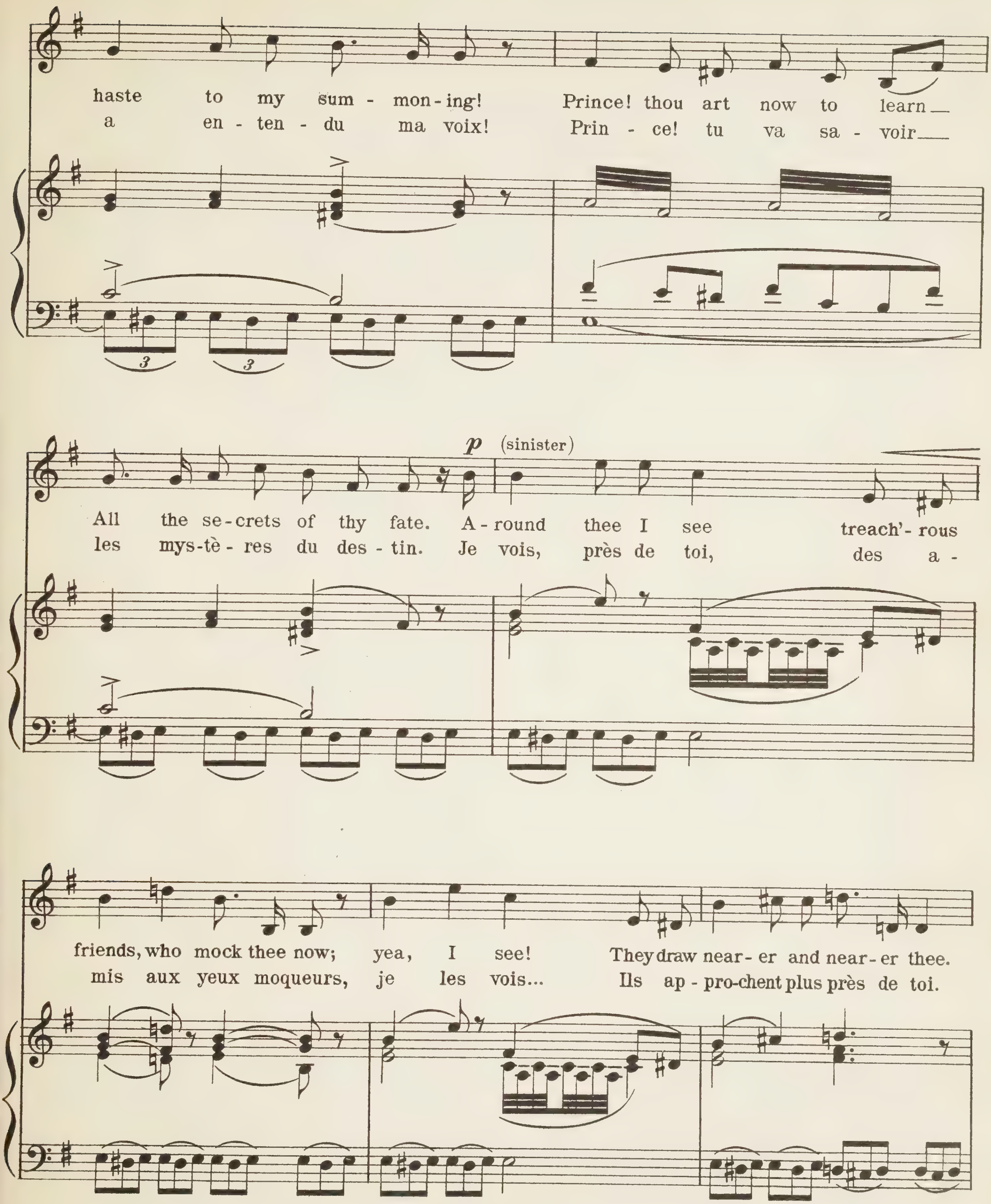
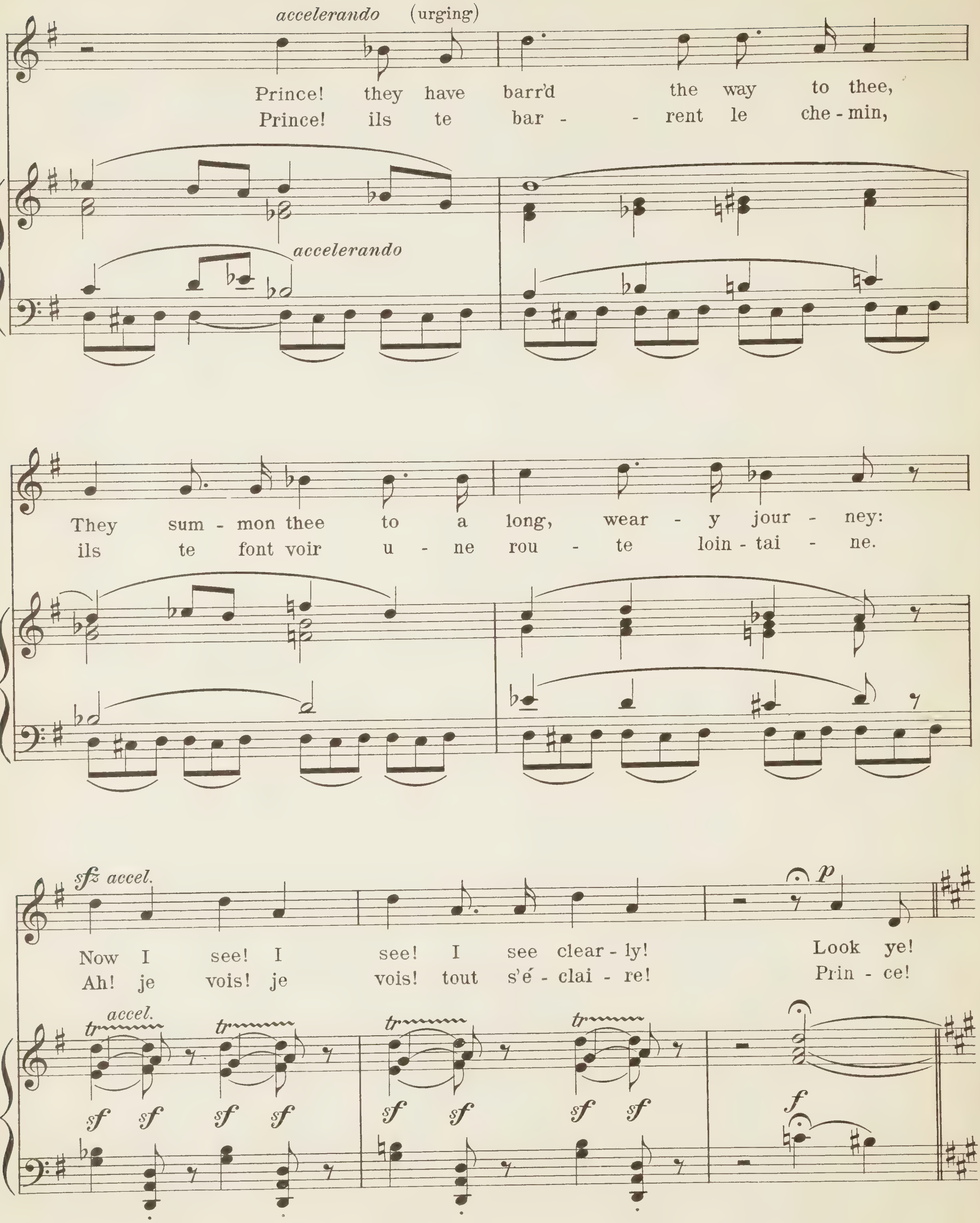
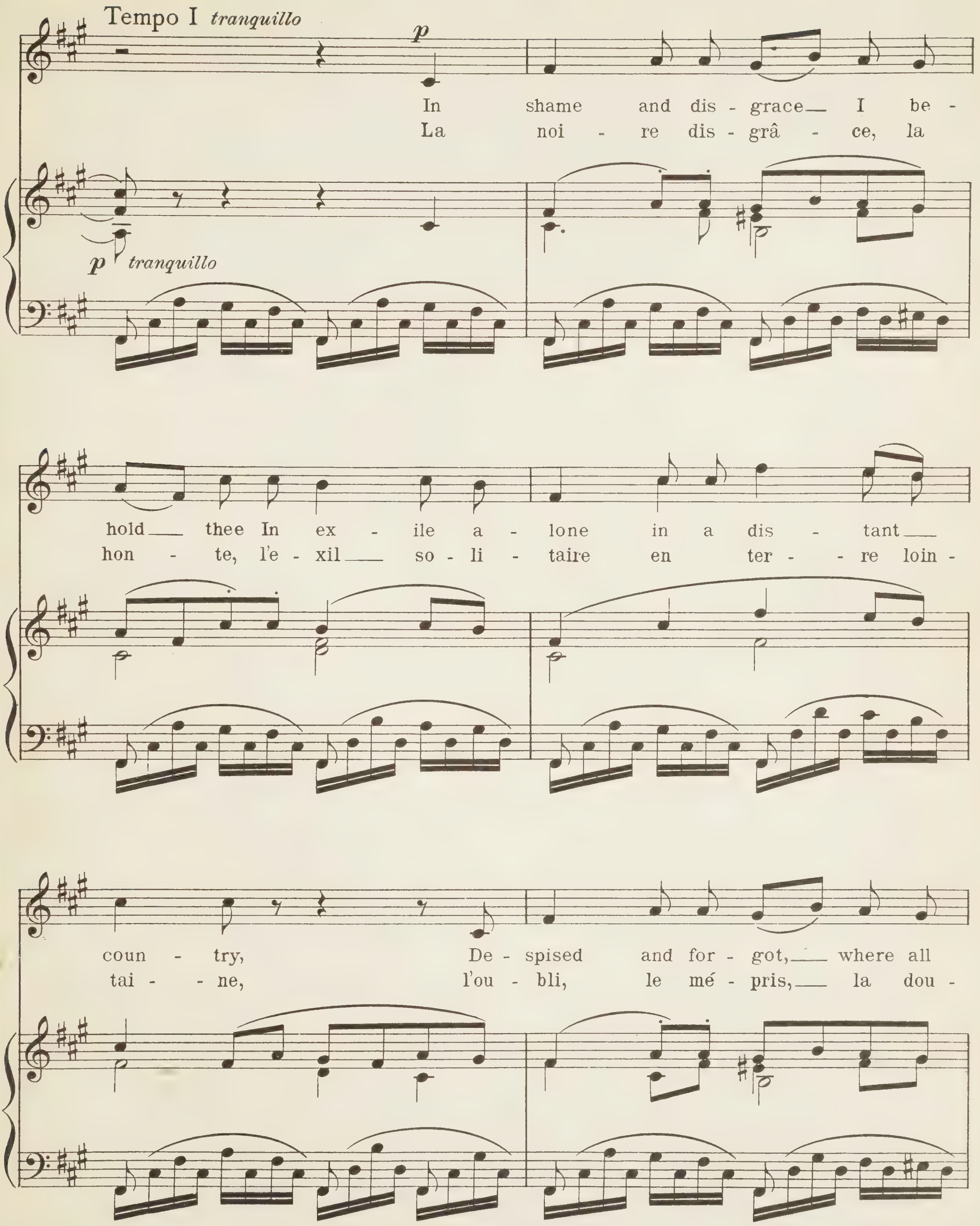
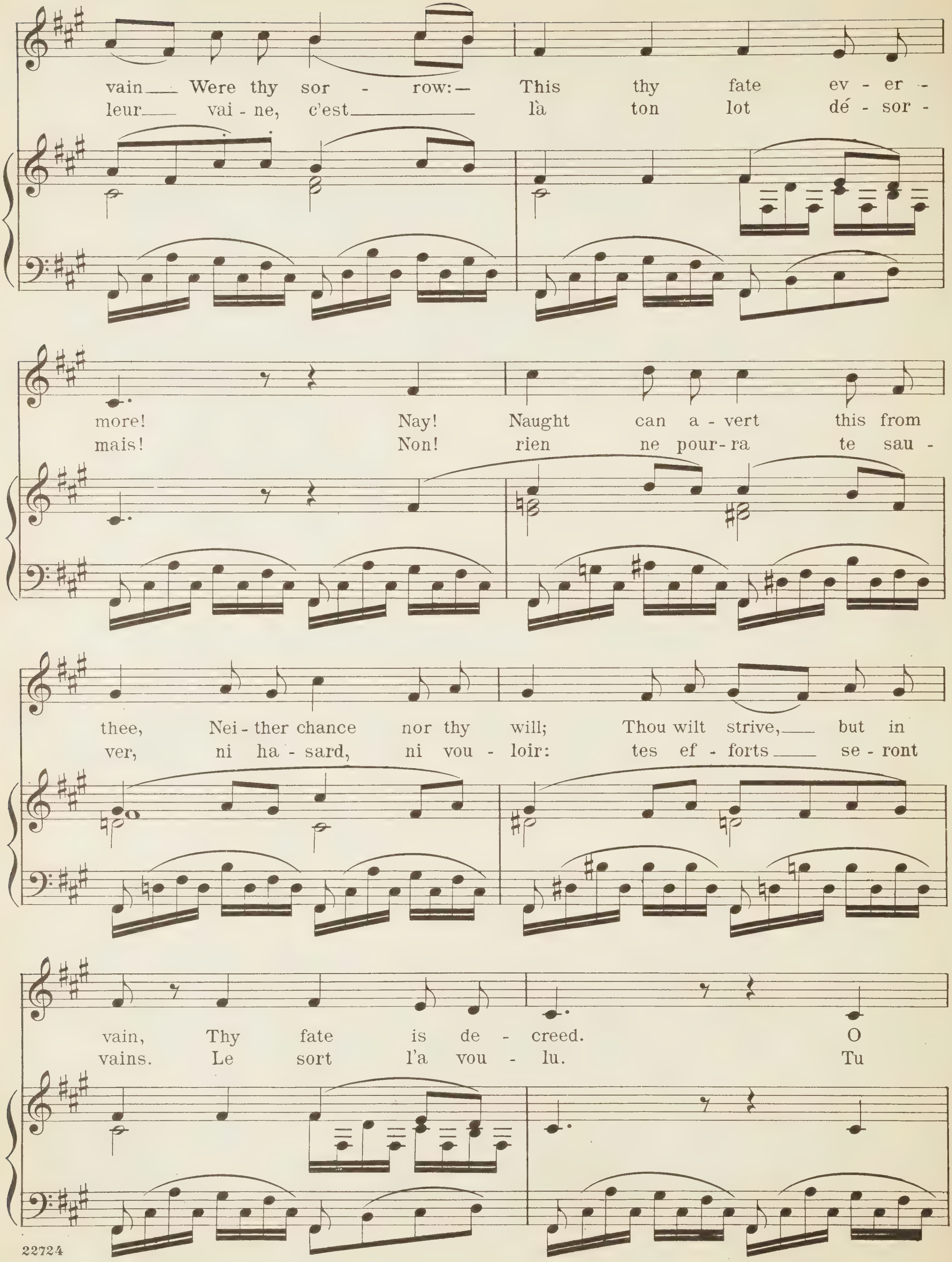

Poor, per-ished hu - man souls! Vic-tims of des - ti - ny! Ye that to mor - tal men
Pau - vres hu-mains noy - és! Tris - tes es-prits dé - chus! Vous qui pou-vez tra-hir
pp
Fate's se-crets can be-tray, Hark to me! Tell me what life will bring
tous les se-crets du sort, ê-tes-vous là? De ce sei-gneur trou-blé,
poco f
sf
Un - to the proad Bo - ïär, Who in the grasp of fear Dread-eth his fu - ture lot. What
de ce bo - ïar fiè - vreux que l'a - ve - nir é - meut, et que la crainte é-treint, quel

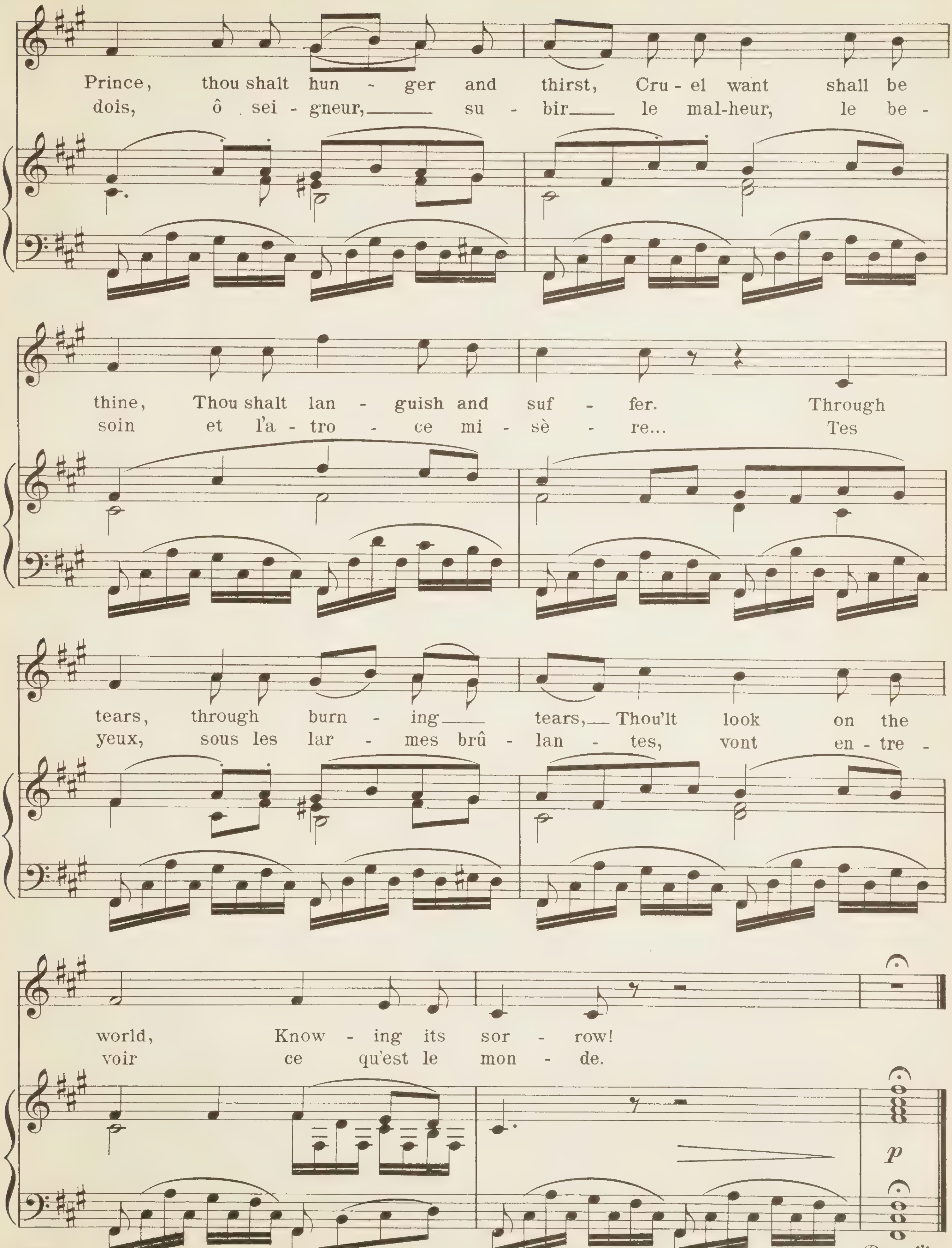

fate is his?
est le sort?
poco sf
pp
sf dim.
Limpid the water and crystal clear,
L'eau est limpide comme un cristal:
Yet 'neath the surface I
Elle brasille de
p
poco sf
pp
see mysterious flames.
feux étincelants.
Prince! See the water-spirits
Prince! l'esprit des eaux
poco sf
pp


haste to my sum - mon - ing! Prince! thou art now to learn
a en - ten - du ma voix! Prin - ce! tu va sa - voir
p (sinister)
All the se - crets of thy fate. A - round thee I see treach'- rous
les mys - tè - res du des - tin. Je vois, près de toi, des a -
friends, who mock thee now; yea, I see! They draw near - er and near - er thee.
mis aux yeux moqueurs, je les vois... Ils ap - pro-chent plus près de toi.


accelerando (urging)
Prince! they have barr'd the way to thee,
Prince! ils te bar - - rent le che - min,
accelerando
They sum - mon thee to a long, wear - y jour - ney:
ils te font voir u - ne rou - te loin - tai - ne.
sfz accel.
Now I see! I see! I see clear - ly! Look ye!
Ah! je vois! je vois! tout s'é - clai - re! Prin - ce!
accel.
tr
sf
p
f


Tempo I tranquillo
p
In shame and dis - grace — I be -
La noi - re dis - grâ - ce, la
p tranquillo
hold — thee In ex - ile a - lone in a dis - tant —
hon - te, l'e - xil — so - li - taire en ter - - re loin -
coun - try, De - spised and for - got, — where all
tai - - ne, l'ou - bli, le mé - pris, — la dou -


vain Were thy sor - row: This thy fate ev - er -
leur vai - ne, c'est là ton lot dé - sor -
more! Nay! Naught can a - vert this from
mais! Non! rien ne pour - ra te sau -
thee, Nei - ther chance nor thy will; Thou wilt strive, but in
ver, ni ha - sard, ni vou - loir: tes ef - forts se - ront
vain, Thy fate is de - creed. O
vains. Le sort l'a vou - lu. Tu


Prince, thou shalt hun - ger and thirst, Cru - el want shall be
dois, ô sei - gneur, su - bir le mal-heur, le be -
thine, Thou shalt lan - guish and suf - fer. Through
soin et l'a - tro - ce mi - sè - re... Tes
tears, through burn - ing tears, Thou'lt look on the
yeux, sous les lar - mes brû - lan - tes, vont en - tre -
world, Know - ing its sor - row!
voir ce qu'est le mon - de.
p
Ped.

Death and the Peasant

La Mort et le Paysan

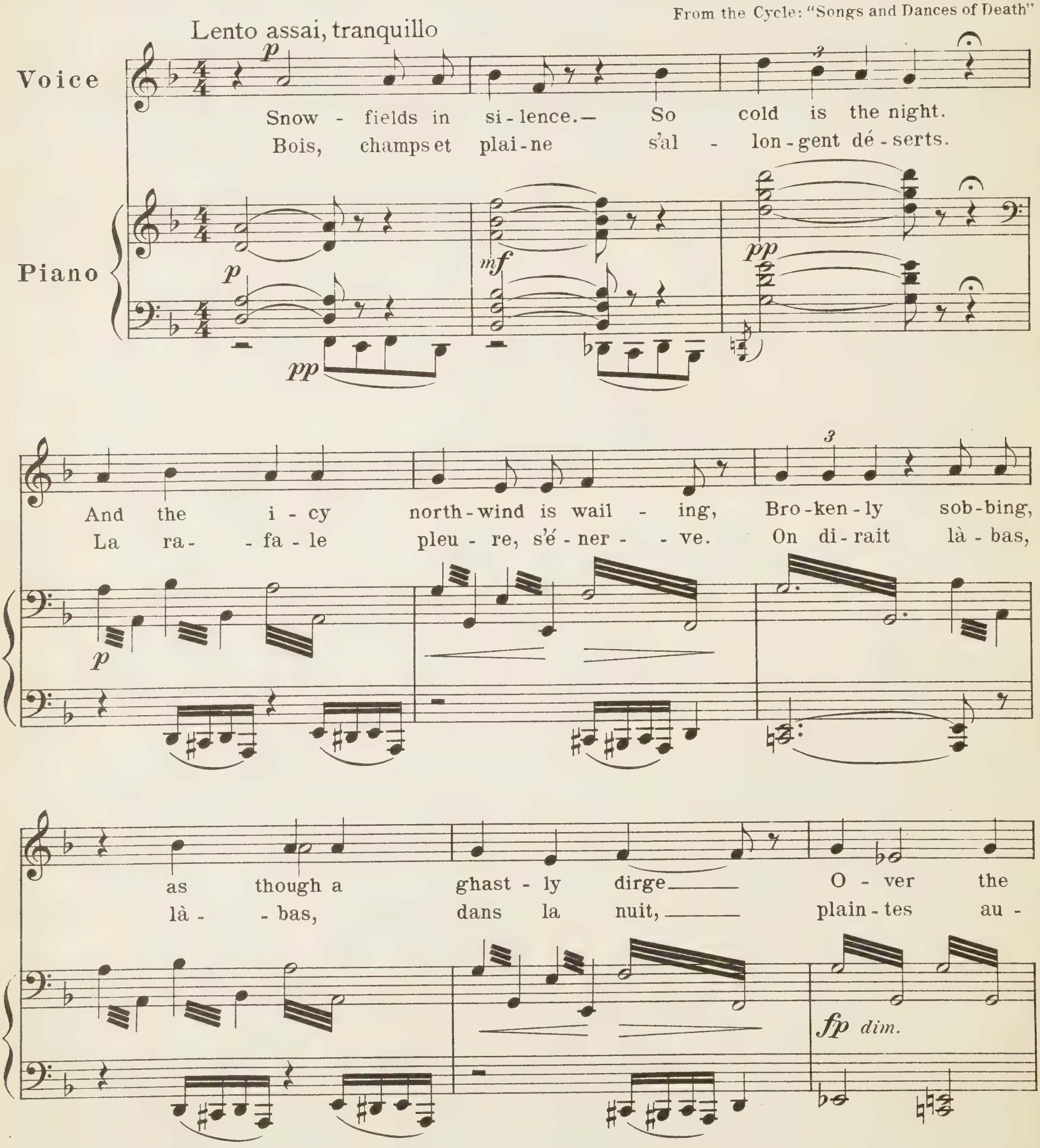
Trepak

(Count Golenistchew-Koutousow)

English version by
Kurt Schindler and H.G.Chapman
French words by Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky

From the Cycle: "Songs and Dances of Death"



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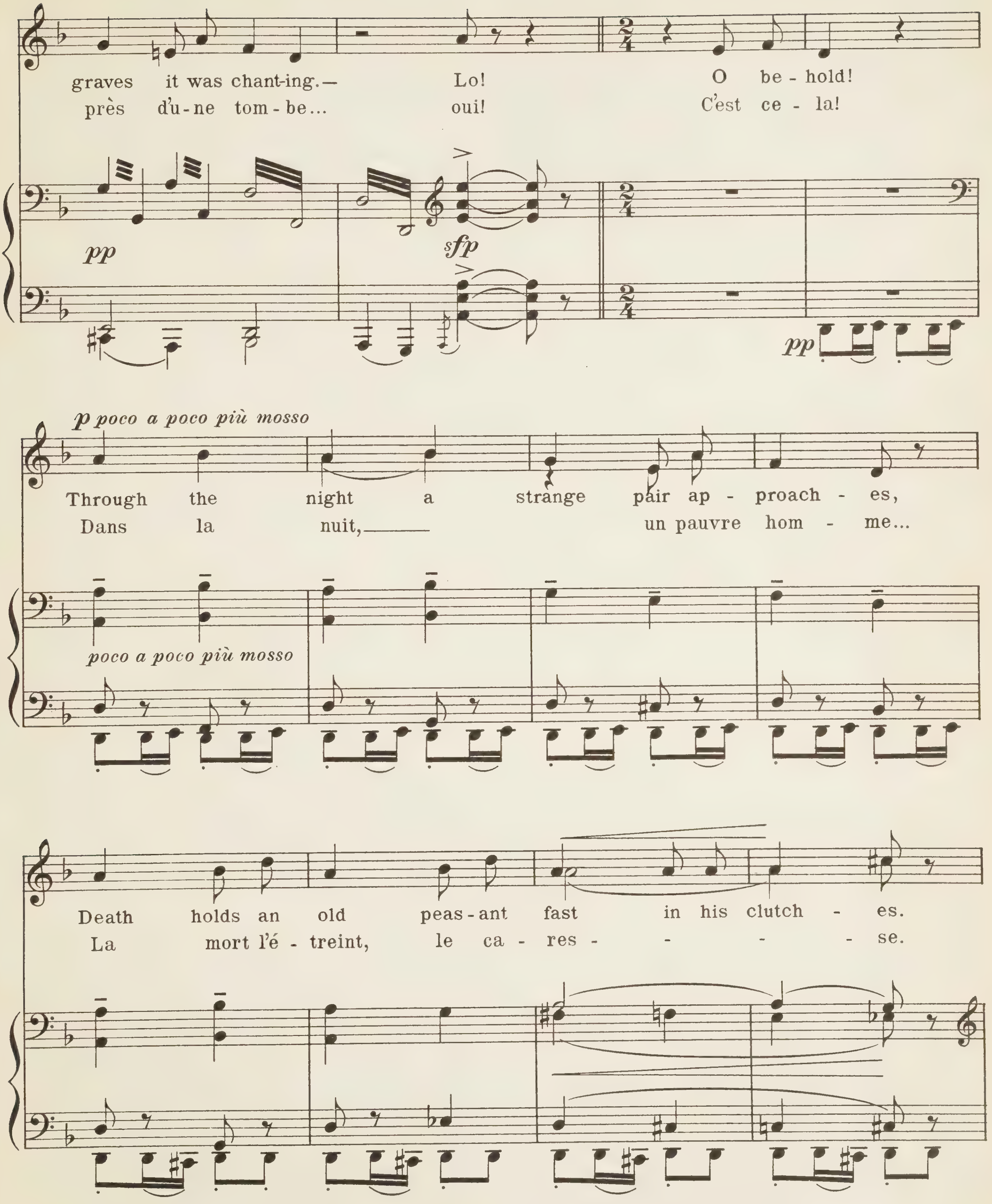
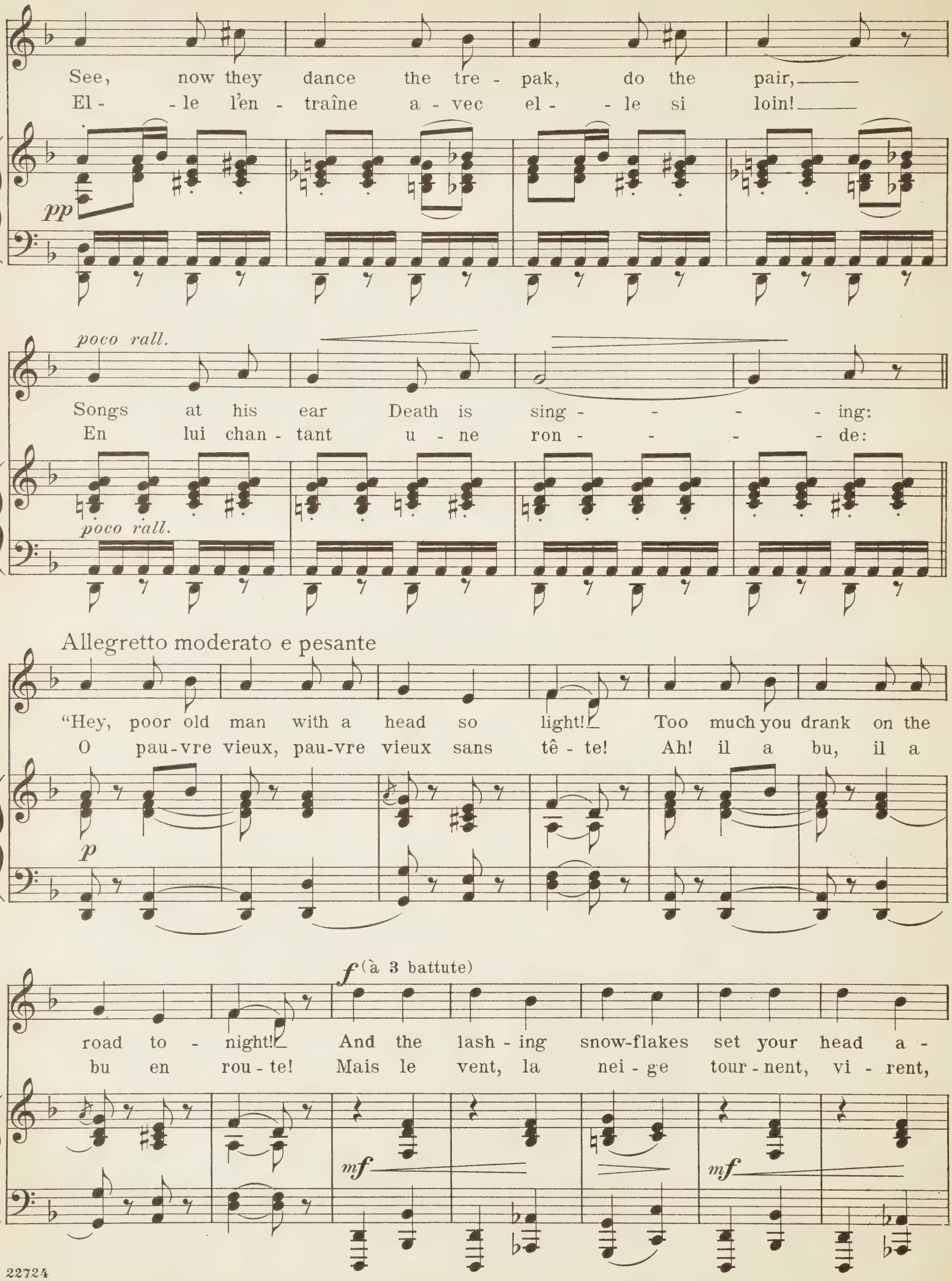
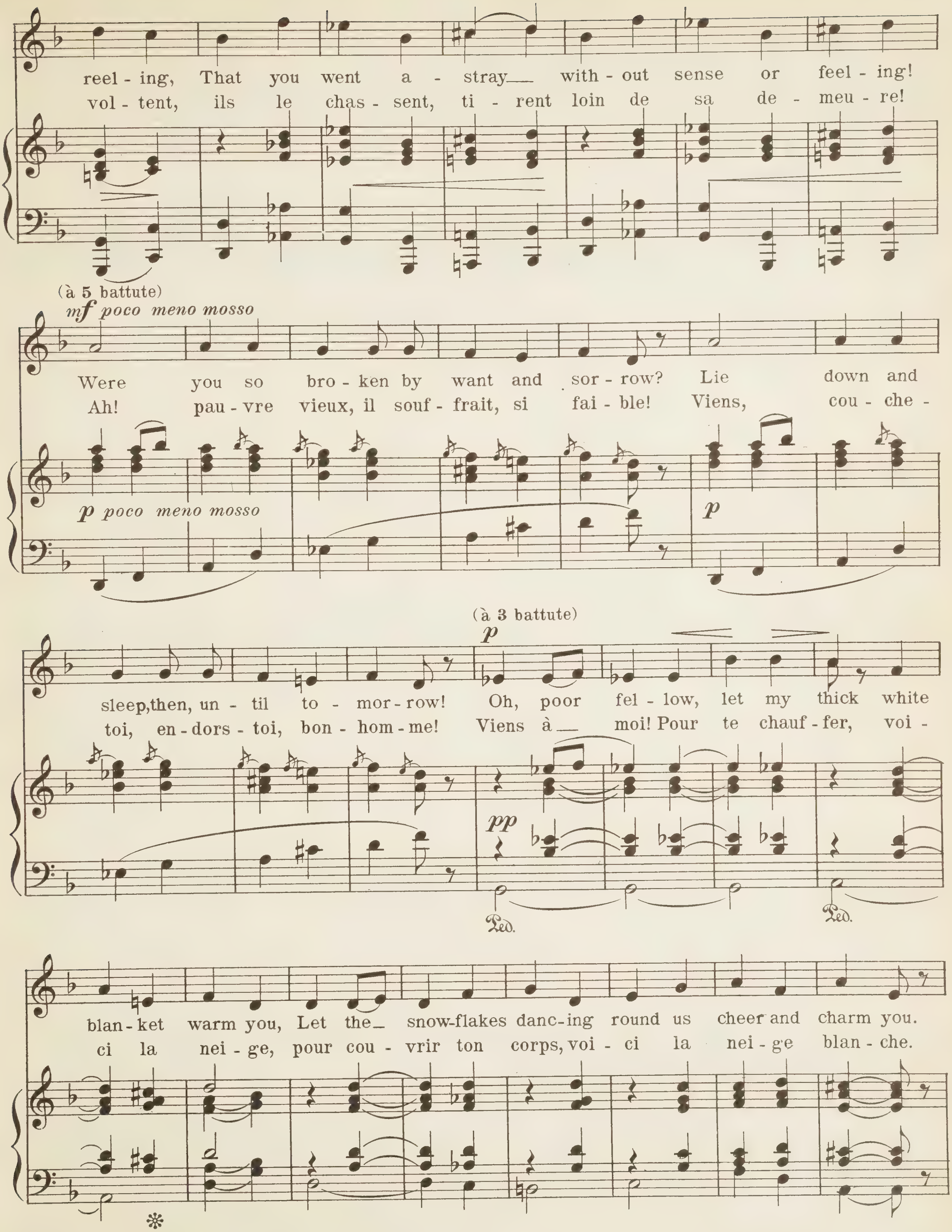
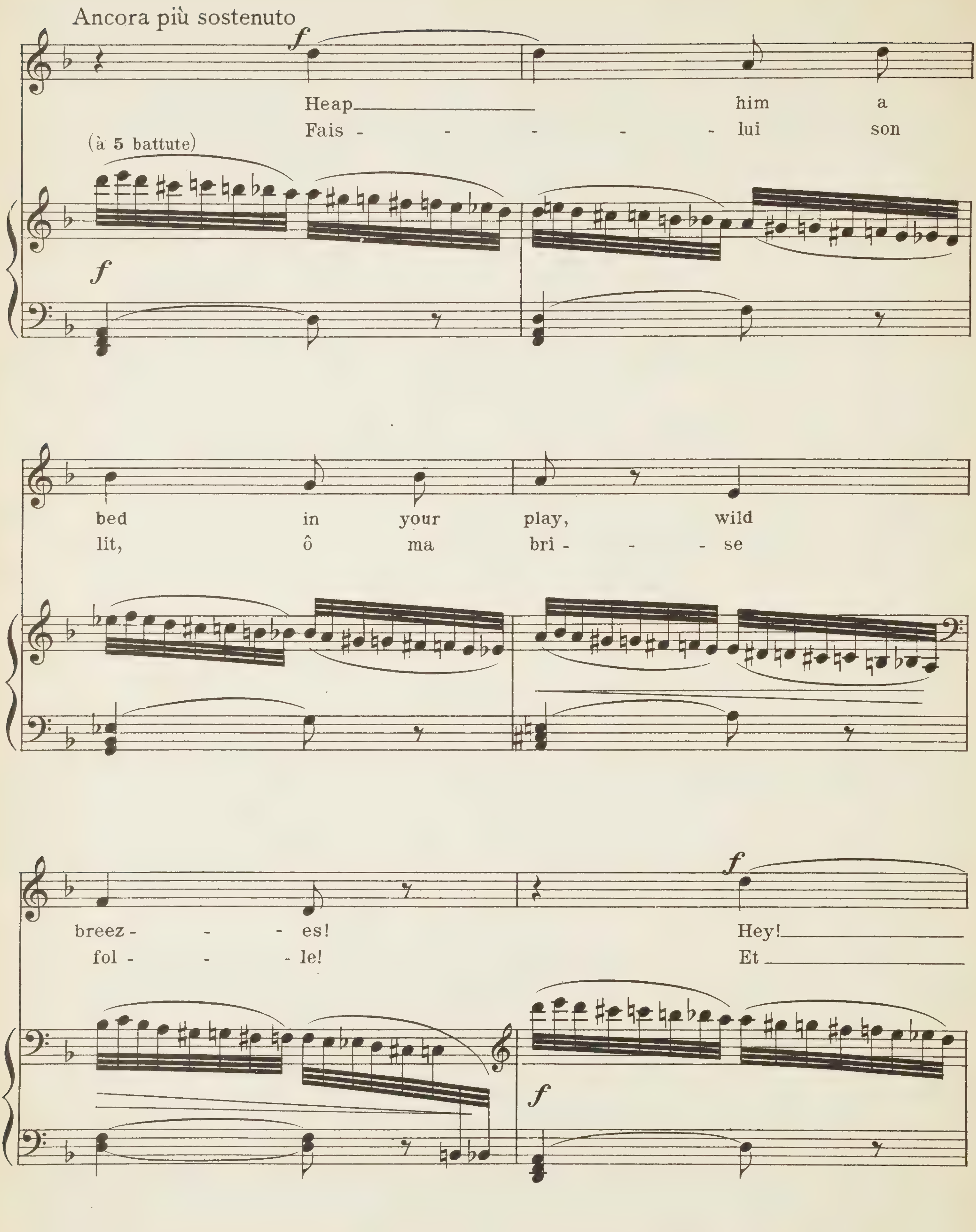
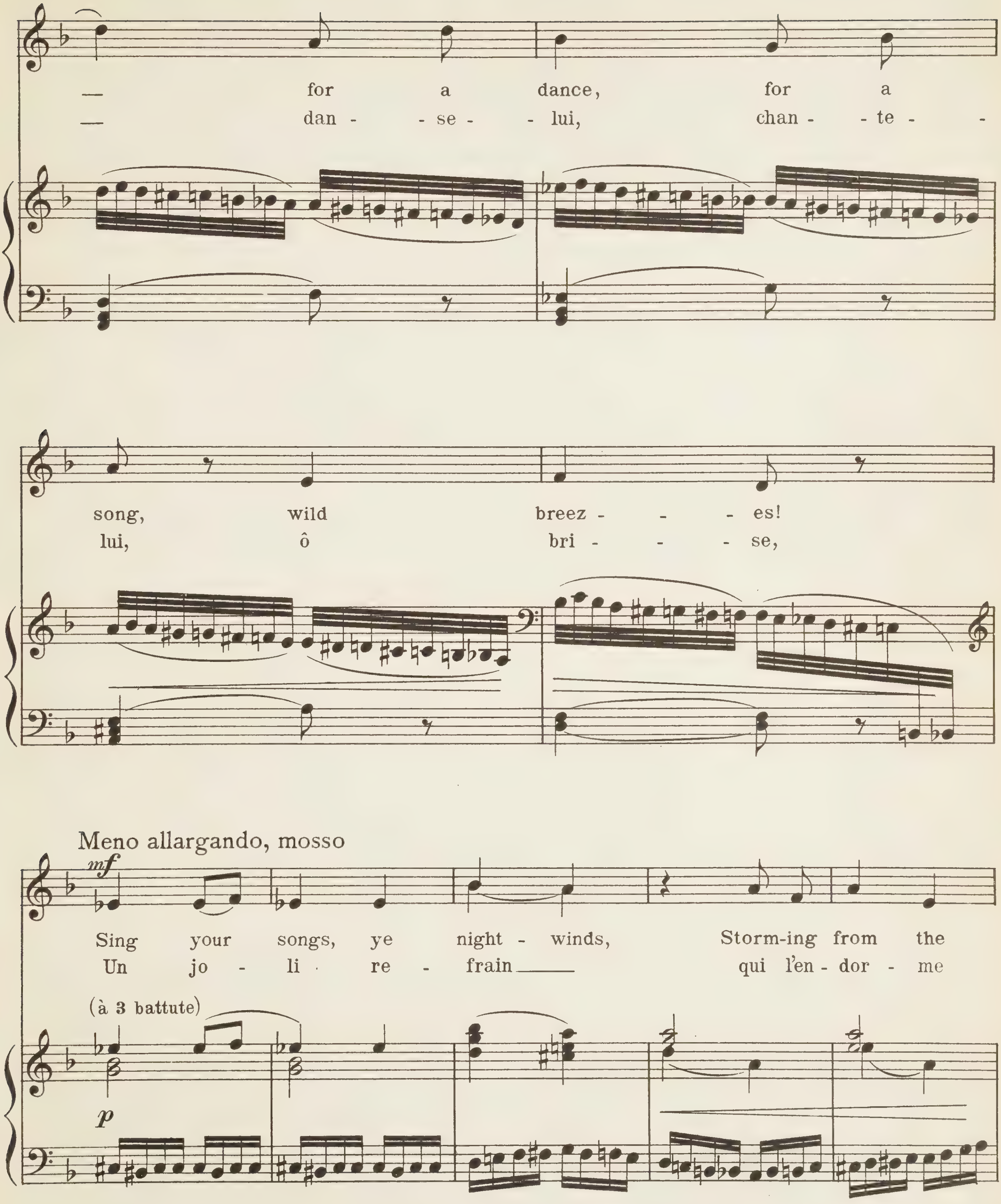
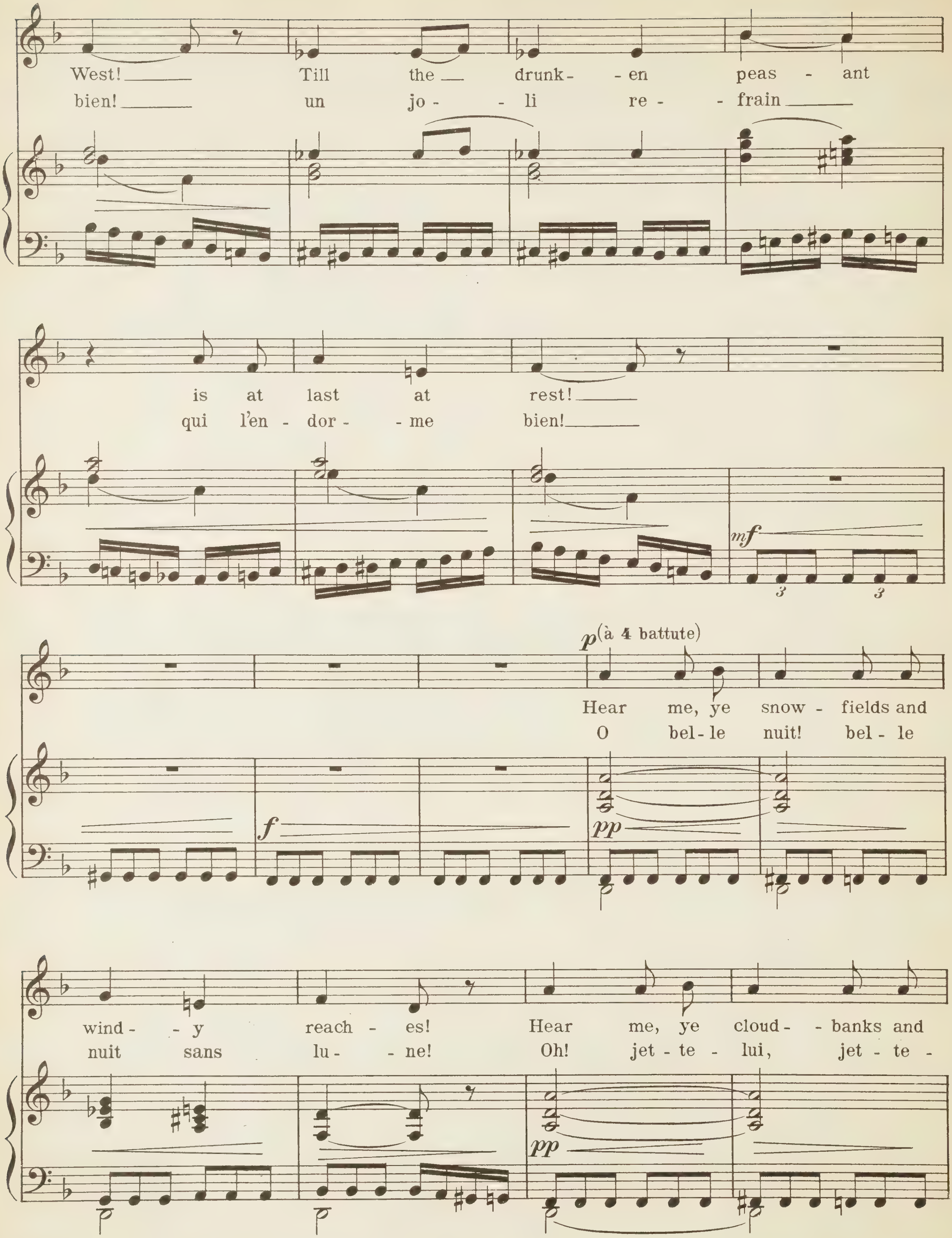

graves it was chant-ing.— Lo! O be - hold!
près d'u-ne tom - be... oui! C'est ce - la!
pp
sfp
pp
p poco a poco più mosso
Through the night a strange pair ap - proach - es,
Dans la nuit, un pauvre hom - me...
poco a poco più mosso
Death holds an old peas - ant fast in his clutch - es.
La mort l'é - treint, le ca - res - - - - se.

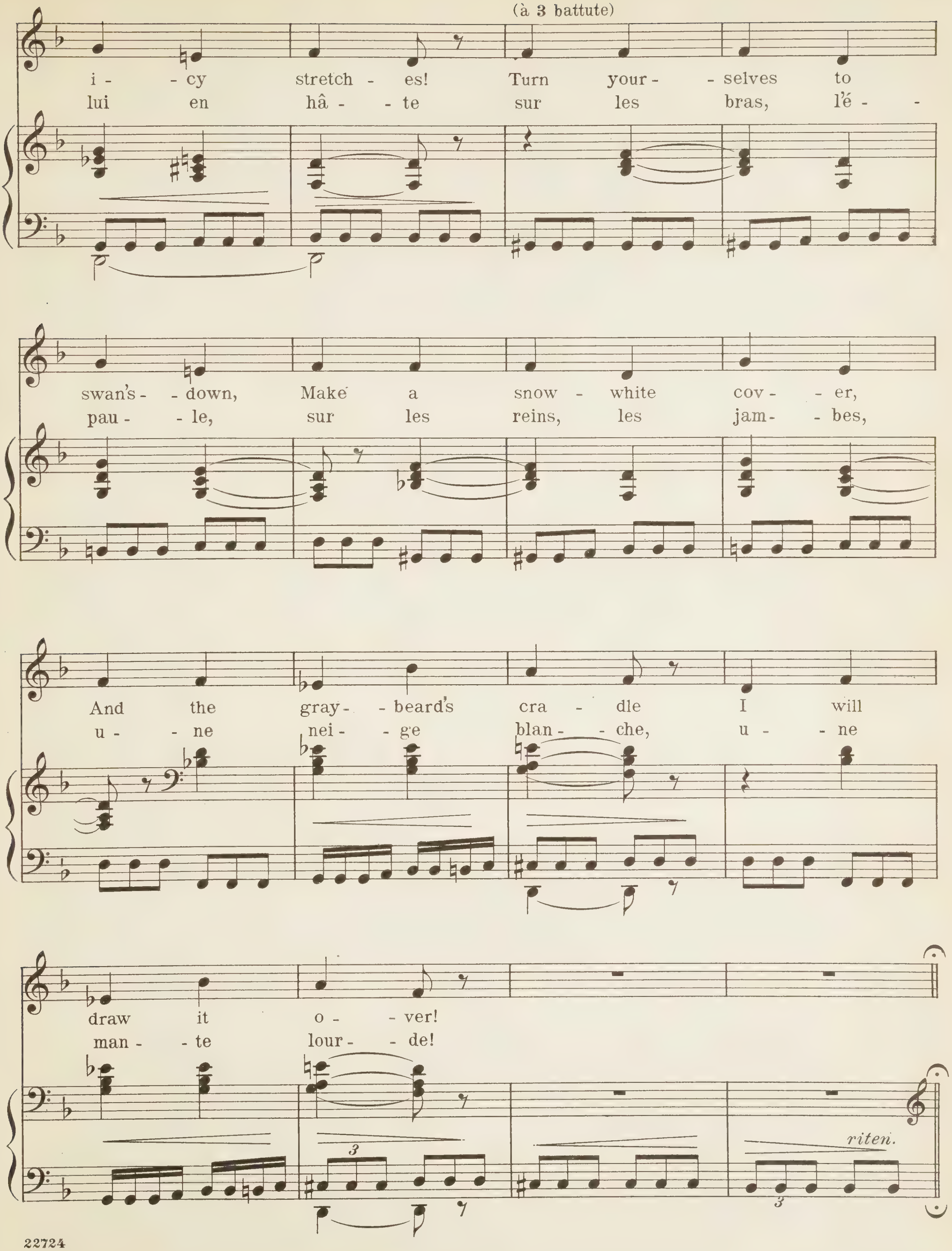

See, now they dance the tre - pak, do the pair,
El - - le l'en - traîne a - vec el - - le si loin!
pp
poco rall.
Songs at his ear Death is sing - - - - ing:
En lui chan - tant u - ne ron - - - - de:
poco rall.
Allegretto moderato e pesante
"Hey, poor old man with a head so light! Too much you drank on the
O pau-vre vieux, pau-vre vieux sans tê - te! Ah! il a bu, il a
p
f (à 3 battute)
road to - night! And the lash - ing snow-flakes set your head a -
bu en rou - te! Mais le vent, la nei - ge tour - nent, vi - rent,
mf
mf

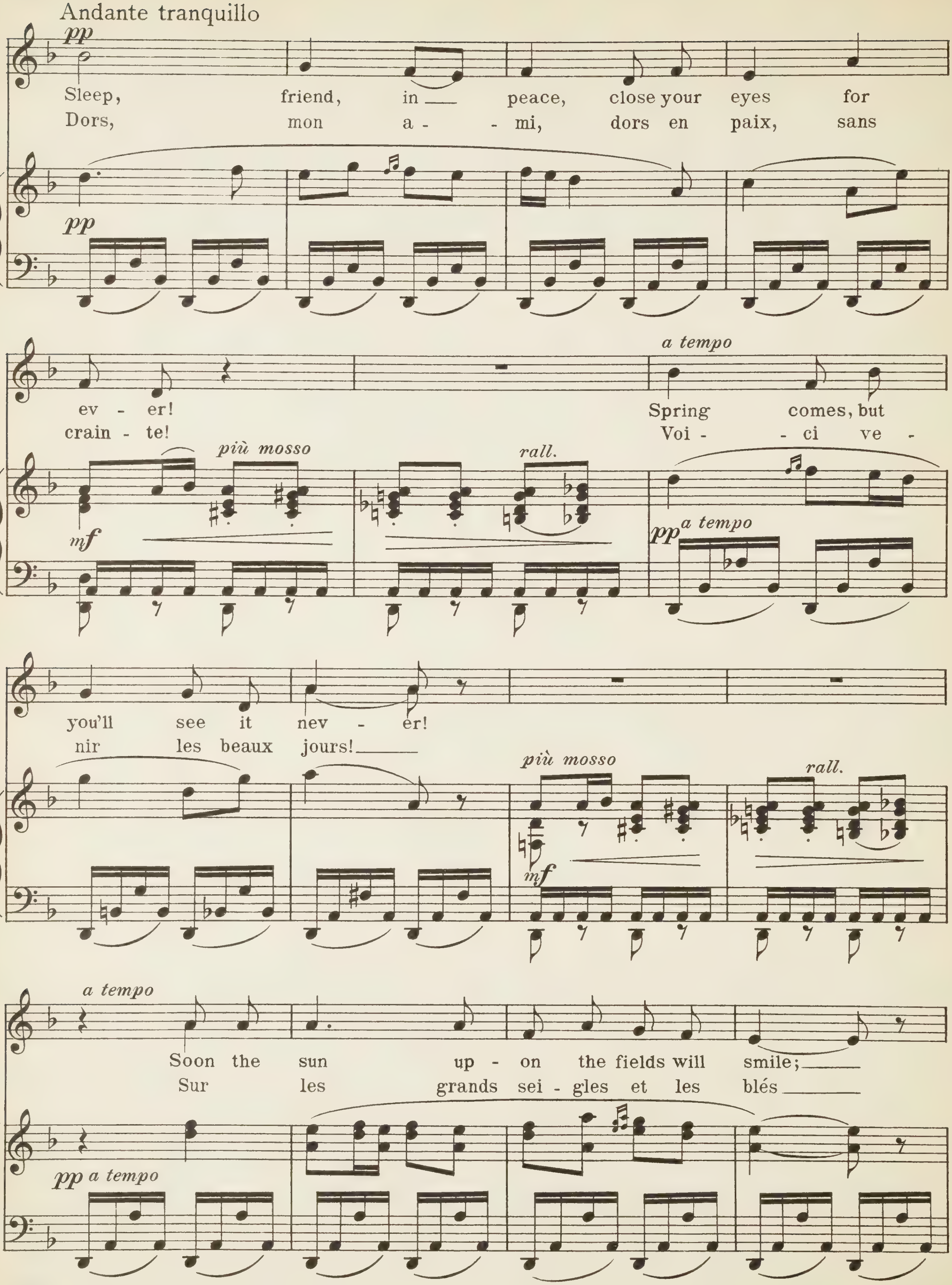

reel - ing, That you went a - stray__ with - out sense or feel - ing!
vol - tent, ils le chas - sent, ti - rent loin de sa de - meu - re!
(à 5 battute)
mf poco meno mosso
Were you so bro - ken by want and sor - row? Lie down and
Ah! pau - vre vieux, il souf - frait, si fai - ble! Viens, cou - che -
p poco meno mosso
p
(à 3 battute)
p
sleep, then, un - til to - mor - row! Oh, poor fel - low, let my thick white
toi, en - dors - toi, bon - hom - me! Viens à __ moi! Pour te chauf - fer, voi -
pp
Ped.
Ped.
blan - ket warm you, Let the_ snow-flakes danc - ing round us cheer and charm you.
ci la nei - ge, pour cou - vrir ton corps, voi - ci la nei - ge blan - che.


Ancora più sostenuto
f
Heap him a
Fais - - - - - lui son
(à 5 battute)
f
bed in your play, wild
lit, ô ma bri - - - se
breez - - es!
fol - - le!
f
Hey!
Et
f

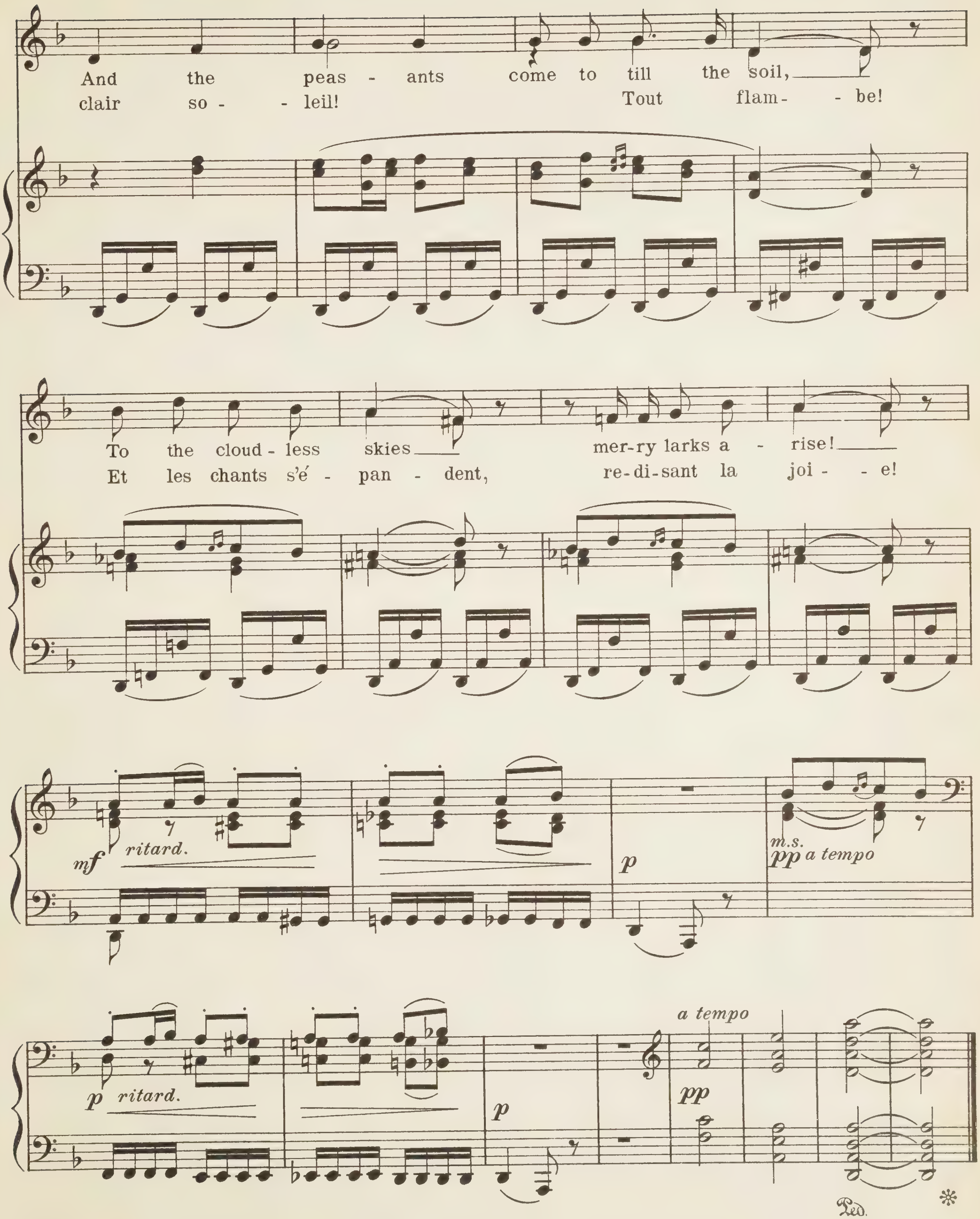

— for a dance, for a
— dan - se - lui, chan - te -
song, wild breez - - - es!
lui, ô bri - - - se,
Meno allargando, mosso
mf
Sing your songs, ye night - winds, Storm-ing from the
Un jo - li re - frain qui l'en - dor - me
(à 3 battute)
p


West! Till the drunk - - en peas - ant
bien! un jo - - li re - - frain
is at last at rest!
qui l'en - dor - - me bien!
p (à 4 battute)
Hear me, ye snow - fields and
O bel - le nuit! bel - le
wind - - y reach - es! Hear me, ye cloud - - banks and
nuit sans lu - - ne! Oh! jet - te - lui, jet - te -
mf
f
pp
pp


(à 3 battute)
i - - cy stretch - - es! Turn your - - selves to
lui en hâ - - te sur les bras, l'é - -
swan's - - down, Make a snow - white cov - - er,
pau - - le, sur les reins, les jam - - bes,
And the gray - - beard's cra - dle I will
u - - ne nei - ge blan - - che, u - - ne
draw it o - - ver!
man - - te lour - - de!
riten.


Andante tranquillo
pp
Sleep, friend, in peace, close your eyes for ever!
Dors, mon a - mi, dors en paix, sans crain - te!
più mosso
rall.
a tempo
Spring comes, but you'll see it nev - er!
Voi - ci ve - nir les beaux jours!
più mosso
rall.
a tempo
Soon the sun up - on the fields will smile;
Sur les grands sei - gles et les blés
mf
pp a tempo

22724


And the peas - ants come to till the soil,
clair so - - leil! Tout flam- - be!
To the cloud - less skies mer-ry larks a - rise!
Et les chants s'é - pan - dent, re-di-sant la joi - - e!
mf ritard.
p
m.s.
pp a tempo
p ritard.
p
a tempo
pp
Ped.

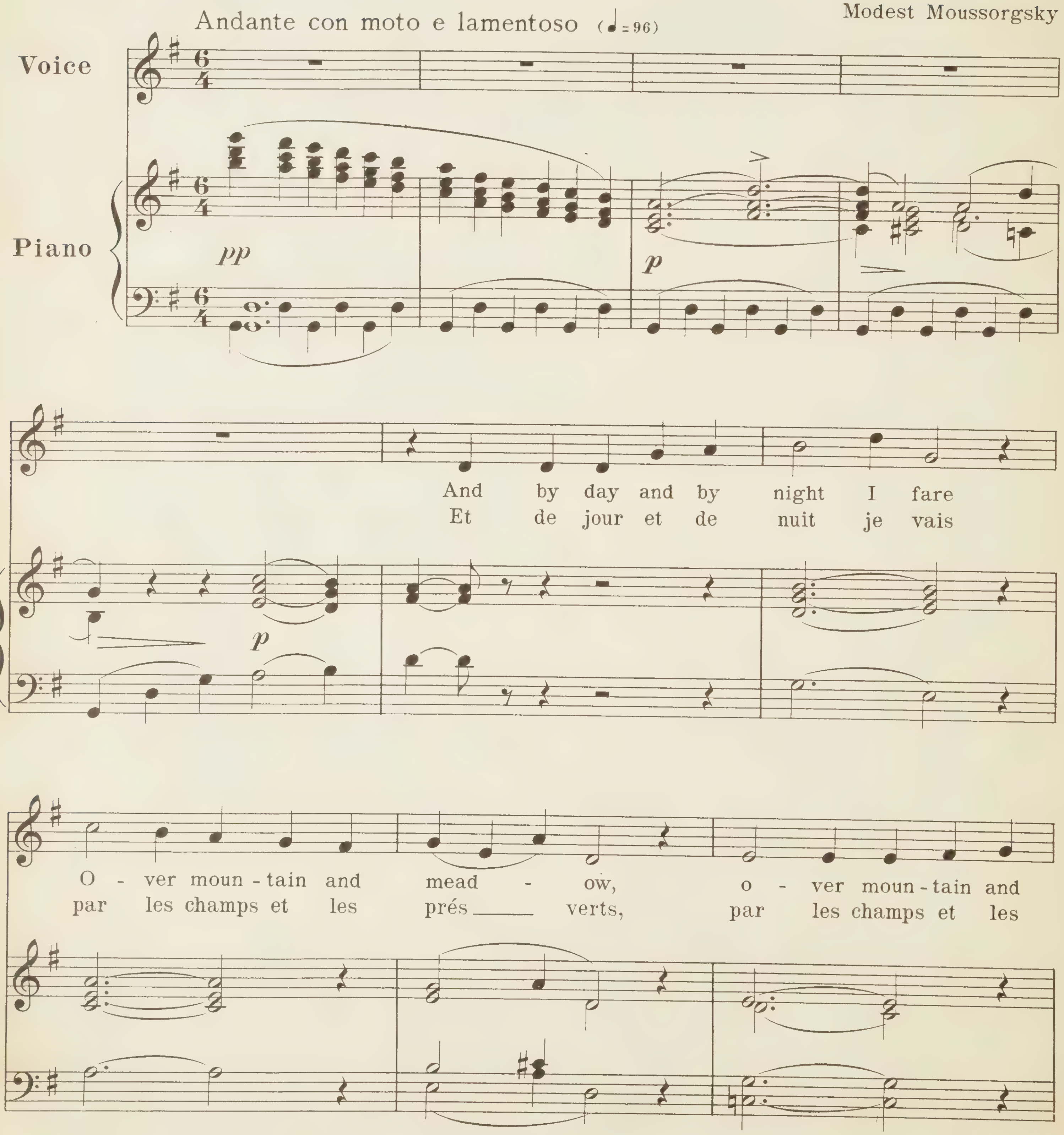
Martha's Song

Chant de Marthe

From the opera "Khovanstchina"

English version by Henry G. Chapman
French version by Hettange

Modest Moussorgsky



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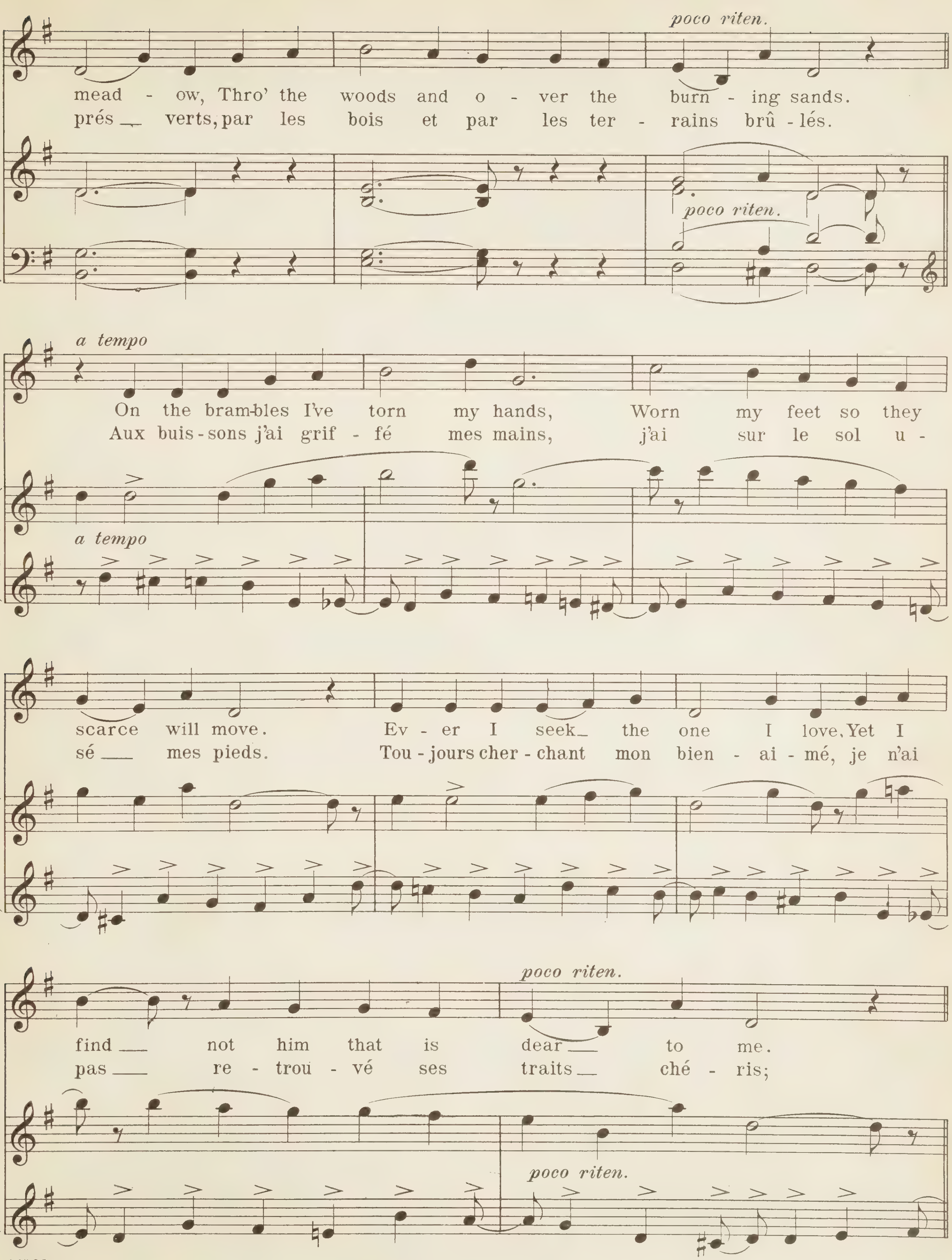
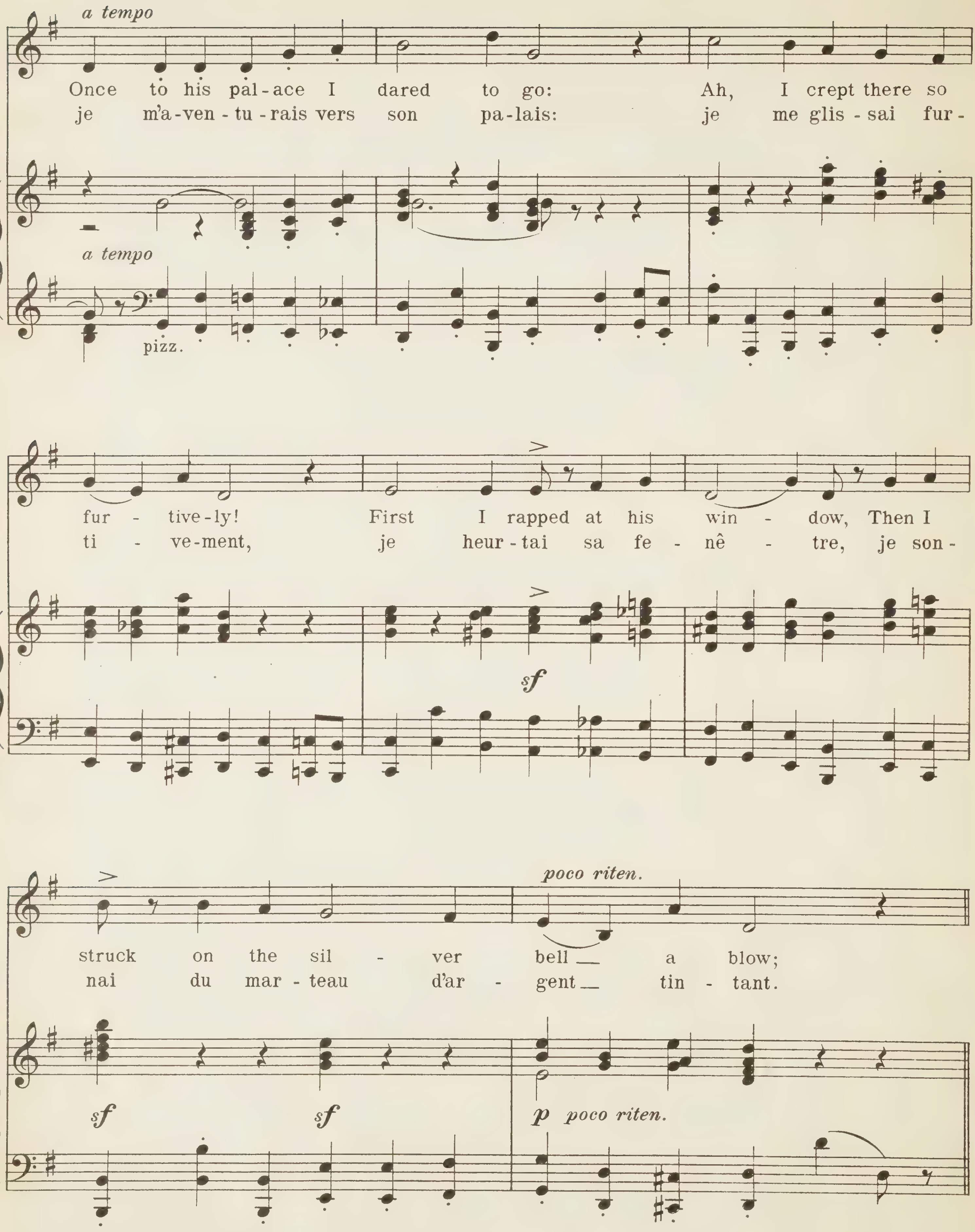
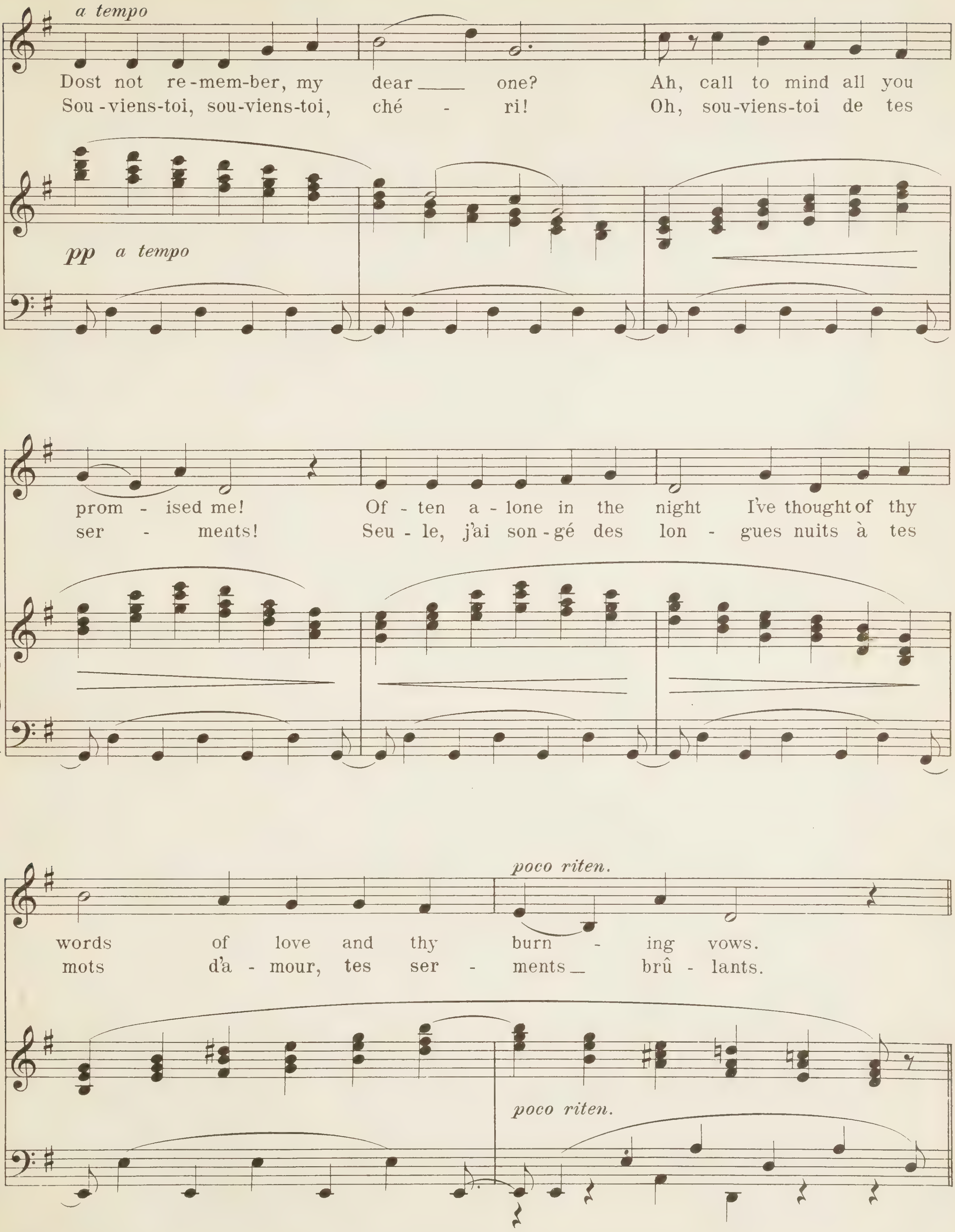
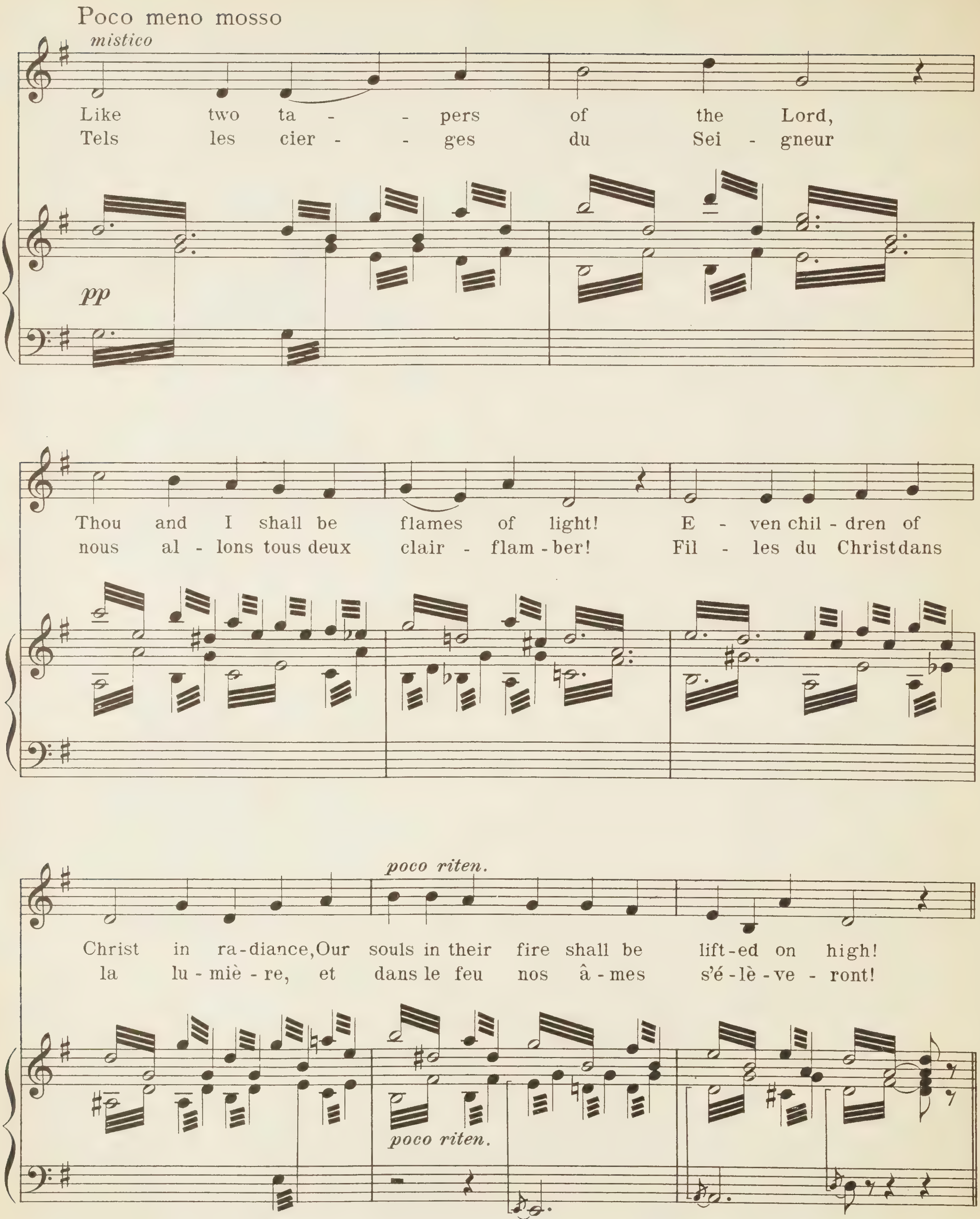
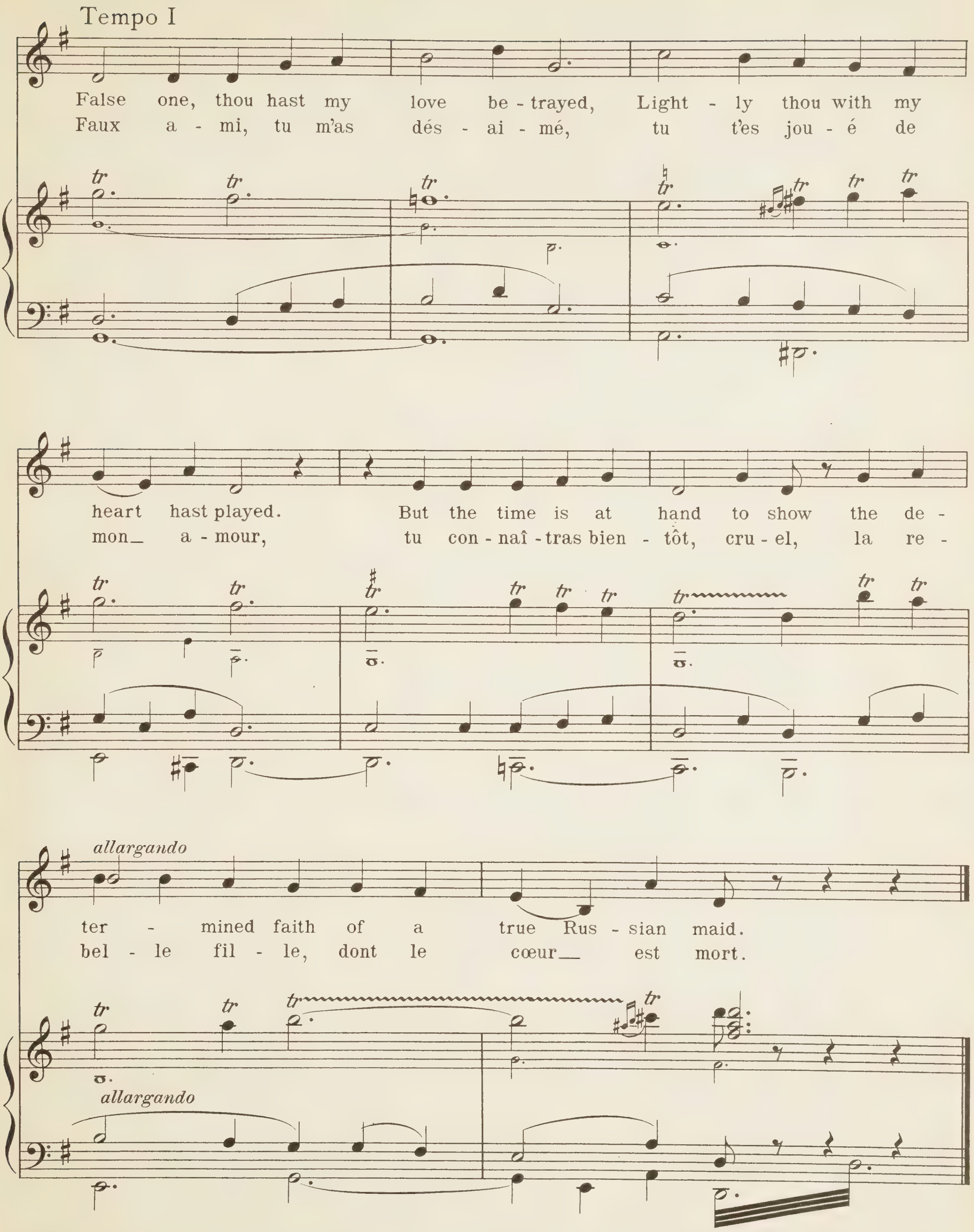

poco riten.
mead - ow, Thro' the woods and o - ver the burn - ing sands.
prés _ verts, par les bois et par les ter - rains brû - lés.
poco riten.
a tempo
On the bram-bles I've torn my hands, Worn my feet so they
Aux buis - sons j'ai grif - fé mes mains, j'ai sur le sol u -
a tempo
scarce will move. Ev - er I seek_ the one I love. Yet I
sé _ mes pieds. Tou - jours cher - chant mon bien - ai - mé, je n'ai
poco riten.
find _ not him that is dear _ to me.
pas _ re - trou - vé ses traits _ ché - ris;
poco riten.


a tempo
Once to his pal-ace I dared to go: Ah, I crept there so
je m'a-ven-tu-rais vers son pa-lais: je me glis-sai fur-
a tempo
pizz.
fur-tive-ly! First I rapped at his win-dow, Then I
ti-ve-ment, je heur-tai sa fe-nê-tre, je son-
sf
struck on the sil-ver bell a blow;
nai du mar-teau d'ar-gent tin-tant.
poco riten.
sf
sf
p poco riten.


a tempo
Dost not re-mem-ber, my dear one? Ah, call to mind all you
Sou-viens-toi, sou-viens-toi, ché - ri! Oh, sou-viens-toi de tes
pp a tempo
prom - ised me! Of - ten a - lone in the night I've thought of thy
ser - ments! Seu - le, j'ai son-gé des lon - gues nuits à tes
poco riten.
words of love and thy burn - ing vows.
mots d'a - mour, tes ser - ments brû - lants.
poco riten.


Poco meno mosso
mistico
Like two ta - - pers of the Lord,
Tels les cier - - ges du Sei - gneur
pp
Thou and I shall be flames of light! E - ven chil - dren of
nous al - lons tous deux clair - flam - ber! Fil - les du Christ dans
poco riten.
Christ in ra - diance, Our souls in their fire shall be lift - ed on high!
la lu - miè - re, et dans le feu nos â - mes s'é - lè - ve - ront!
poco riten.


Tempo I
False one, thou hast my love be - trayed, Light - ly thou with my
Faux a - mi, tu m'as dés - ai - mé, tu t'es jou - é de
heart hast played. But the time is at hand to show the de -
mon_ a - mour, tu con - naî - tras bien - tôt, cru - el, la re -
allargando
ter - mined faith of a true Rus - sian maid.
bel - le fil - le, dont le cœur_ est mort.
allargando

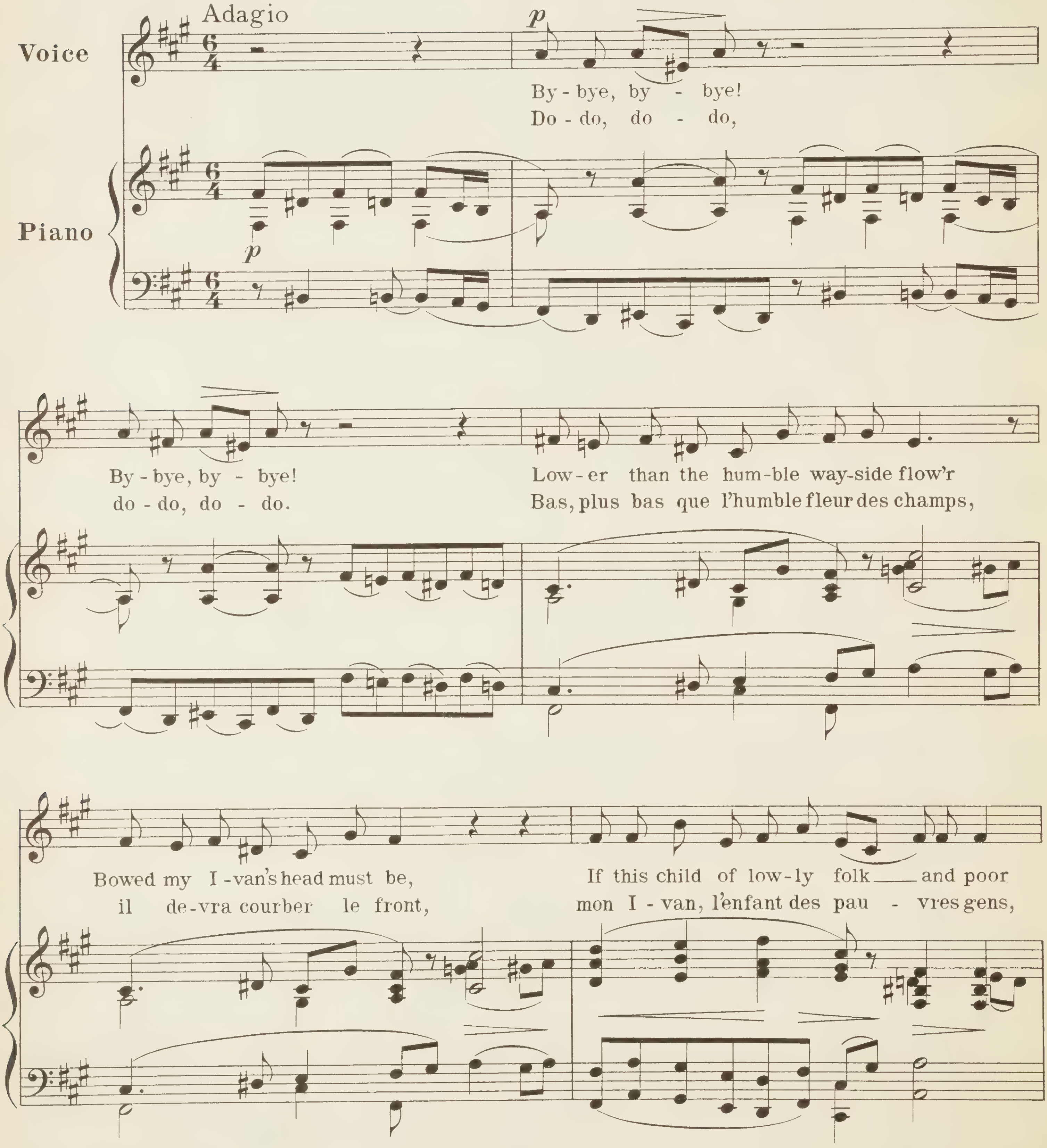
Cradle-Song of the Poor

La Berceuse du pauvre

(Nekrassow)

French Words by Hettange
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Modest Moussorgsky



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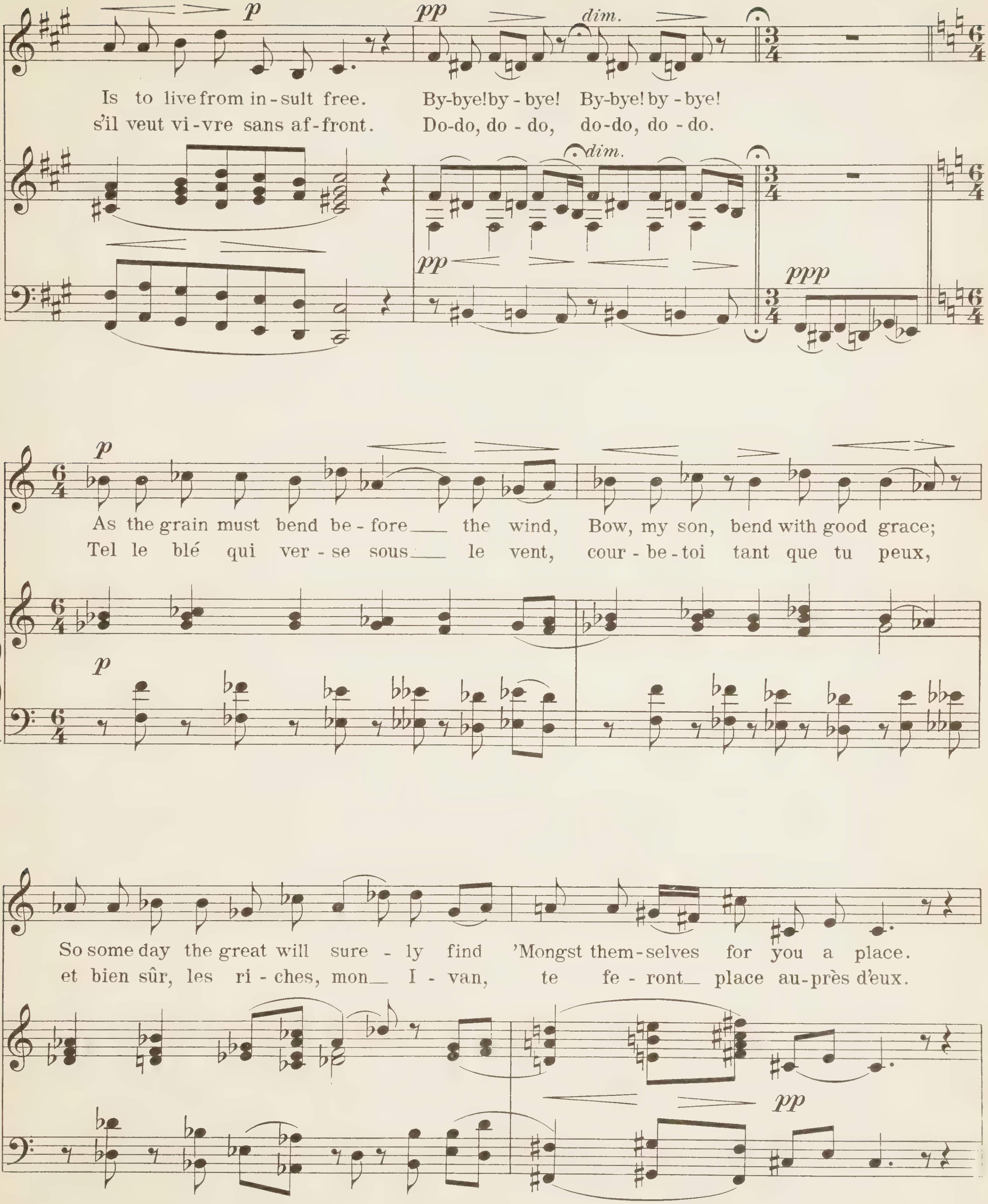
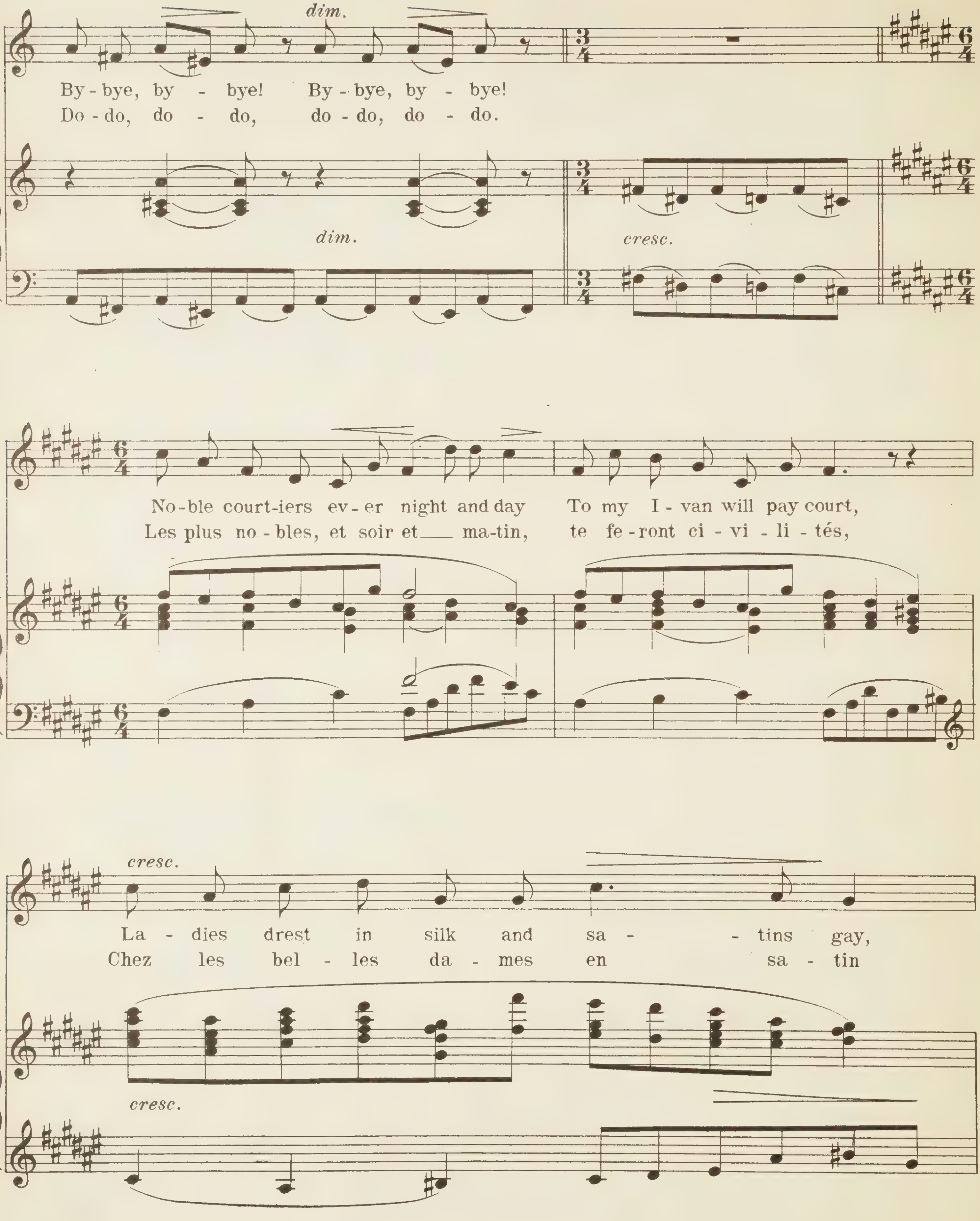
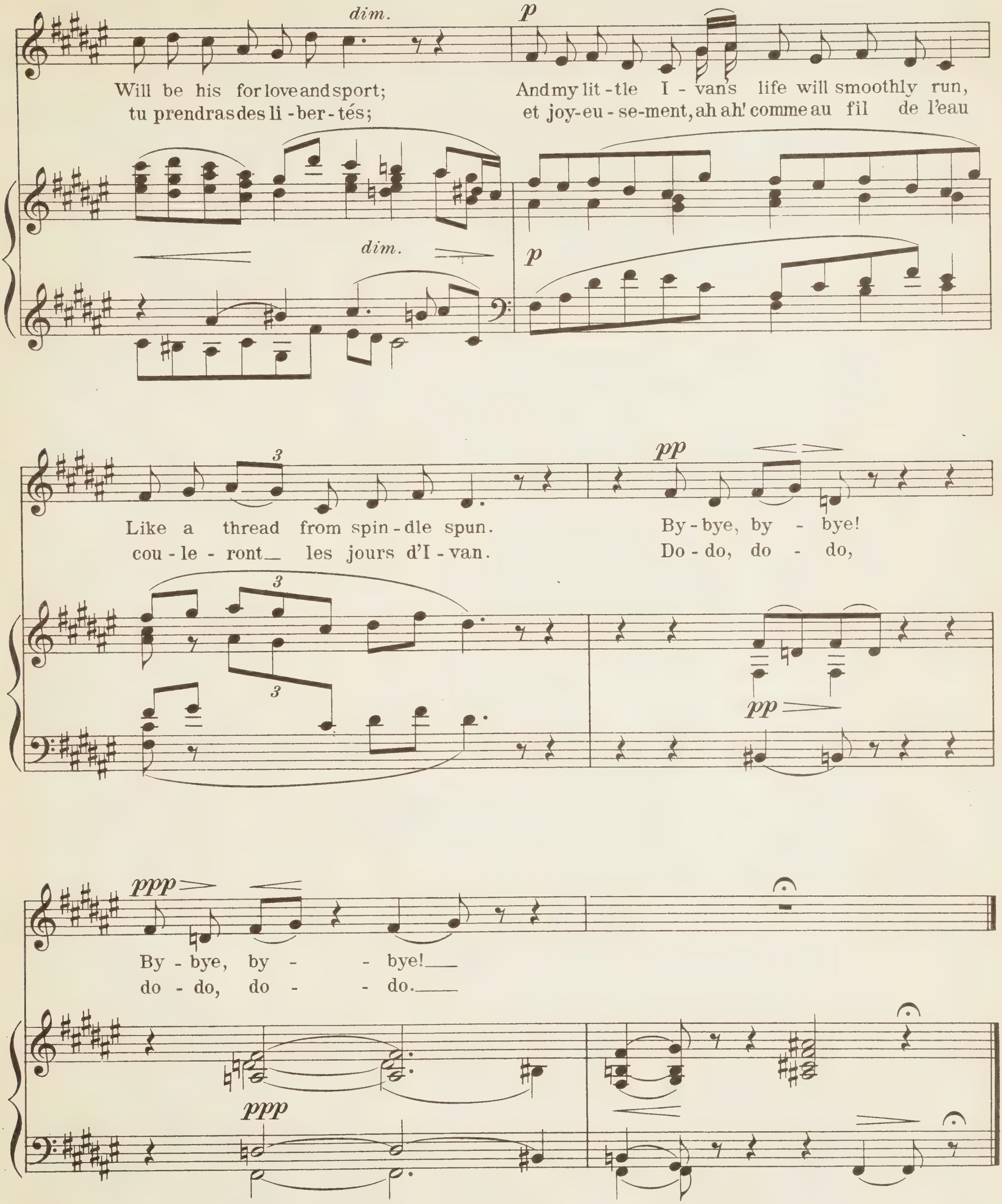

p
pp
dim.
Is to live from in-sult free. By-bye! by-bye! By-bye! by-bye!
s'il veut vi-vre sans af-front. Do-do, do-do, do-do, do-do.
pp
ppp
p
As the grain must bend be-fore the wind, Bow, my son, bend with good grace;
Tel le blé qui ver-se sous le vent, cour-be-toi tant que tu peux,
So some day the great will sure-ly find 'Mongst them-selves for you a place.
et bien sûr, les ri-ches, mon I-van, te fe-ront place au-près d'eux.

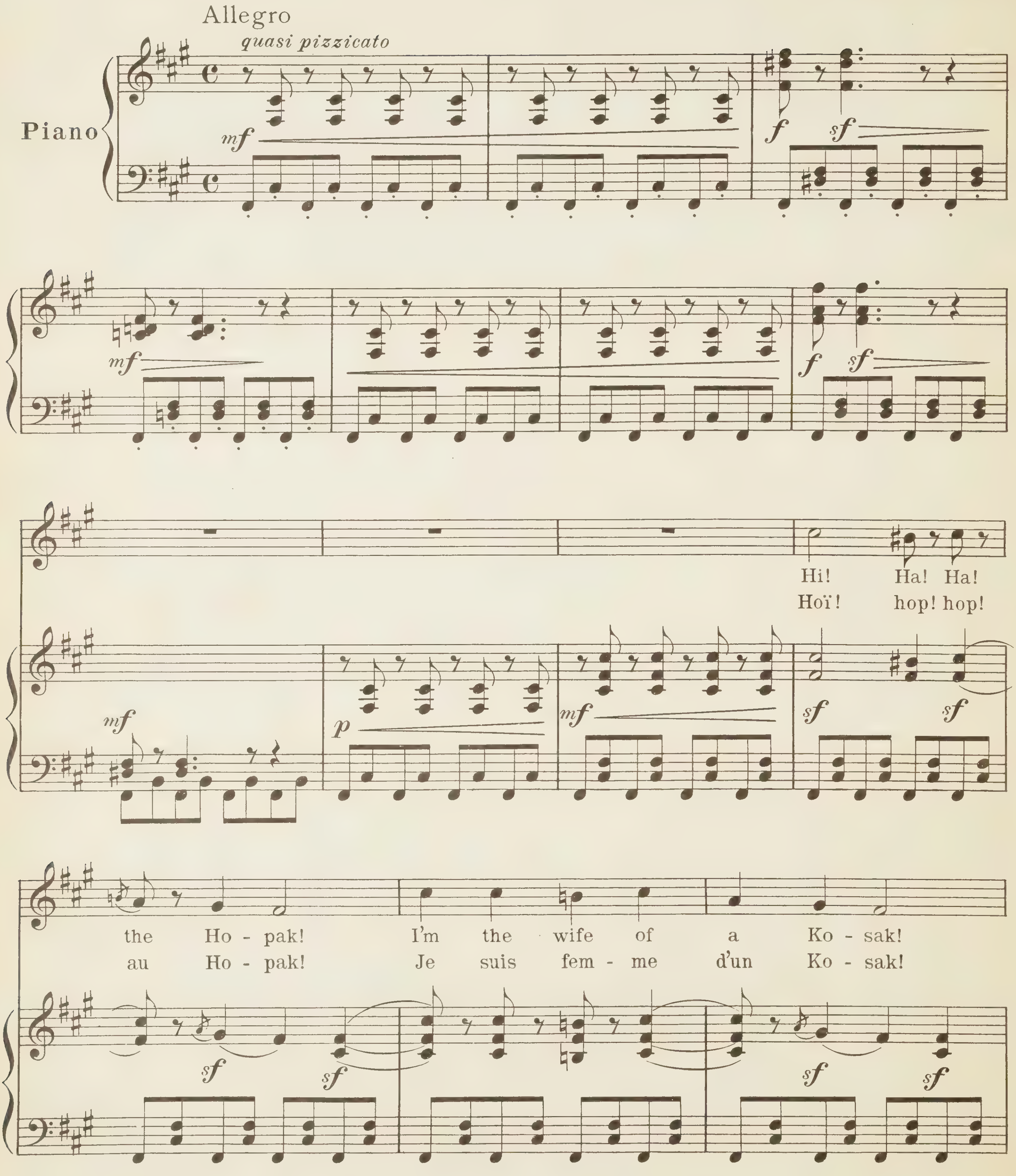

dim.
By-bye, by - bye! By-bye, by - bye!
Do-do, do - do, do-do, do - do.
dim.
cresc.
No-ble court-iers ev-er night and day To my I-van will pay court,
Les plus no-bles, et soir et ma-tin, te fe-ront ci-vi-li-tés,
cresc.
La-dies drest in silk and sa - tins gay,
Chez les bel-les da-mes en sa-tin
cresc.


dim.
p
Will be his for love and sport;
tu prendras des li-ber-tés;
And my lit-tle I-van's life will smoothly run,
et joy-eu-se-ment, ah ah! comme au fil de l'eau
dim.
p
3
Like a thread from spin-dle spun.
cou-le-ront_ les jours d'I-van.
pp
By-bye, by-bye!
Do-do, do-do,
pp
ppp
By-bye, by-bye!
do-do, do-do.
ppp

Hopak

French words by Hettange
English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Modest Moussorgsky



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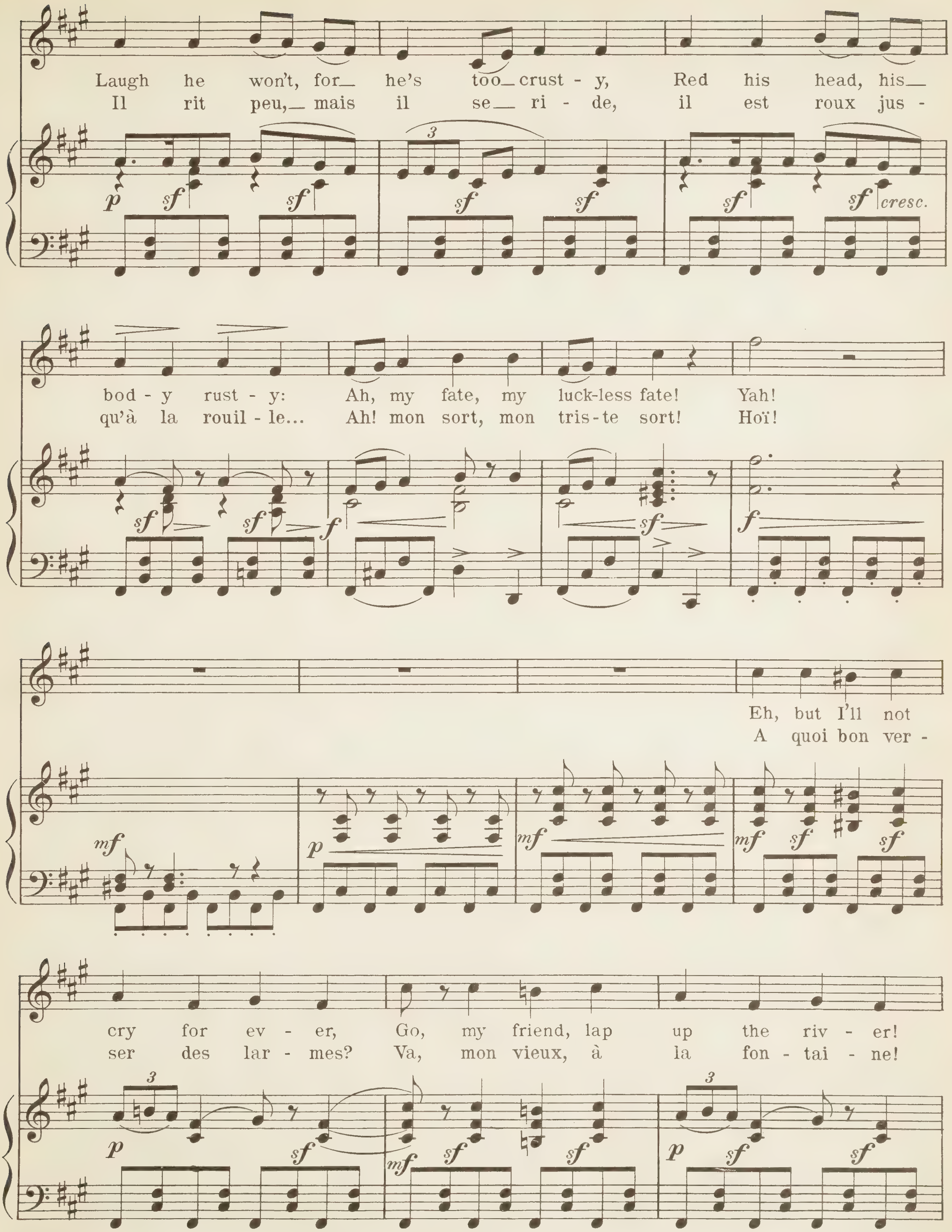
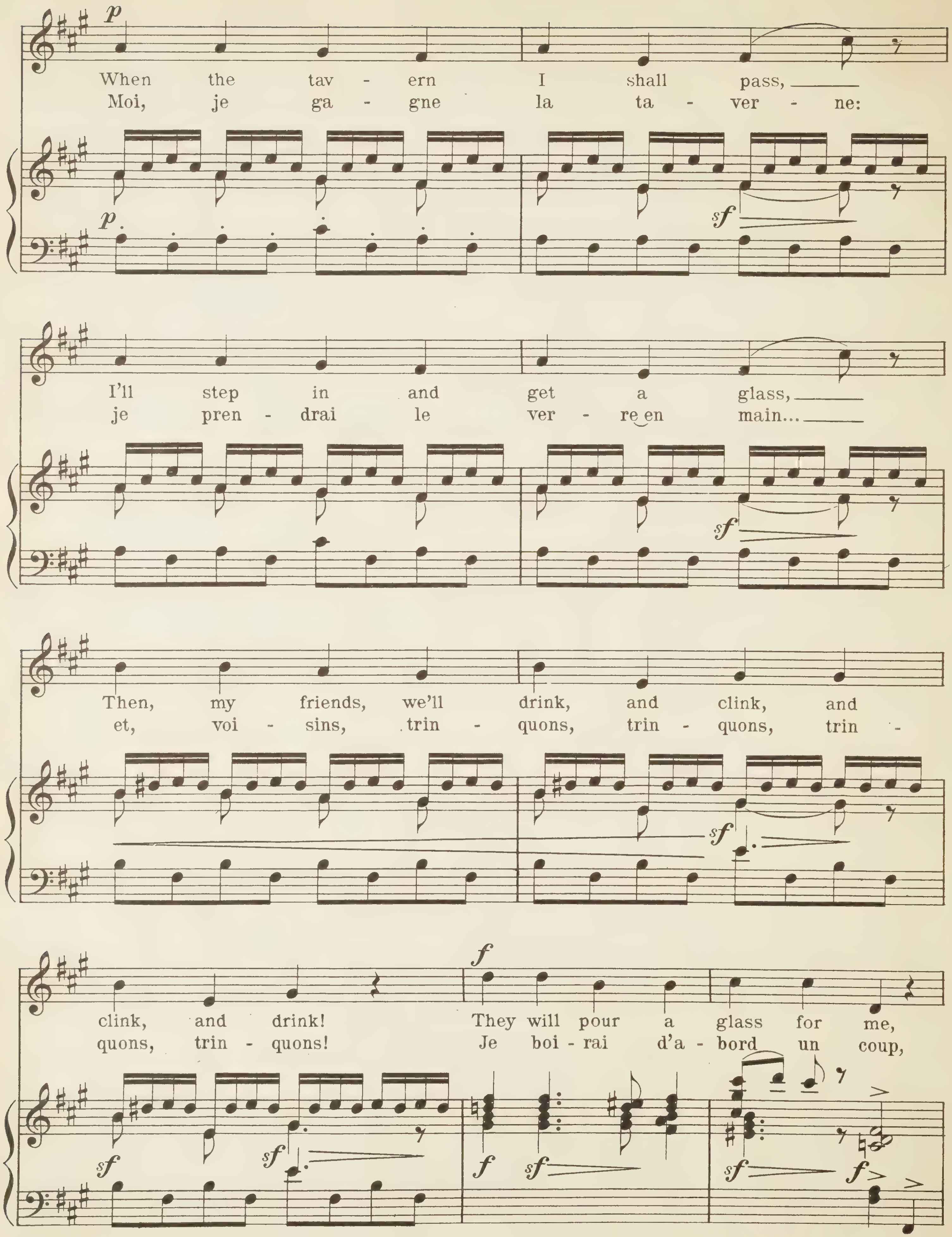
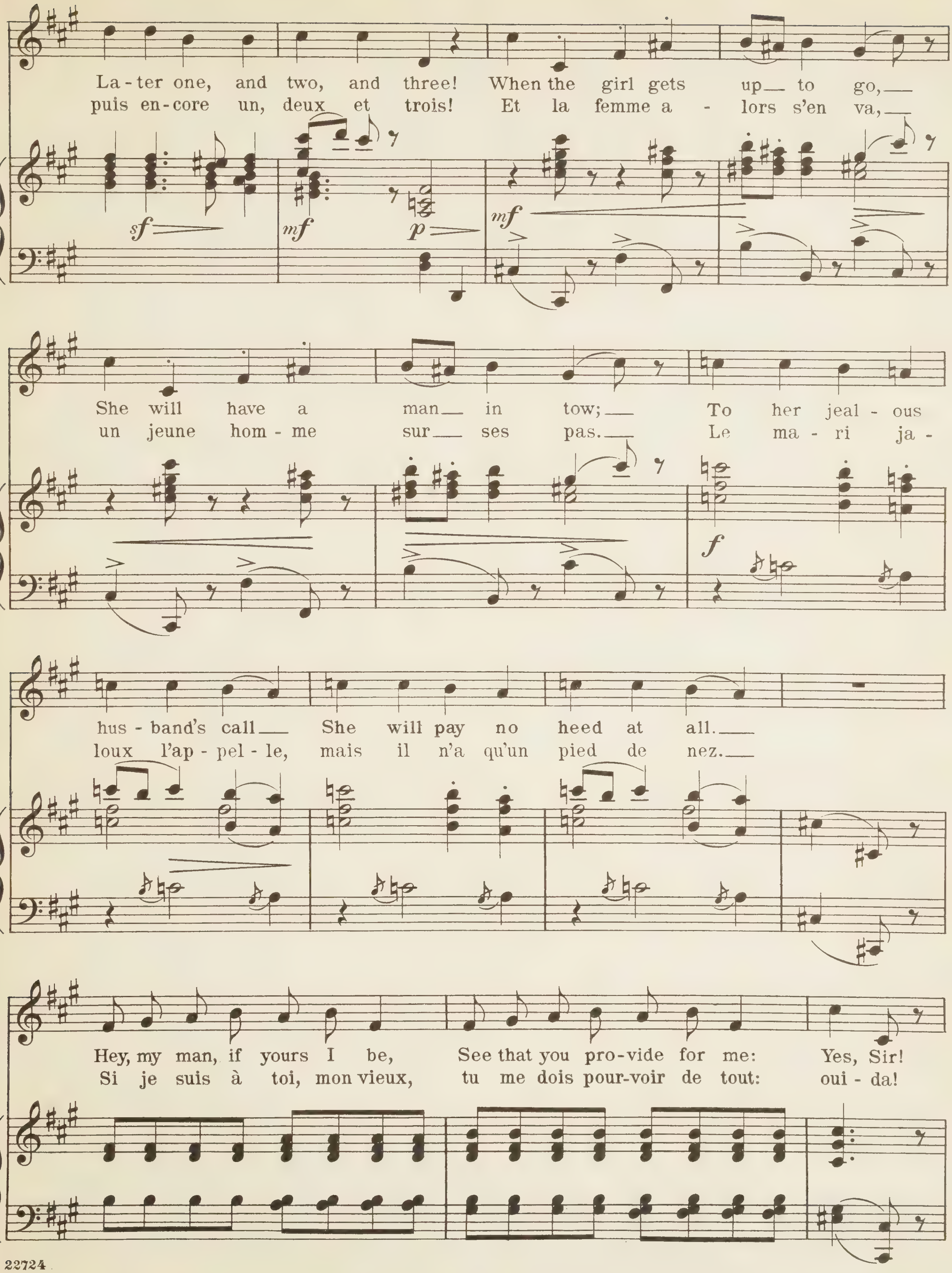
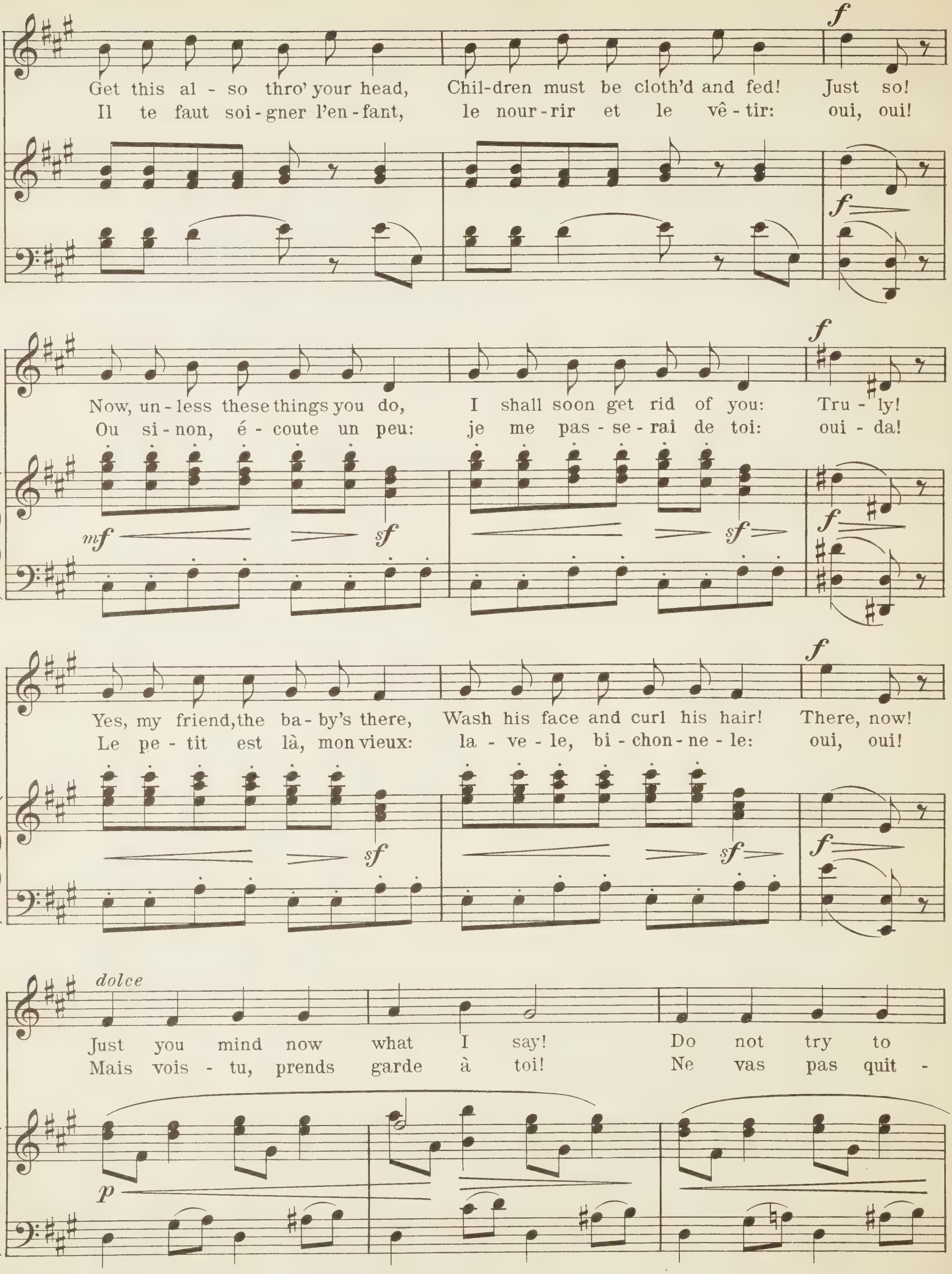
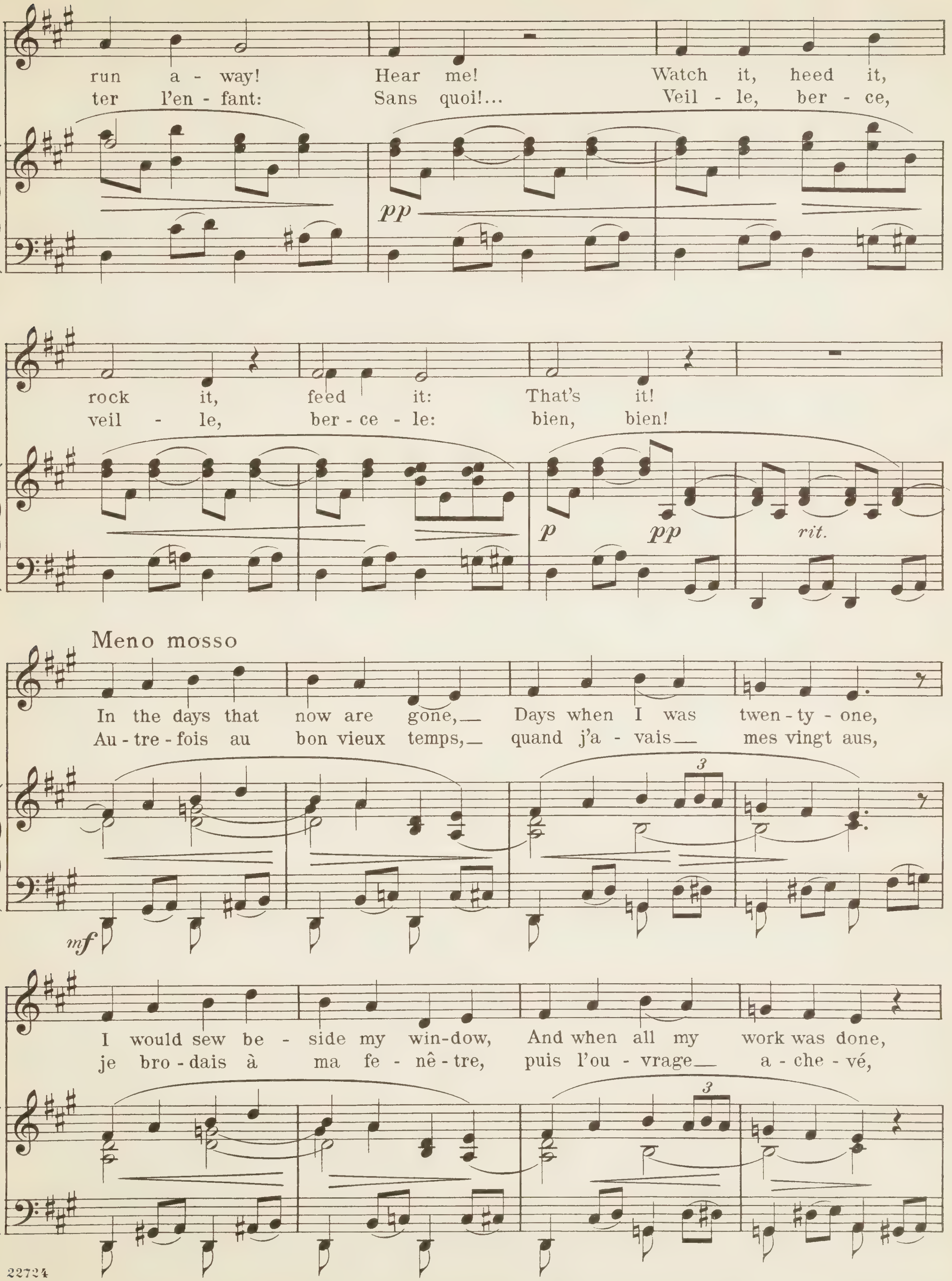
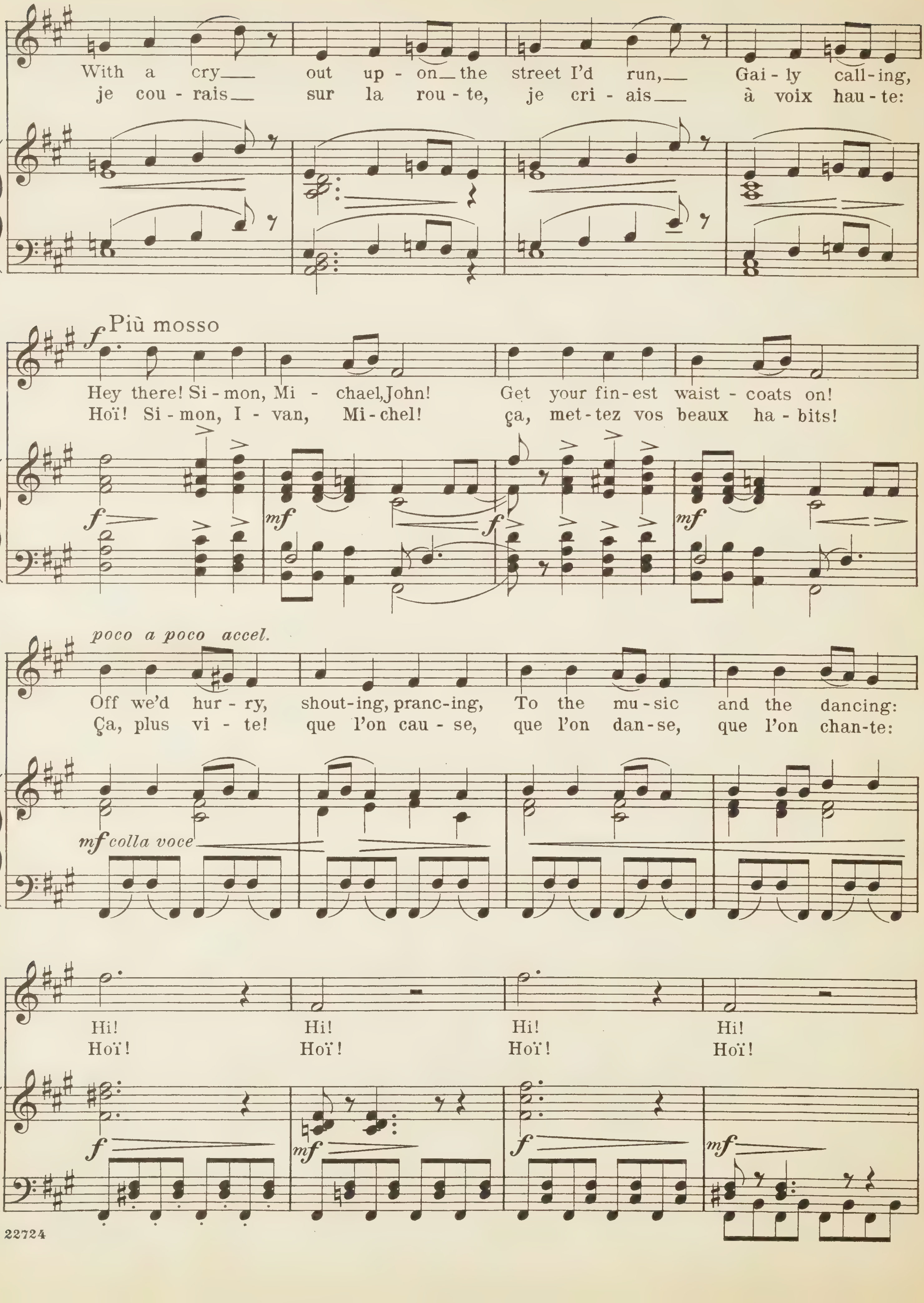

Laugh he won't, for— he's too—crust - y, Red his head, his—
Il rit peu,—mais il se—ri - de, il est roux jus -
p sf sf
sf sf
sf sf cresc.
bod - y rust - y: Ah, my fate, my luck-less fate! Yah!
qu'à la rouil - le... Ah! mon sort, mon tris - te sort! Hoï!
sf sf f
sf f
Eh, but I'll not
A quoi bon ver -
mf p mf
mf sf sf
cry for ev - er, Go, my friend, lap up the riv - er!
ser des lar - mes? Va, mon vieux, à la fon - tai - ne!
p sf mf sf sf
p sf sf

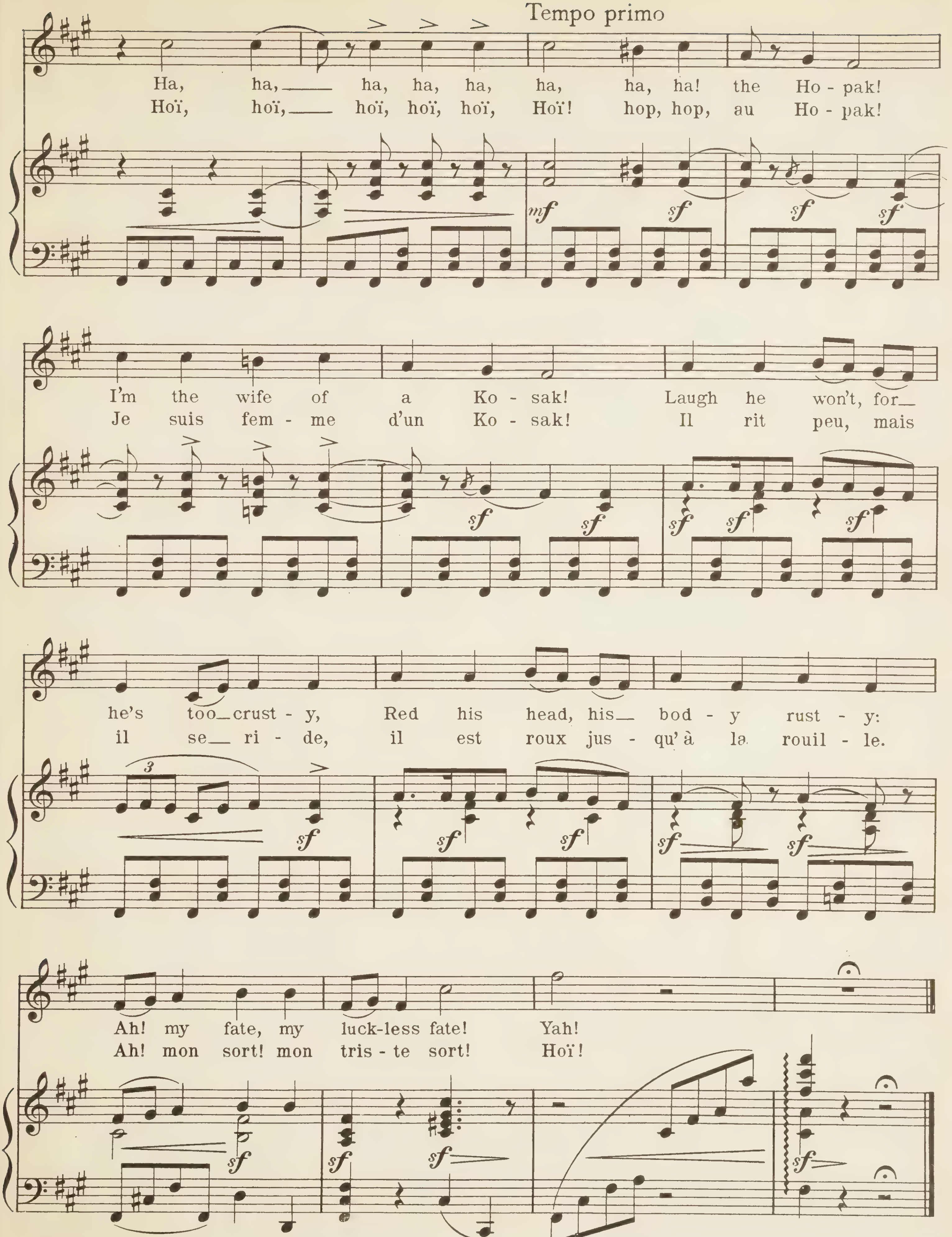

p
When the tav - ern I shall pass,
Moi, je ga - gne la ta - ver - ne:
I'll step in and get a glass,
je pren - drai le ver - re en main...
Then, my friends, we'll drink, and clink, and
et, voi - sins, trin - quons, trin - quons, trin -
clink, and drink!
quons, trin - quons!
f
They will pour a glass for me,
Je boi - rai d'a - bord un coup,
sf


La-ter one, and two, and three! When the girl gets up to go,
puis en-core un, deux et trois! Et la femme a - lors s'en va,
sf
mf
p
mf
She will have a man in tow; To her jeal - ous
un jeune hom - me sur ses pas. Le ma - ri ja -
f
hus - band's call She will pay no heed at all.
loux l'ap - pel - le, mais il n'a qu'un pied de nez.
Hey, my man, if yours I be, See that you pro-vide for me: Yes, Sir!
Si je suis à toi, mon vieux, tu me dois pour-voir de tout: oui - da!


Get this al - so thro' your head, Chil-dren must be cloth'd and fed! Just so!
Il te faut soi-gner l'en-fant, le nour-rir et le vê-tir: oui, oui!
Now, un-less these things you do, I shall soon get rid of you: Tru - ly!
Ou si-non, é - coute un peu: je me pas-se-rai de toi: oui - da!
Yes, my friend, the ba-by's there, Wash his face and curl his hair! There, now!
Le pe - tit est là, mon vieux: la - ve - le, bi - chon - ne - le: oui, oui!
dolce
Just you mind now what I say! Do not try to
Mais vois - tu, prends garde à toi! Ne vas pas quit -


run a - way! Hear me! Watch it, heed it,
ter l'en - fant: Sans quoi!... Veil - le, ber - ce,
pp
rock it, feed it: That's it!
veil - le, ber - ce - le: bien, bien!
p
pp
rit.
Meno mosso
In the days that now are gone, Days when I was twen - ty - one,
Au - tre - fois au bon vieux temps, quand j'a - vais mes vingt aus,
3
mf
I would sew be - side my win - dow, And when all my work was done,
je bro - dais à ma fe - nê - tre, puis l'ou - vrage a - che - vé,
3


With a cry___ out up - on___ the street I'd run,___ Gai - ly call - ing,
je cou - rais___ sur la rou - te, je cri - ais___ à voix hau - te:
Più mosso
f
Hey there! Si - mon, Mi - chael, John! Get your fin - est waist - coats on!
Hoï! Si - mon, I - van, Mi - chel! ça, met - tez vos beaux ha - bits!
mf
poco a poco accel.
Off we'd hur - ry, shout - ing, pranc - ing, To the mu - sic and the danc - ing:
Ça, plus vi - te! que l'on cau - se, que l'on dan - se, que l'on chan - te:
mf colla voce
Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!
Hoï! Hoï! Hoï! Hoï!


Tempo primo
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! the Ho-pak!
Hoï, hoï, hoï, hoï, hoï, Hoï! hop, hop, au Ho-pak!
I'm the wife of a Ko-sak! Laugh he won't, for
Je suis fem-me d'un Ko-sak! Il rit peu, mais
he's too crust-y, Red his head, his bod-y rust-y:
il se ri-de, il est roux jus-qu'à la rouil-le.
Ah! my fate, my luck-less fate! Yah!
Ah! mon sort! mon tris-te sort! Hoï!
mf
sf

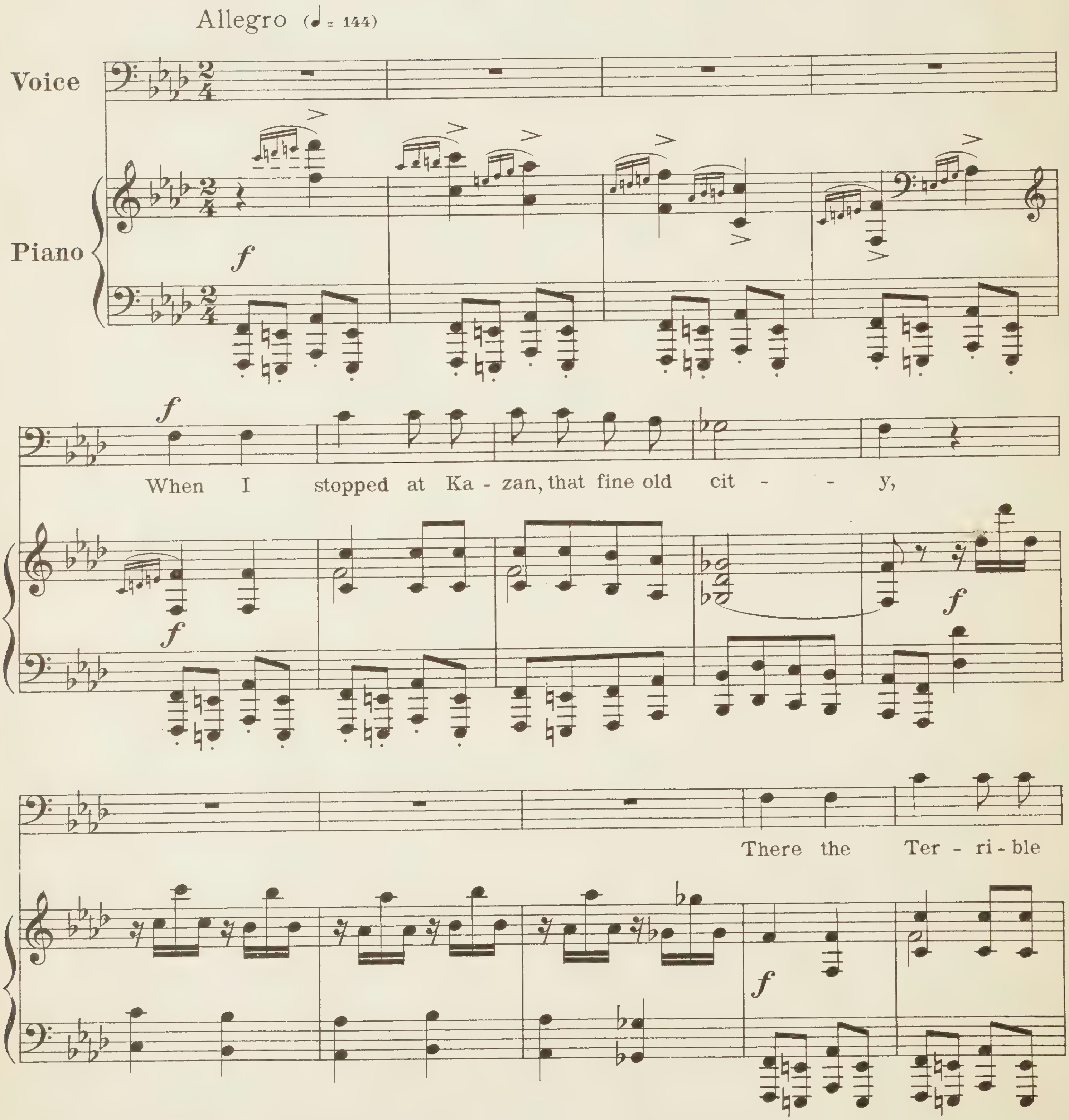
The Siege of Kazan

Ballad

From the opera "Boris Godounow"

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Modest Moussorgsky



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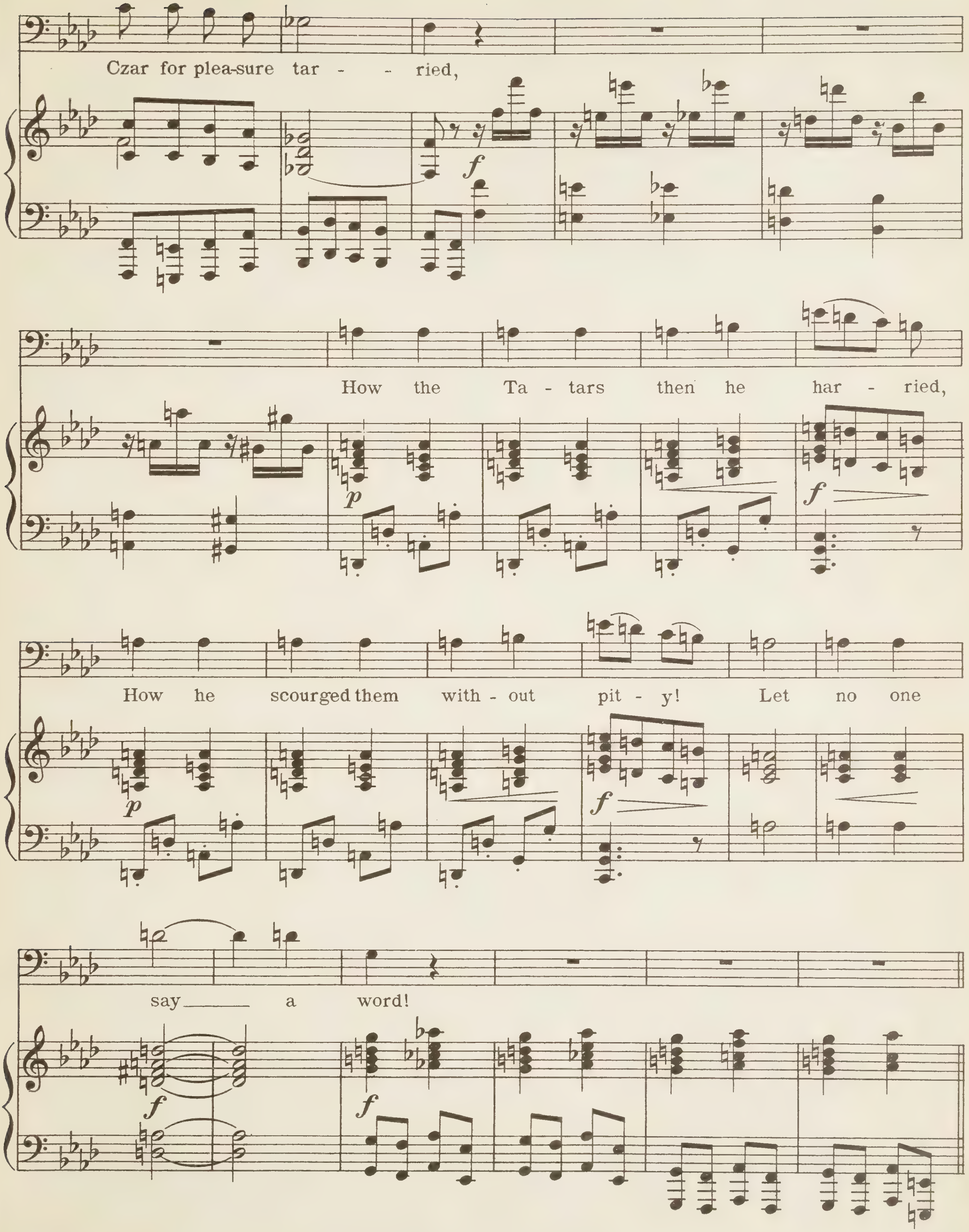
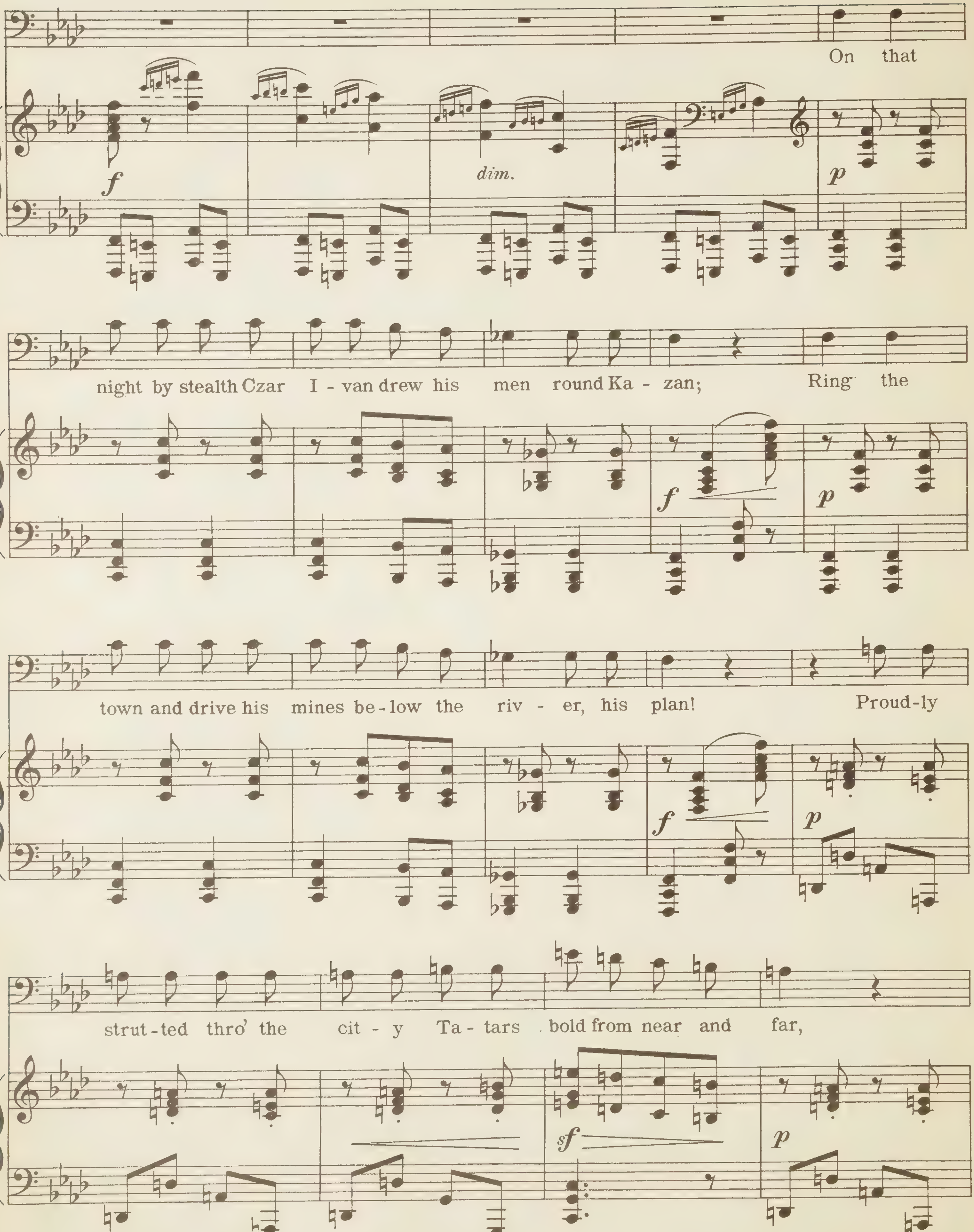
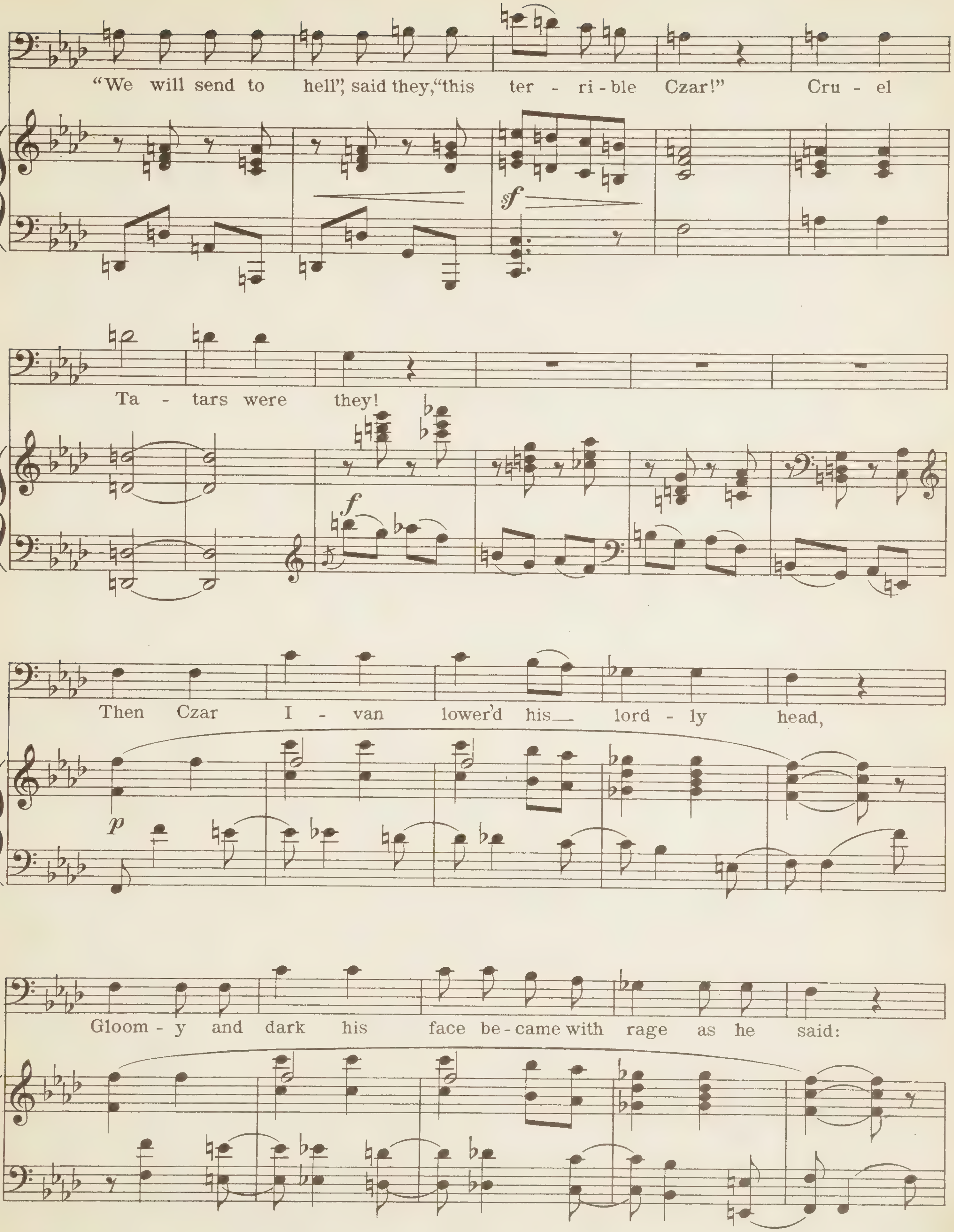
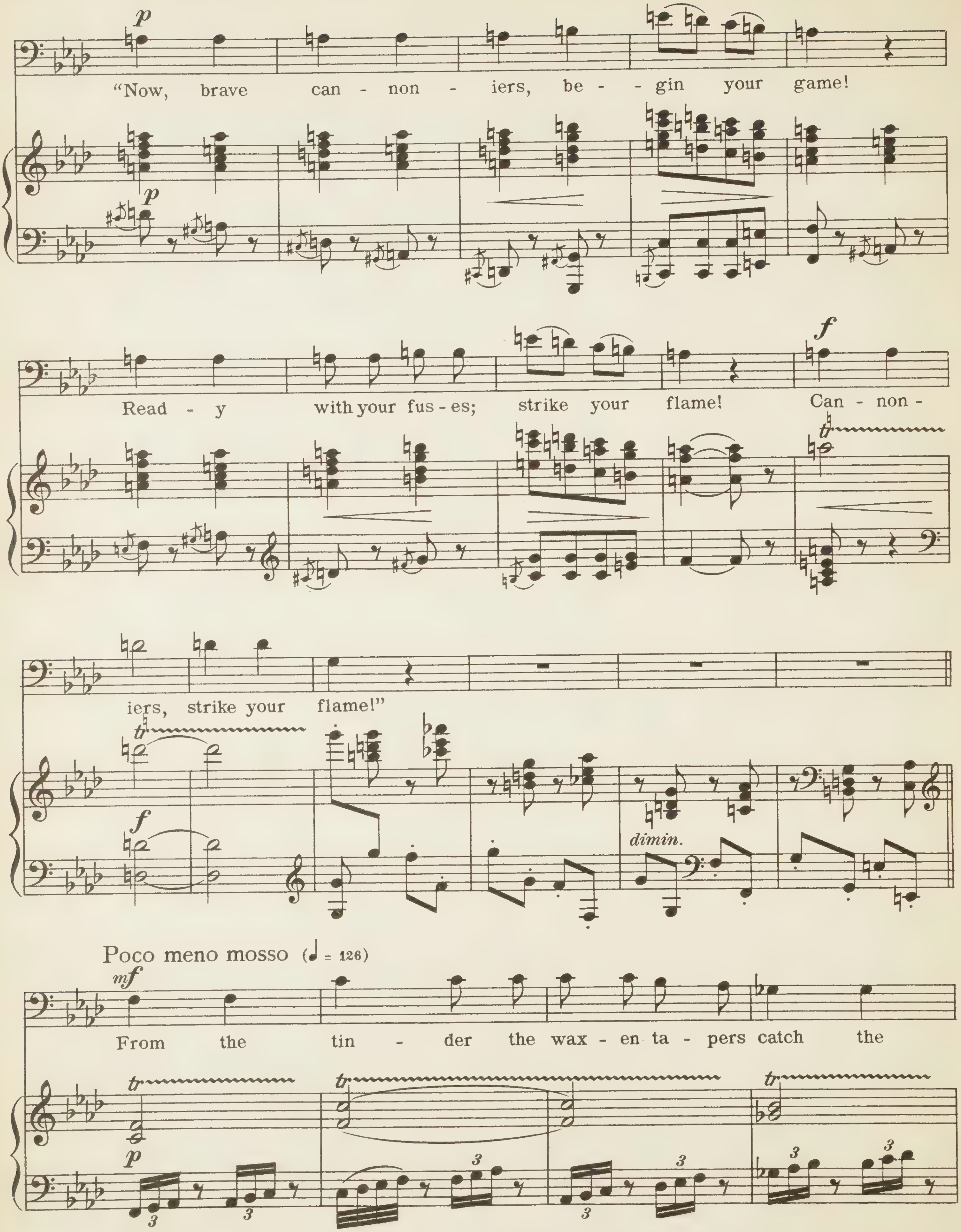
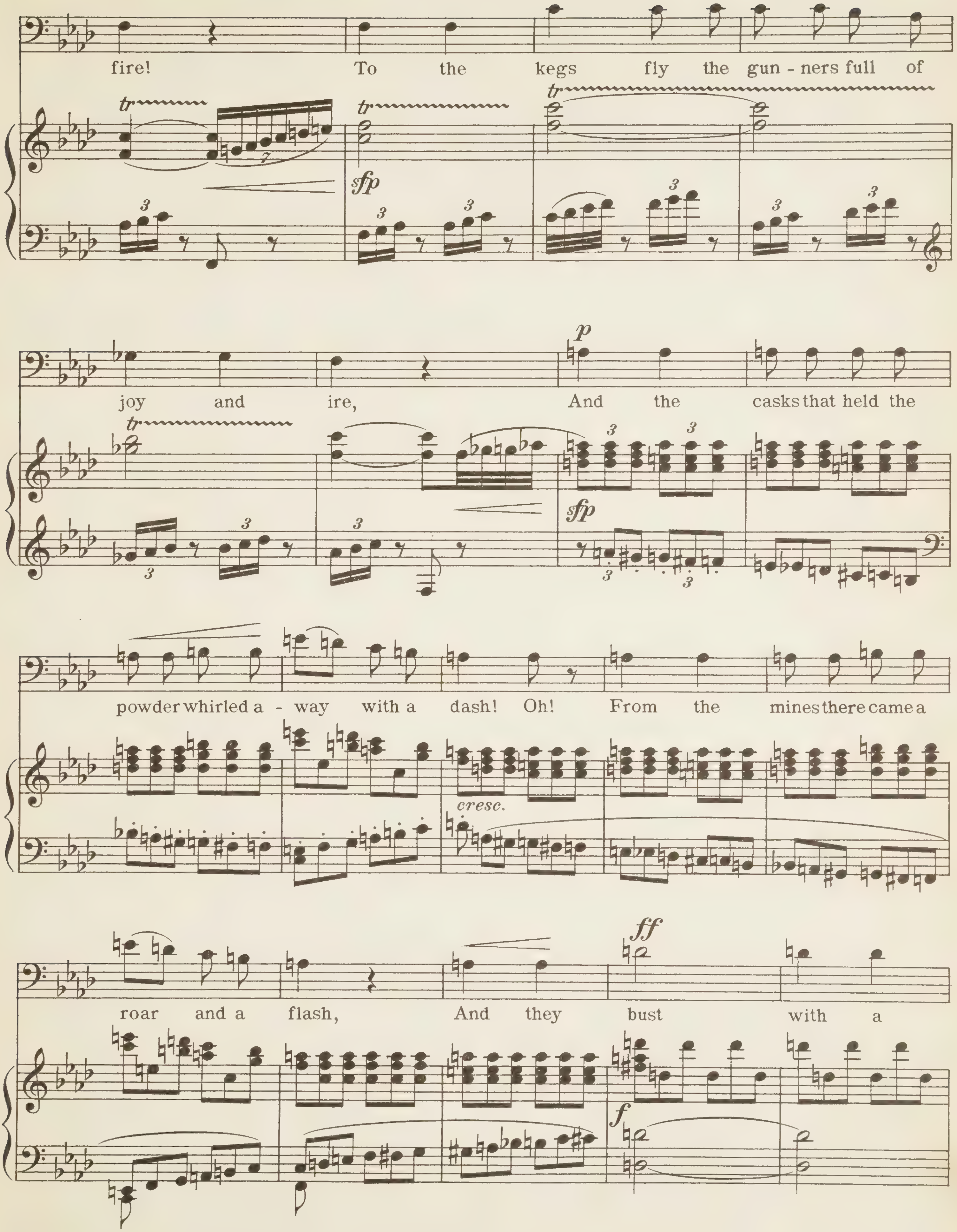
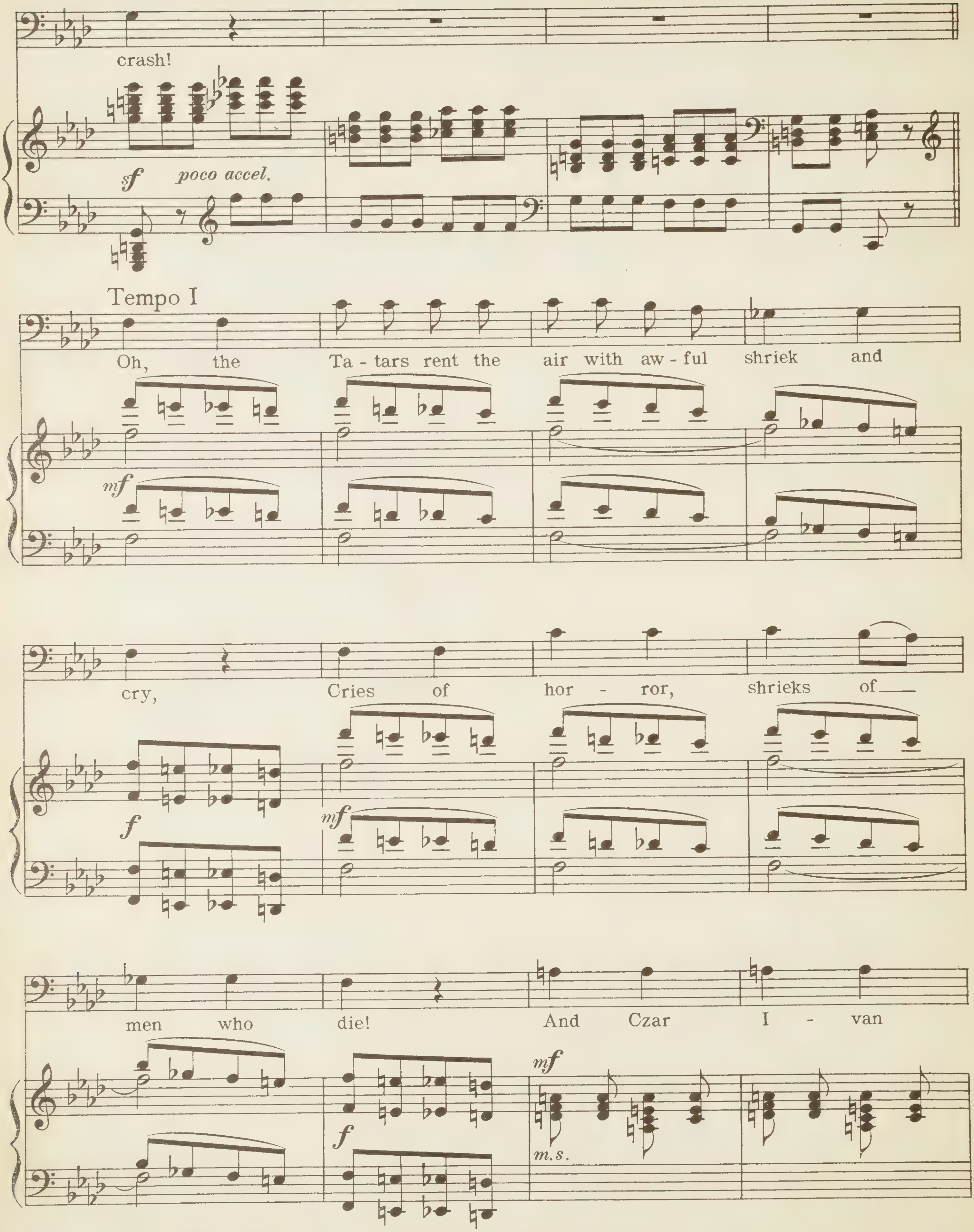

Czar for plea-sure tar - - ried,
How the Ta - tars then he har - ried,
How he scourged them with - out pit - y! Let no one
say a word!
f
p
f
p
f
f
f

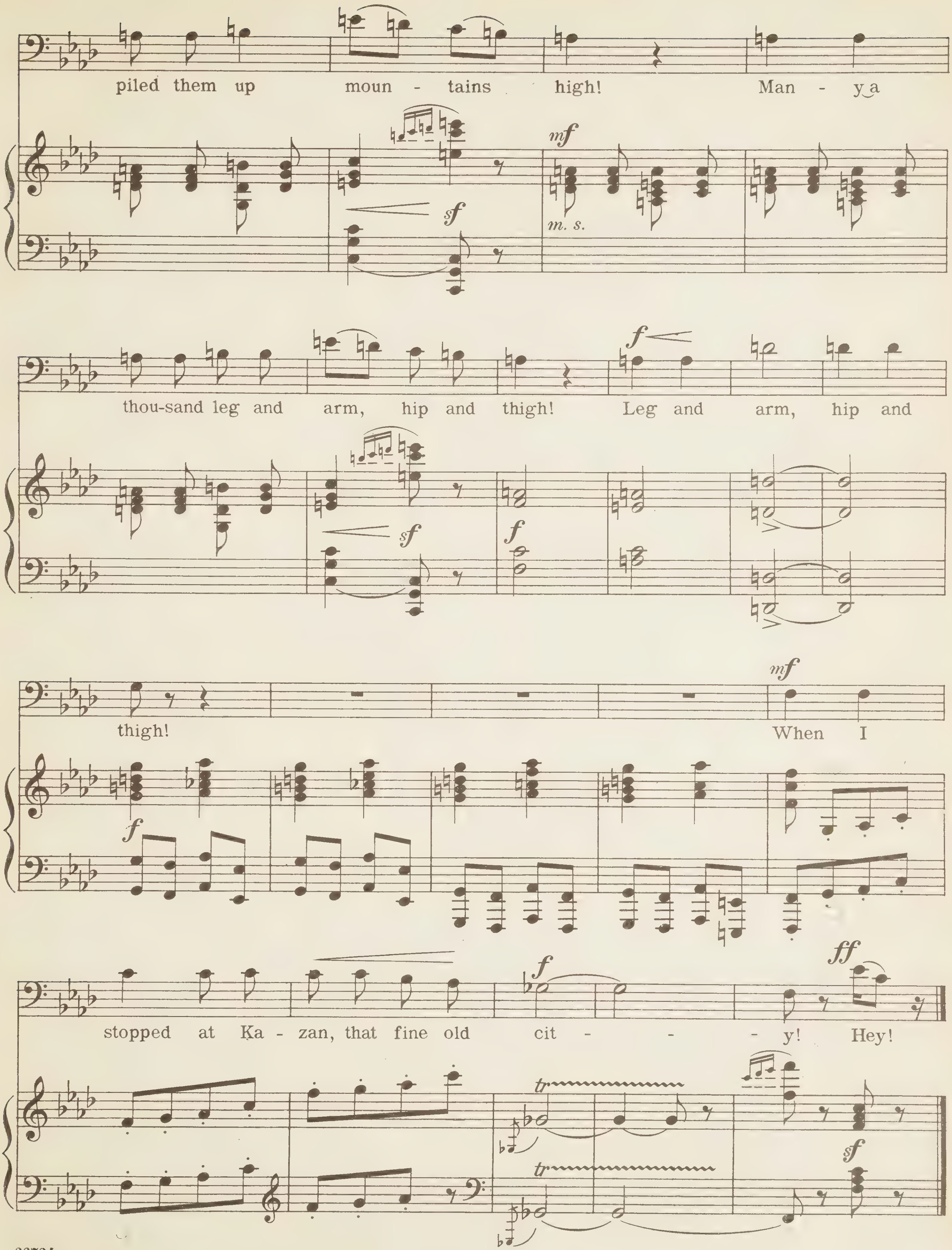

On that
dim.
night by stealth Czar I - van drew his men round Ka - zan; Ring the
town and drive his mines be - low the riv - er, his plan! Proud - ly
strut - ted thro' the cit - y Ta - tars bold from near and far,


"We will send to hell", said they, "this ter - ri - ble Czar!" Cru - el
Ta - tars were they!
sf
f
p
Then Czar I - van lower'd his lord - ly head,
Gloom - y and dark his face be - came with rage as he said:


"Now, brave can - non - iers, be - gin your game!
Read - y with your fus - es; strike your flame! Can - non -
iers, strike your flame!"
dimin.
Poco meno mosso (♩ = 126)
From the tin - der the wax - en ta - pers catch the


fire! To the kegs fly the gun - ners full of
tr
sfp
joy and ire, And the casks that held the
p
tr
sfp
powder whirled a - way with a dash! Oh! From the mines there came a
cresc.
roar and a flash, And they bust with a
ff
f


crash!
sf
poco accel.
Tempo I
Oh, the Ta-tars rent the air with aw-ful shriek and
mf
cry, Cries of hor-ror, shrieks of
f
mf
men who die! And Czar I-van
f
mf
m.s.


piled them up mountains high! Many a
thou-sand leg and arm, hip and thigh! Leg and arm, hip and
thigh! When I
stopped at Kazan, that fine old cit - - - y! Hey!
mf
sf
m. s.
f
ff
tr

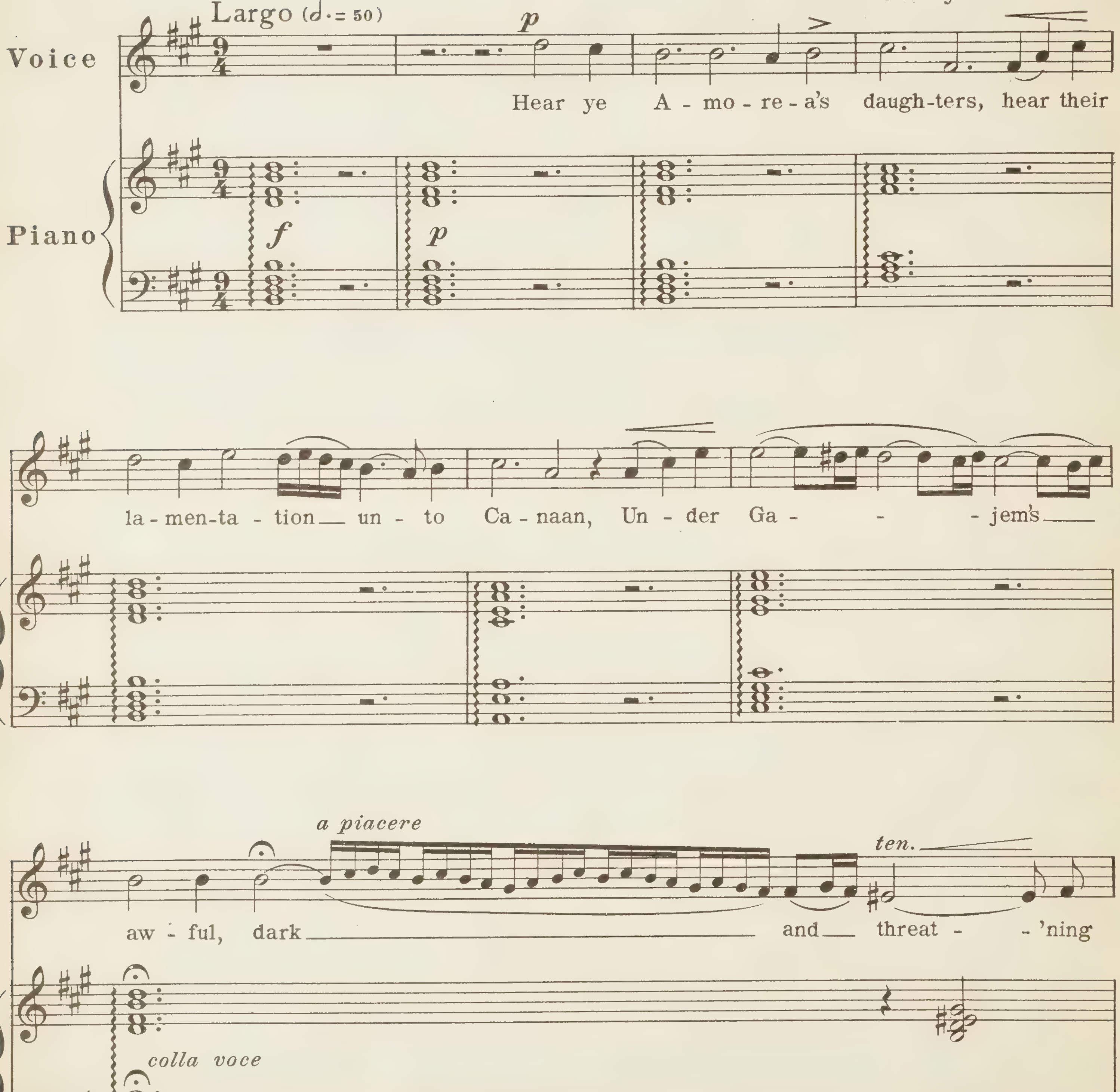
Oriental Chant

(Lamentation)

From the cantata "Josua Navîne"

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Modest Moussorgsky
Arr. by Kurt Schindler



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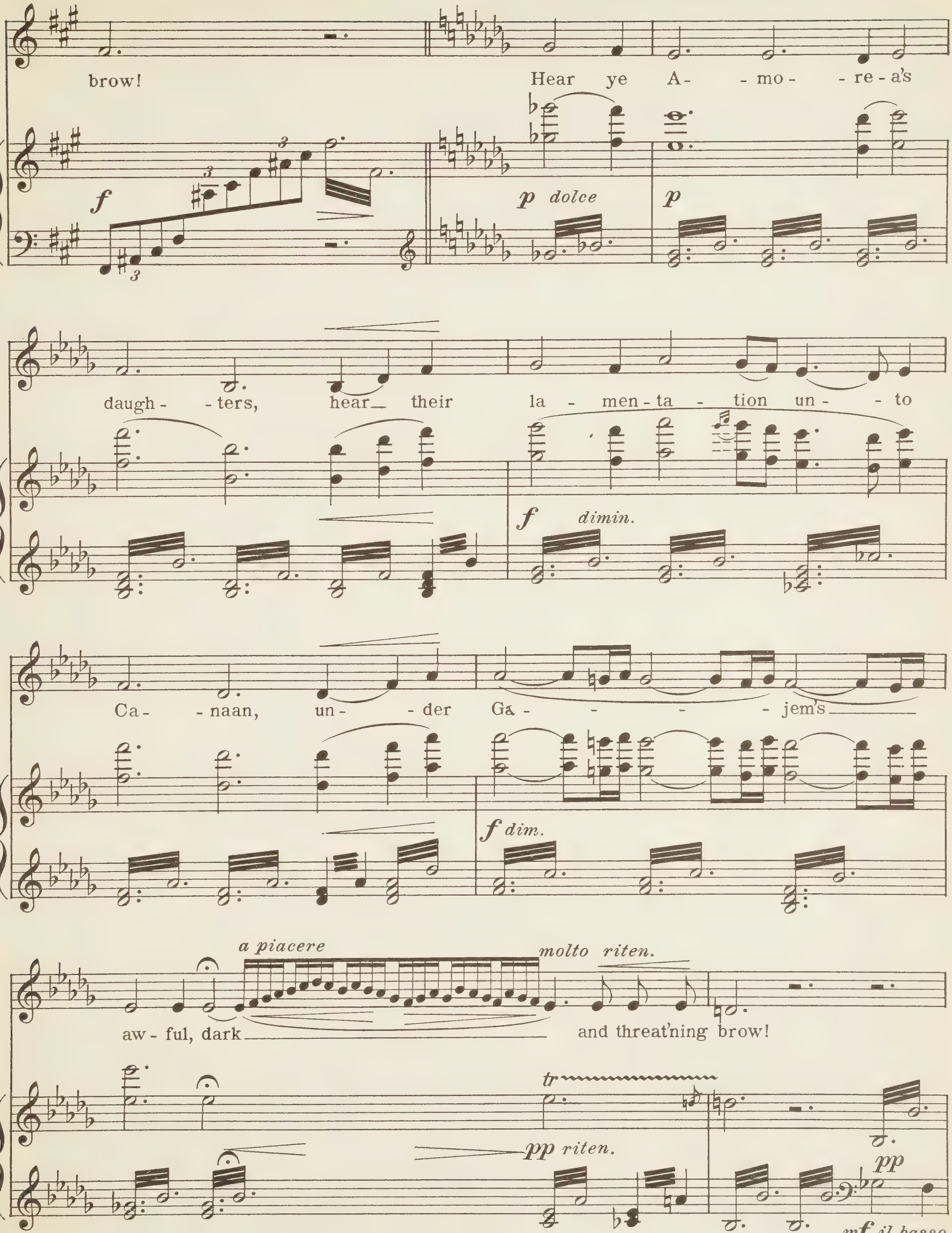
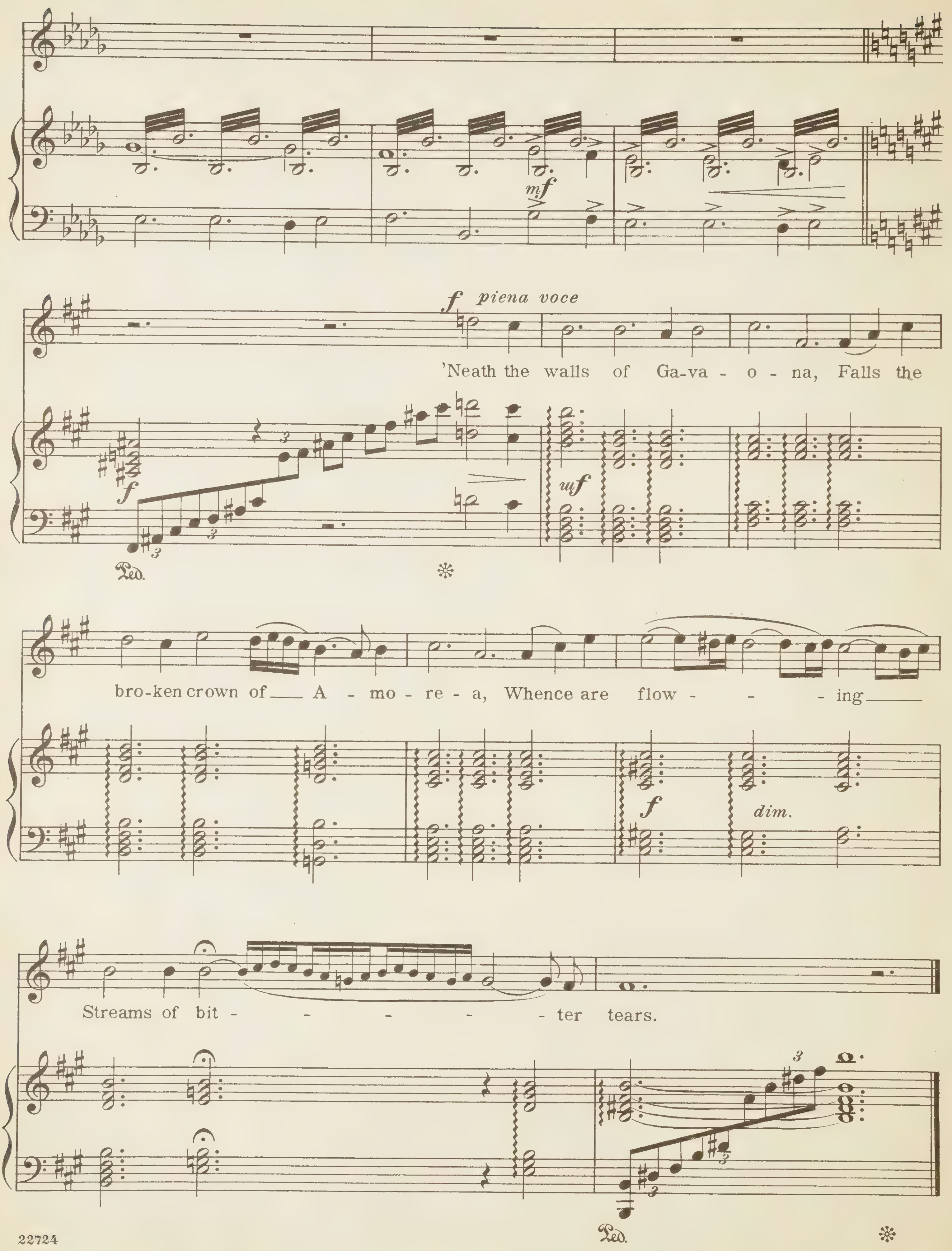

brow!
Hear ye A - mo - re - a's
f
p dolce
p
daugh - ters, hear their la - men - ta - tion un - to
f dimin.
Ca - naan, un - der Ga - jem's
f dim.
a piacere
molto riten.
aw - ful, dark and threat'ning brow!
tr
pp riten.
pp
mf il basso


mf
f
piena voce
'Neath the walls of Ga-va - o - na, Falls the
f
mf
Ped.
bro-ken crown of A - mo - re - a, Whence are flow - - - ing
f
dim.
Streams of bit - - - - - ter tears.
3
Ped.

"Oh come to me!"

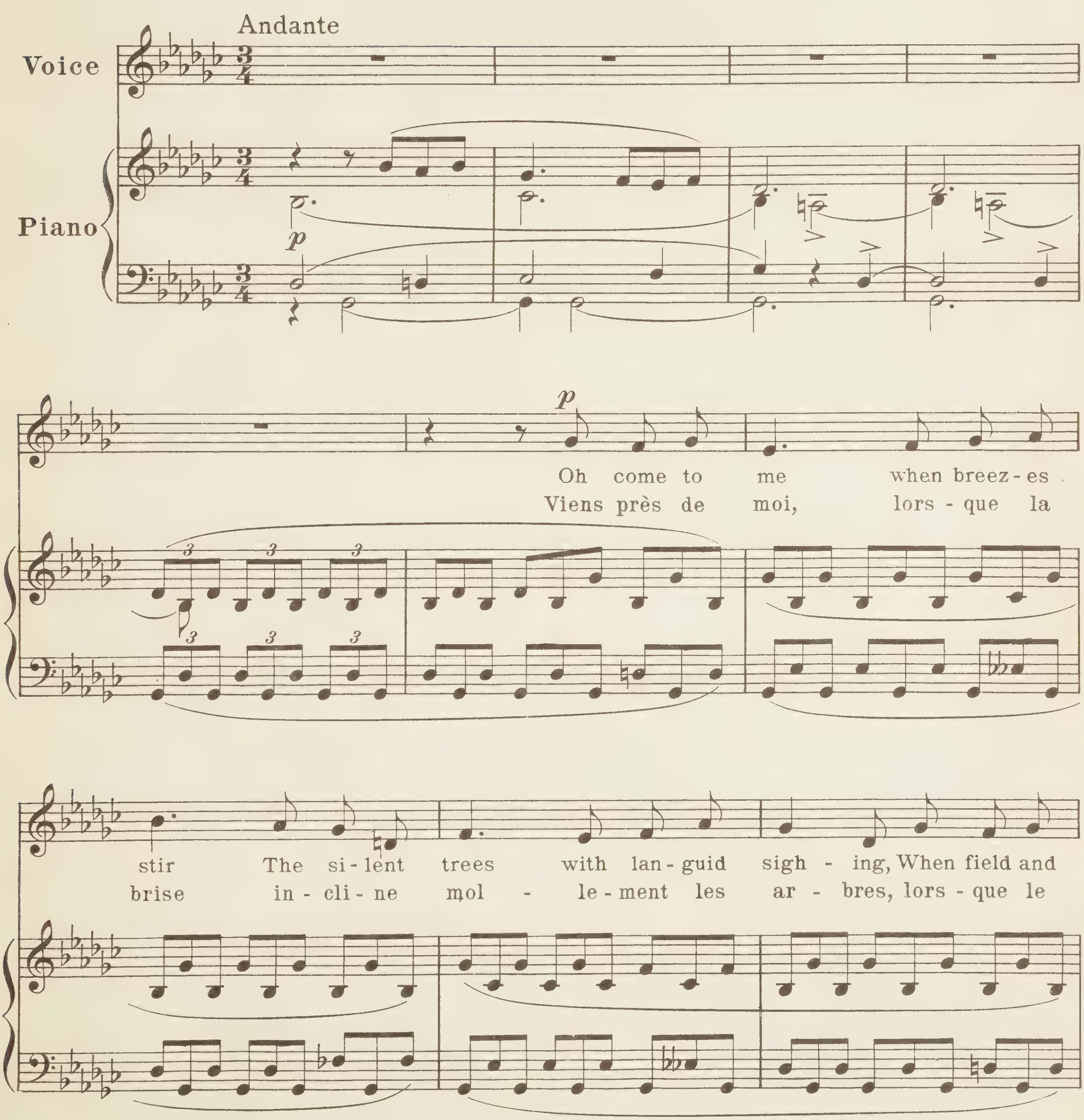
(A. Koltsow)

«Viens près de moi»

English version by
Alma Strettell

French words by
M. D. Calvocoressi

M. Balakirew



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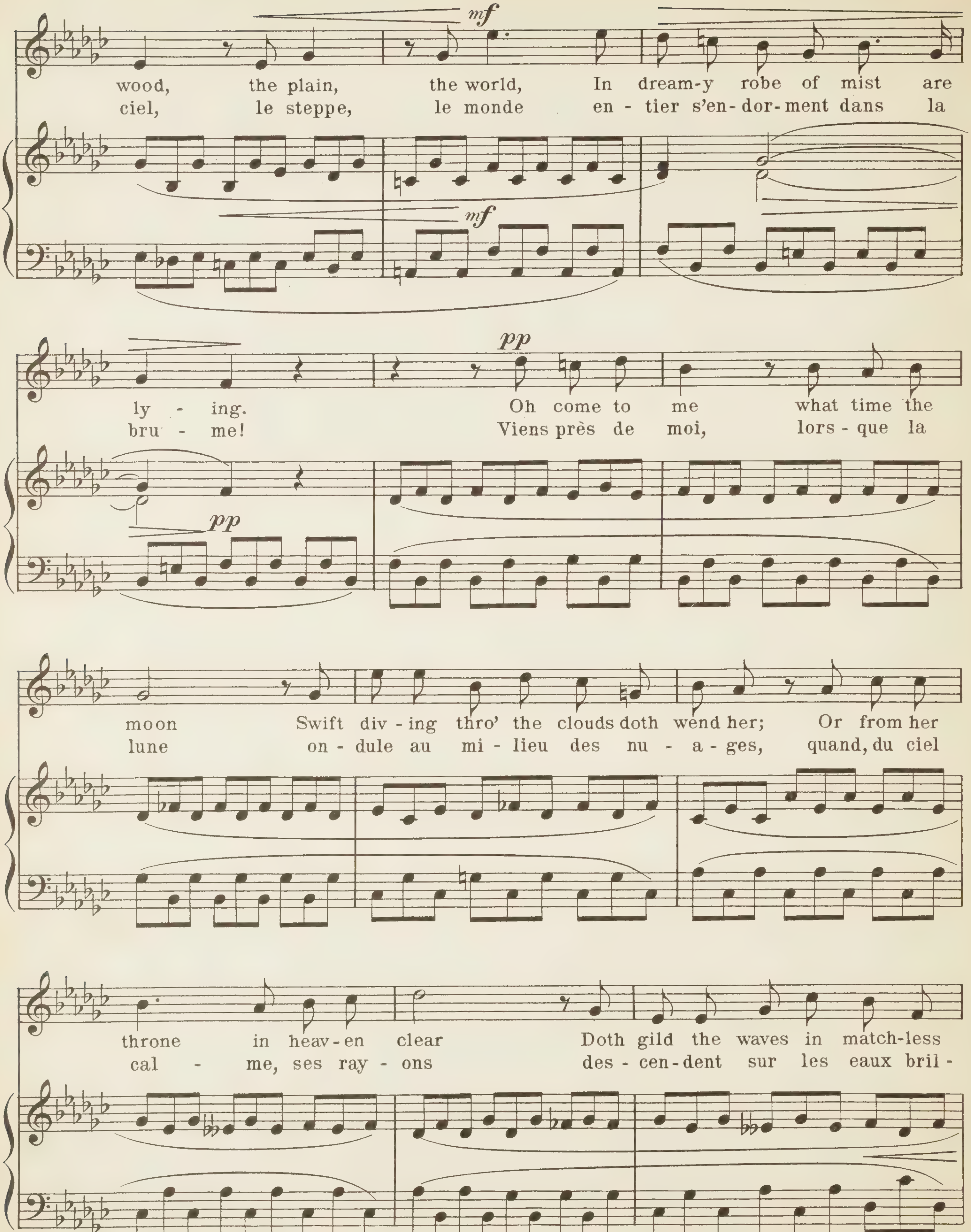
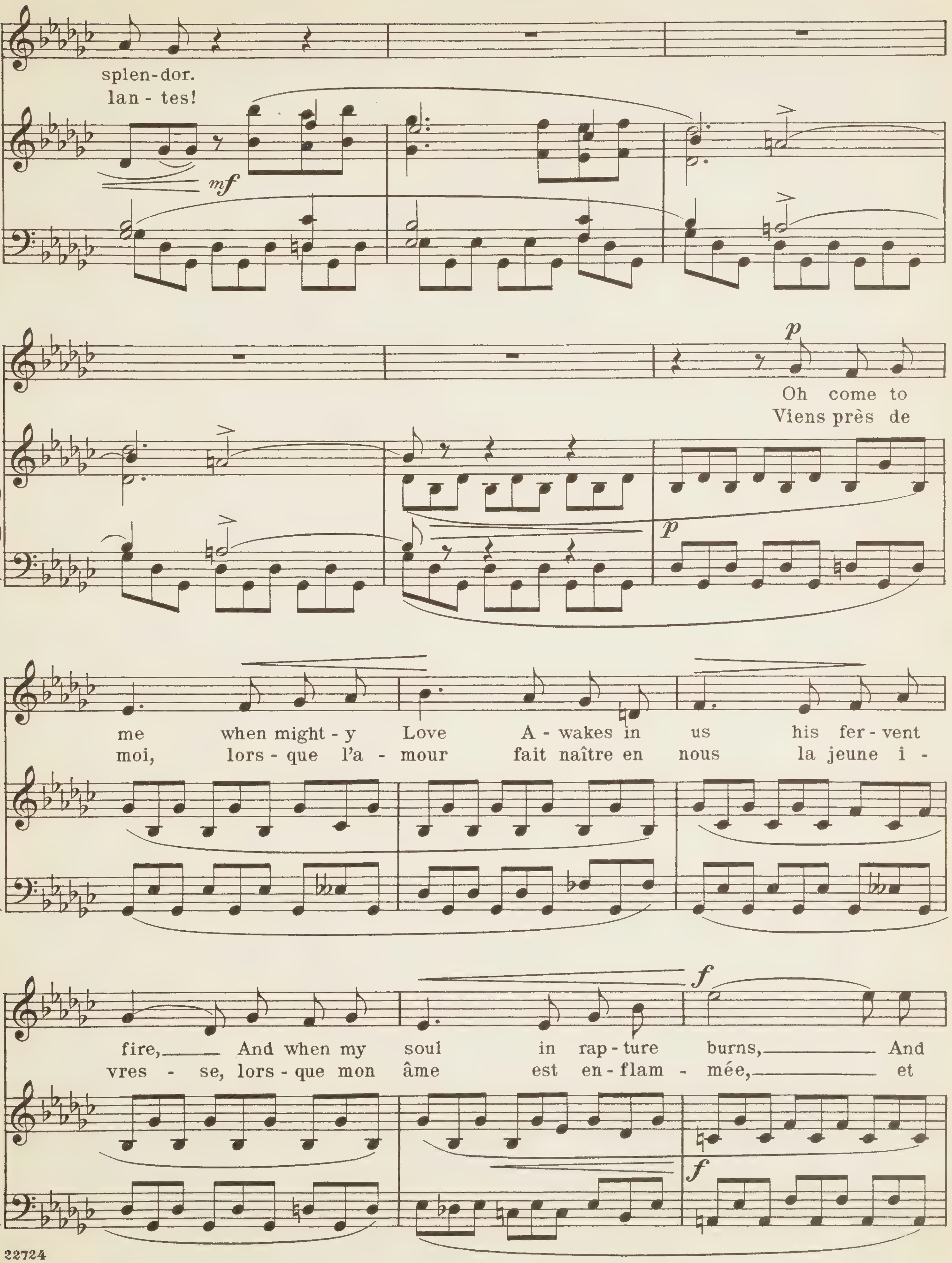
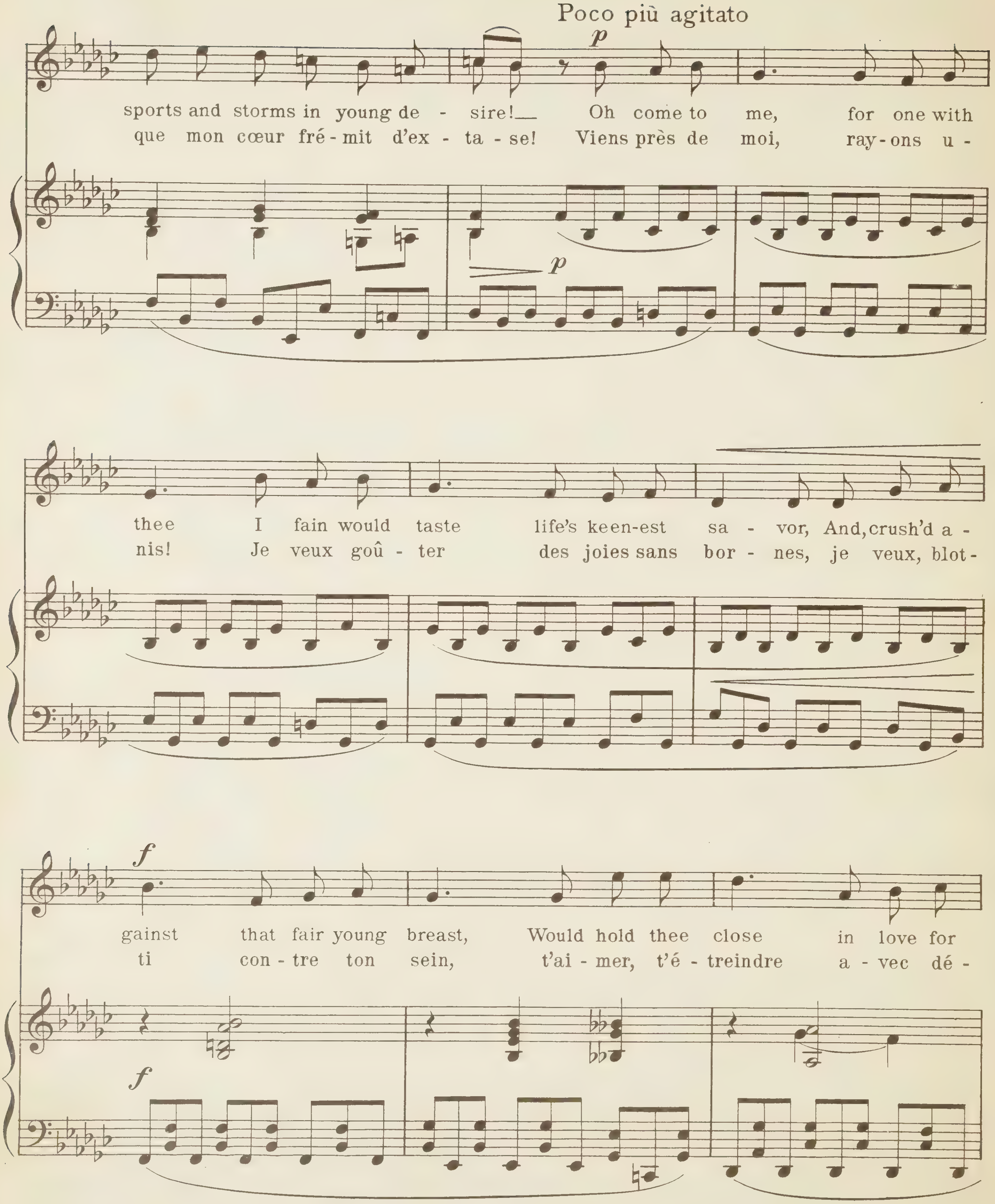
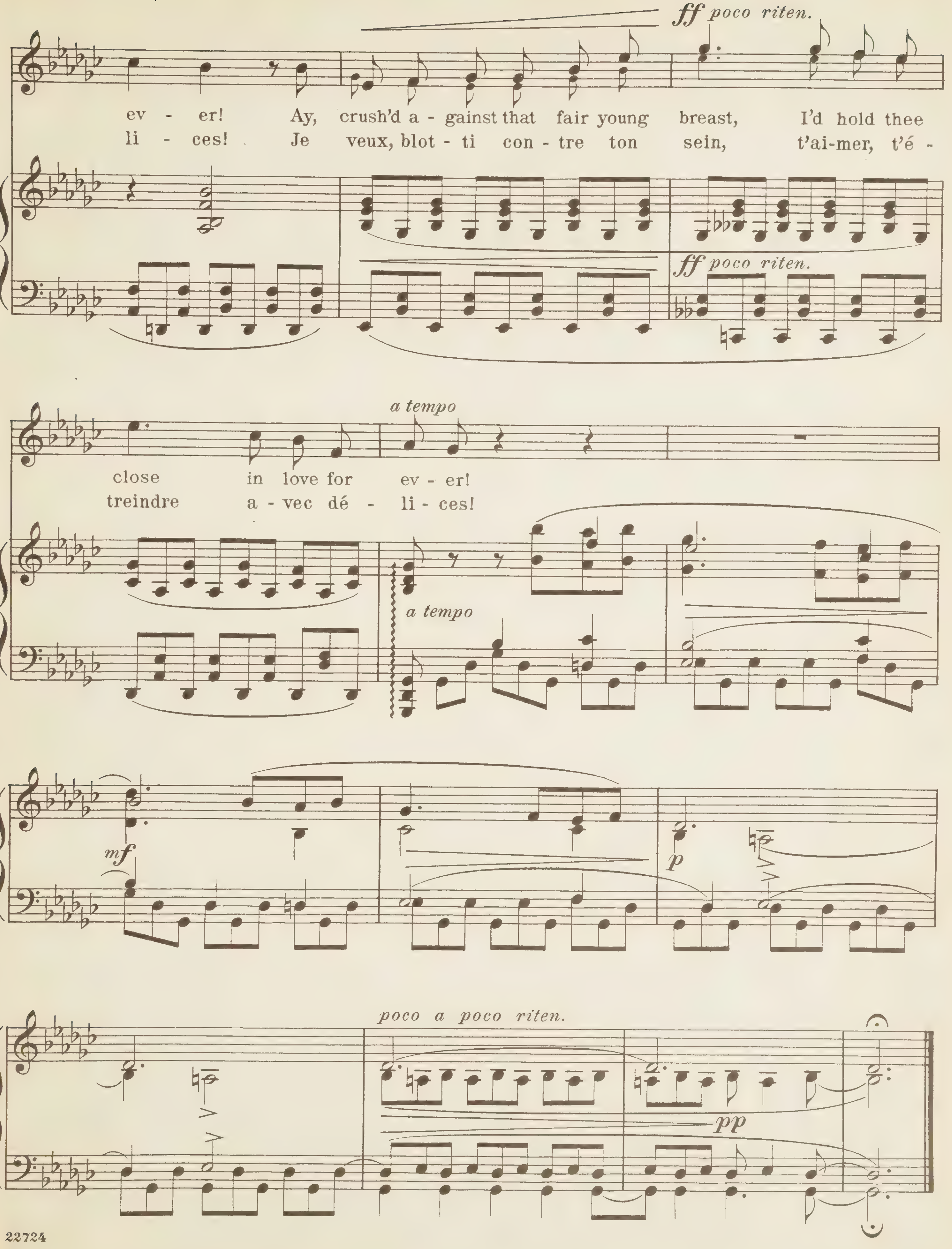

mf
wood, the plain, the world, In dream-y robe of mist are
ciel, le steppe, le monde en - tier s'en-dor-ment dans la
mf
pp
ly - ing. Oh come to me what time the
bru - me! Viens près de moi, lors - que la
pp
moon Swift div - ing thro' the clouds doth wend her; Or from her
lune on - dule au mi - lieu des nu - a - ges, quand, du ciel
throne in heav-en clear Doth gild the waves in match-less
cal - me, ses ray - ons des - cen - dent sur les eaux bril -


splen-dor.
lan - tes!
mf
p
Oh come to
Viens près de
p
me when might - y Love A - wakes in us his fer - vent
moi, lors - que l'a - mour fait naître en nous la jeune i -
f
fire, And when my soul in rap - ture burns, And
vres - se, lors - que mon âme est en - flam - mée, et
f

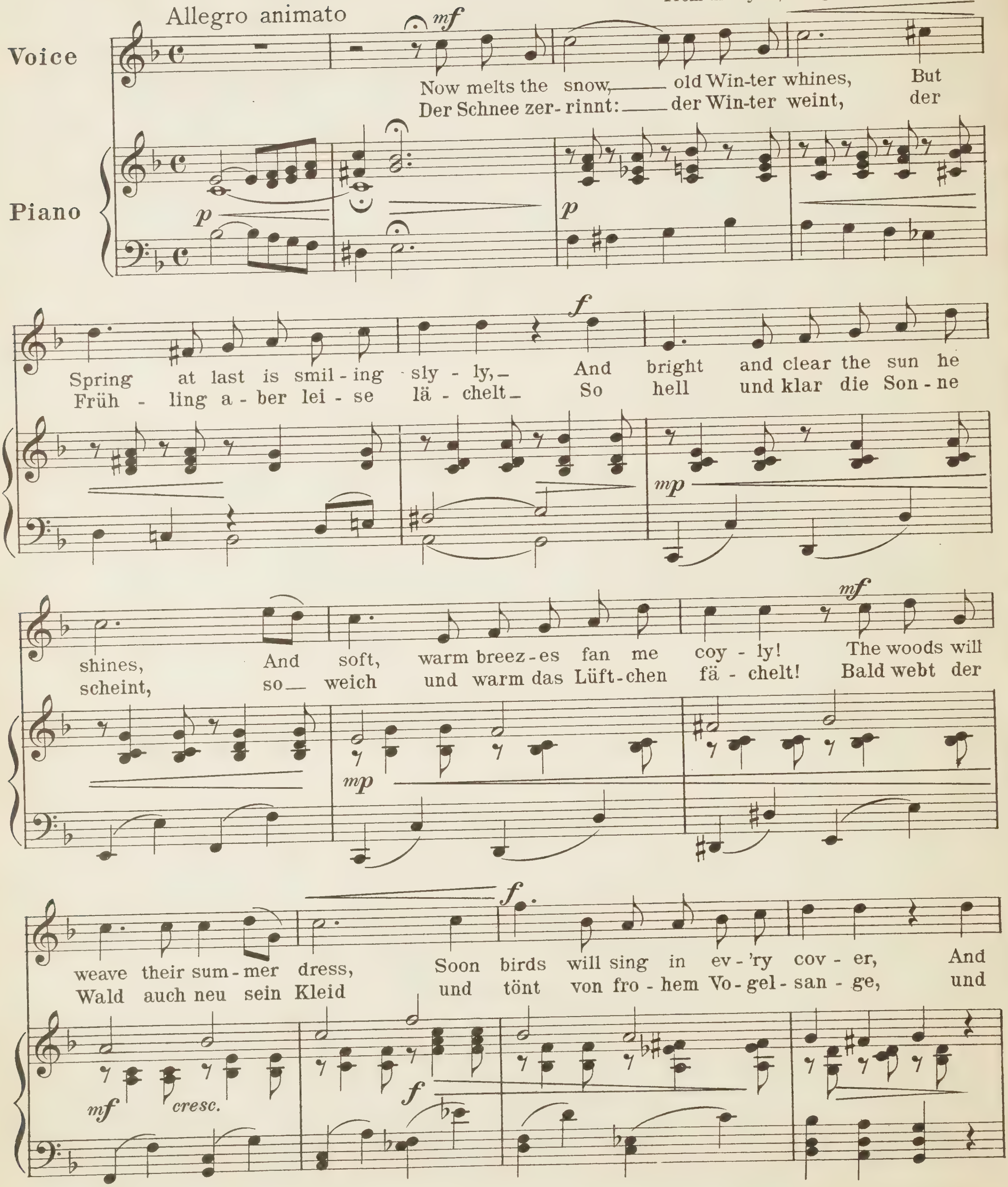

Poco più agitato
sports and storms in young de - sire!__ Oh come to me, for one with
que mon cœur fré-mit d'ex - ta - se! Viens près de moi, ray-ons u -
thee I fain would taste life's keen-est sa - vor, And, crush'd a -
nis! Je veux goû - ter des joies sans bor - nes, je veux, blot -
gainst that fair young breast, Would hold thee close in love for
ti con-tre ton sein, t'ai - mer, t'é - treindre a - vec dé -


ff poco riten.
ev - er! Ay, crush'd a - gainst that fair young breast, I'd hold thee
li - ces! Je veux, blot - ti con - tre ton sein, t'ai-mer, t'é -
ff poco riten.
a tempo
close in love for ev - er!
treindre a - vec dé - li - ces!
a tempo
mf
p
poco a poco riten.
pp

Springtime
Frühling

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 54, № 9
From the cycle, "Songs for Young People"



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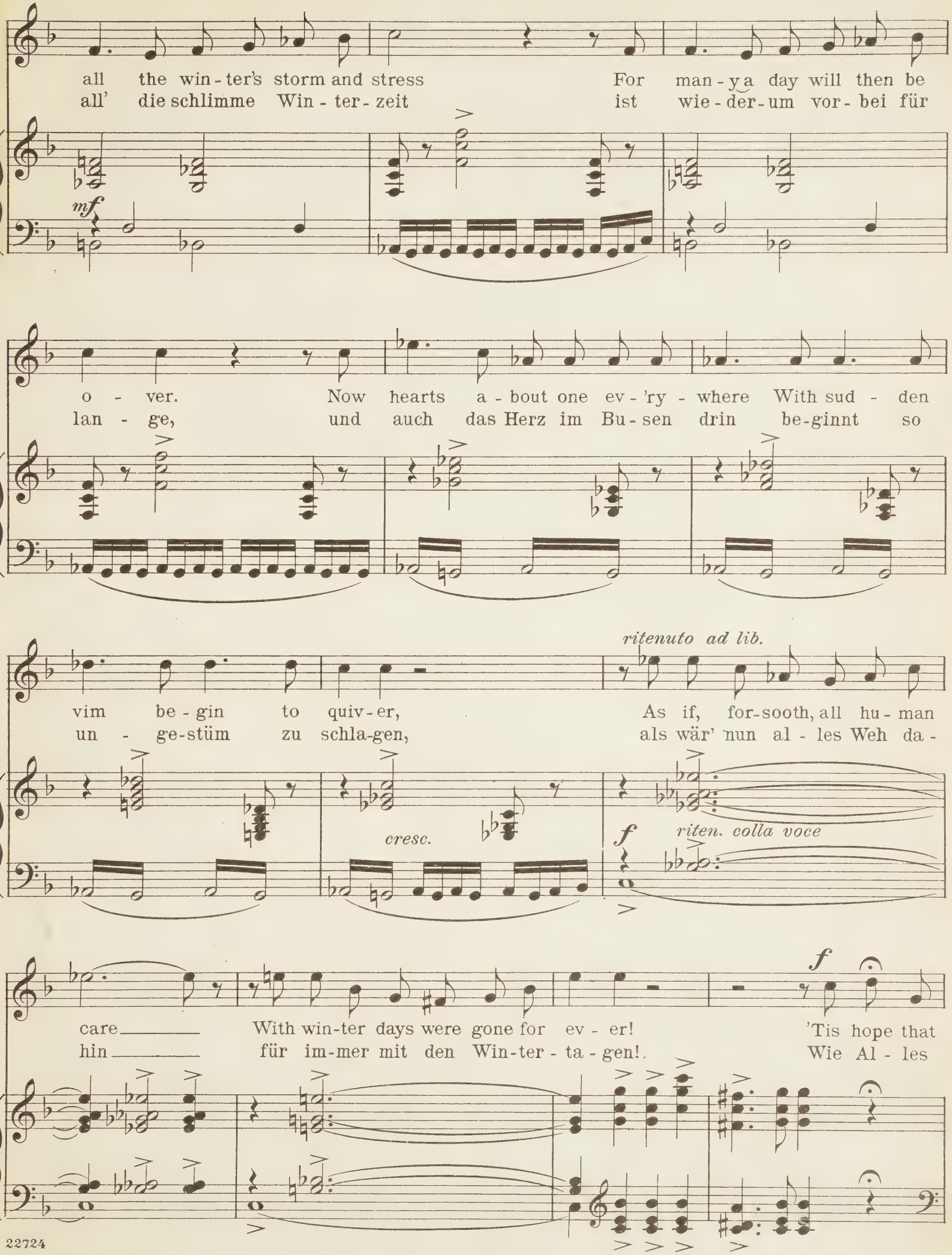
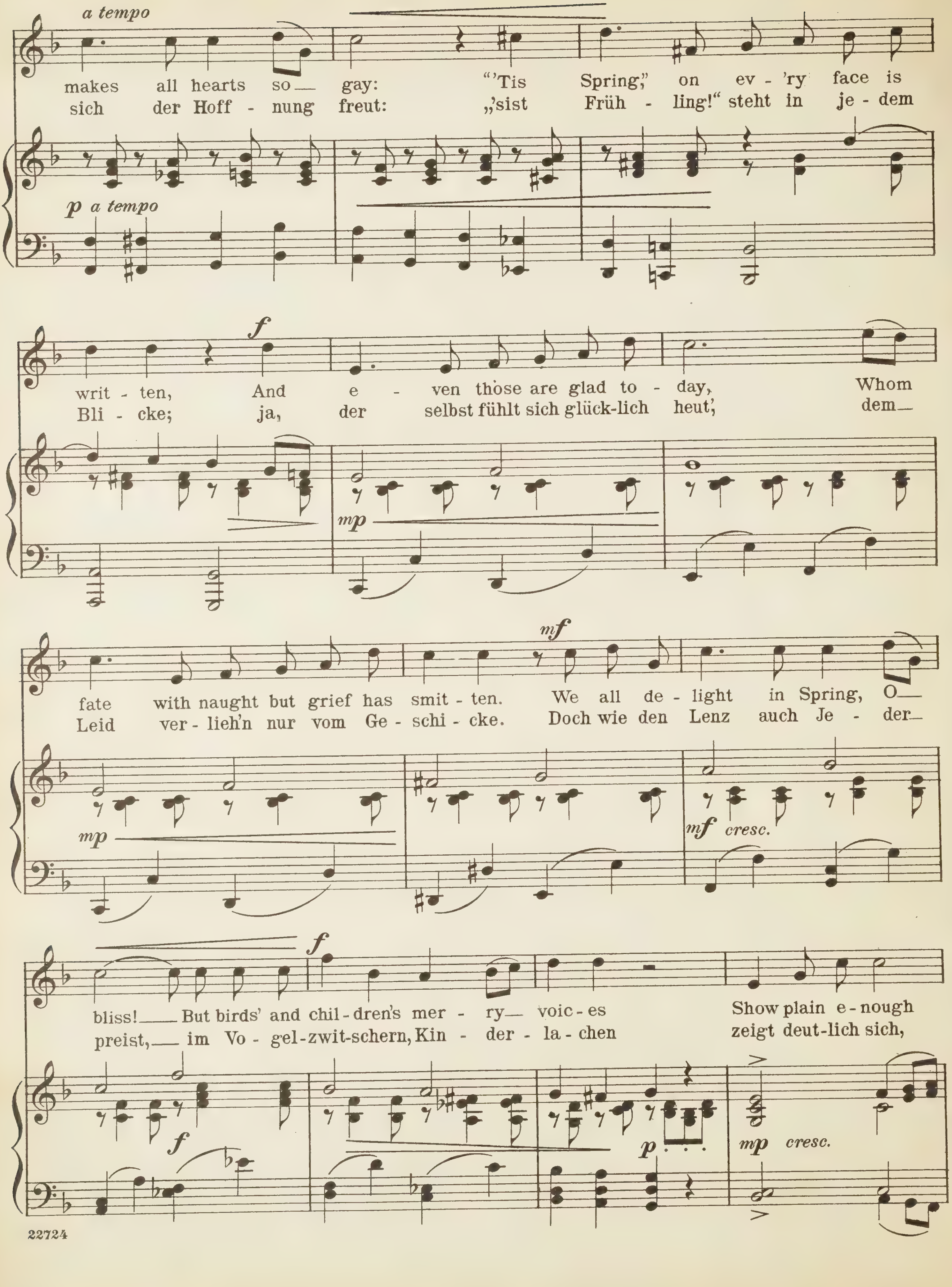
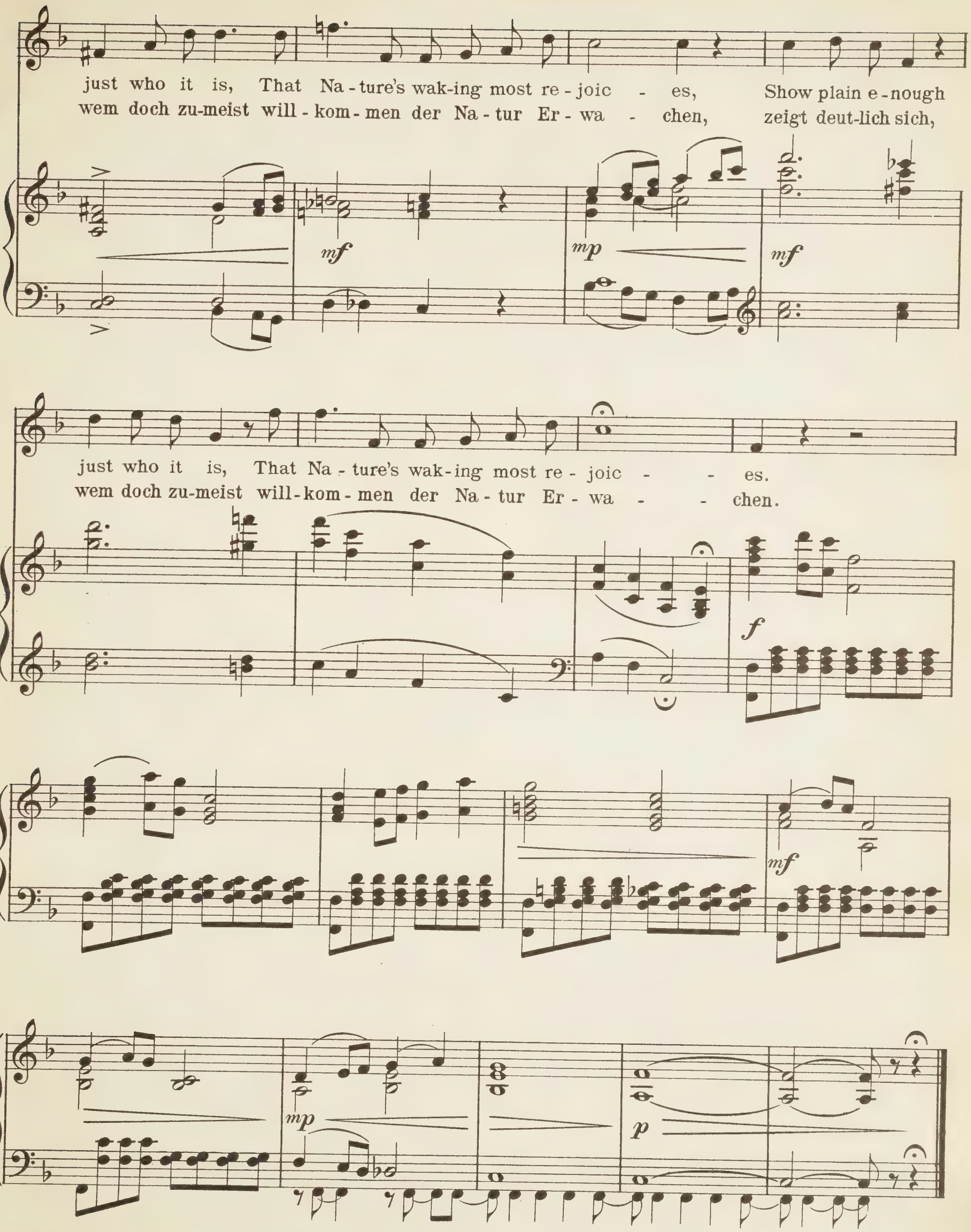

all the win-ter's storm and stress For man-y a day will then be
all' die schlimme Win-ter-zeit ist wie-der-um vor-bei für
mf
o - ver. Now hearts a-bout one ev-'ry-where With sud-den
lan-ge, und auch das Herz im Bu-sen drin be-ginnt so
vim be-gin to quiv-er, As if, for-sooth, all hu-man
un-ge-stüm zu schla-gen, als wär' nun al-les Weh da-
ritenuto ad lib.
cresc.
f
riten. colla voce
care With win-ter days were gone for ev-er! 'Tis hope that
hin für im-mer mit den Win-ter-ta-gen! Wie Al-les
f


a tempo
makes all hearts so — gay: "'Tis Spring," on ev - 'ry face is
sich der Hoff - nung freut: „'sist Früh - ling!" steht in je - dem
p a tempo
f
writ - ten, And e - ven those are glad to - day, Whom
Bli - cke; ja, der selbst fühlt sich glück-lich heut', dem —
mp
mf
fate with naught but grief has smit - ten. We all de - light in Spring, O —
Leid ver - lieh'n nur vom Ge - schi - cke. Doch wie den Lenz auch Je - der —
mp
mf cresc.
f
bliss! — But birds' and chil - dren's mer - ry — voic - es Show plain e - nough
preist, — im Vo - gel - zwit - schern, Kin - der - la - chen zeigt deut - lich sich,
f
p
mp cresc.


just who it is, That Na-ture's wak-ing most re-joic - es, Show plain e-nough
wem doch zu-meist will-kom-men der Na-tur Er-wa - chen, zeigt deut-lich sich,
mf
mp
mf
just who it is, That Na-ture's wak-ing most re-joic - - es.
wem doch zu-meist will-kom-men der Na-tur Er-wa - - chen.
f
mf
mp
p

At the Ball

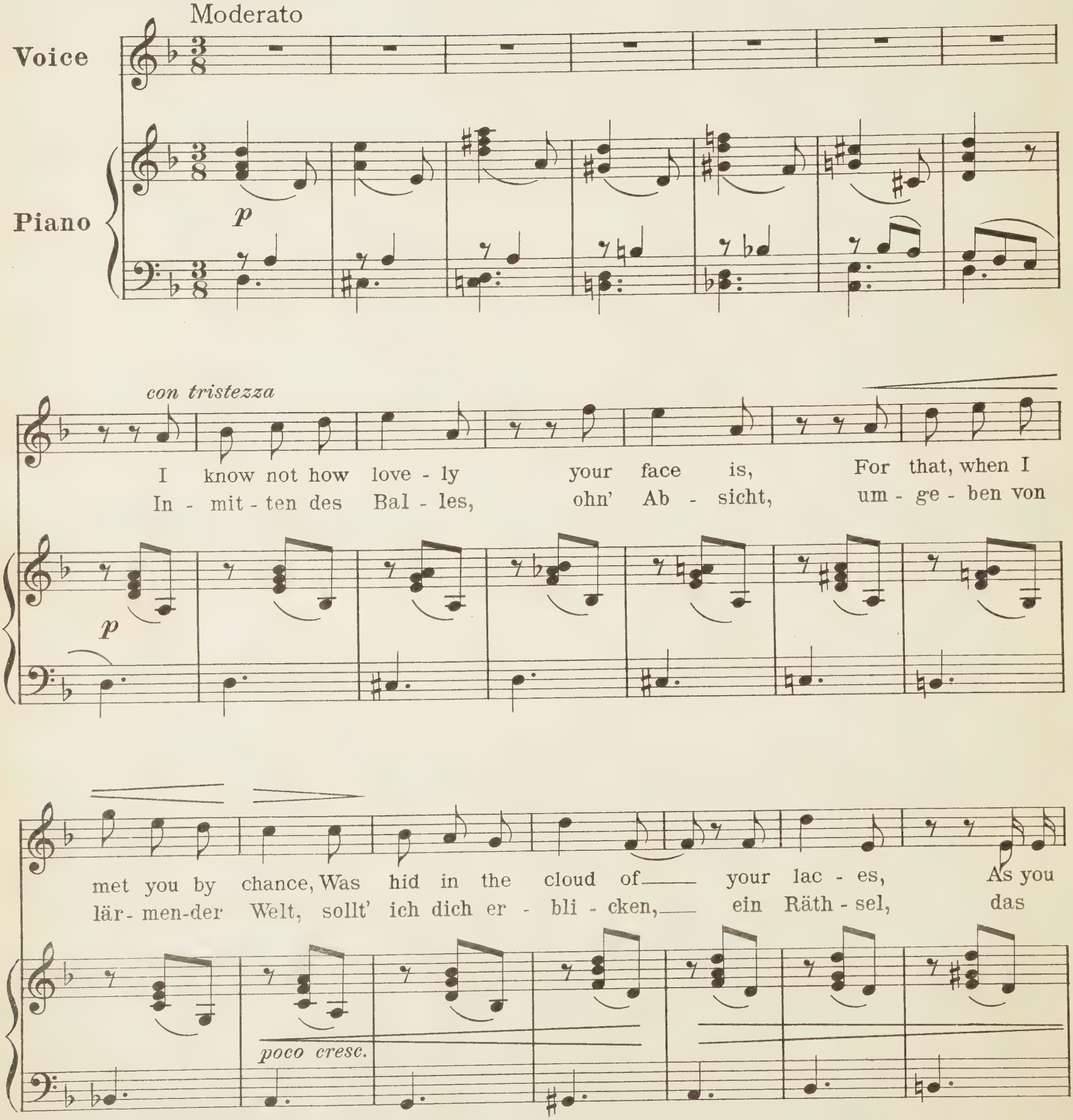
Inmitten des Balles

(A. Tolstoi)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

German words by
Ferdinand Gumbert

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 38, № 3



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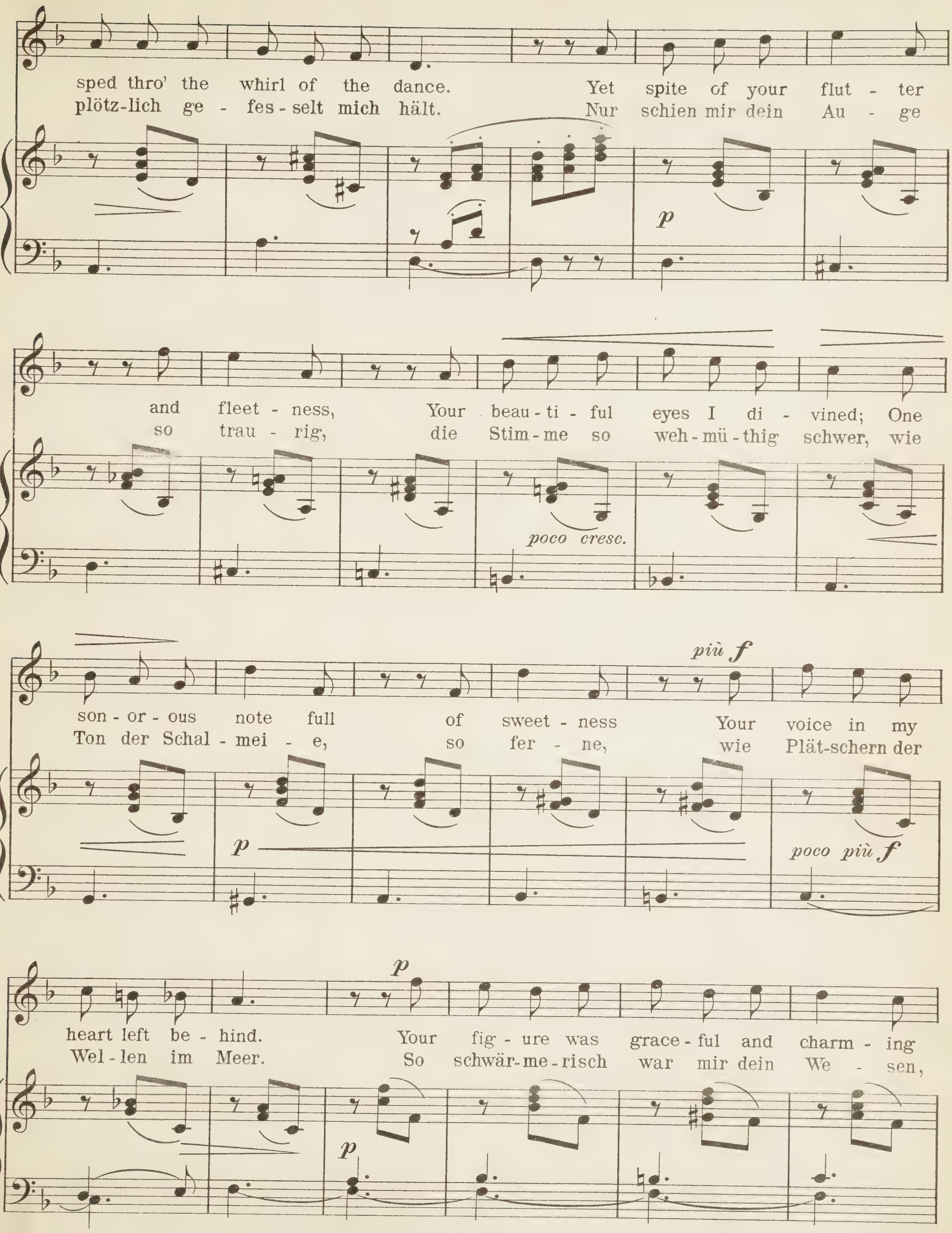
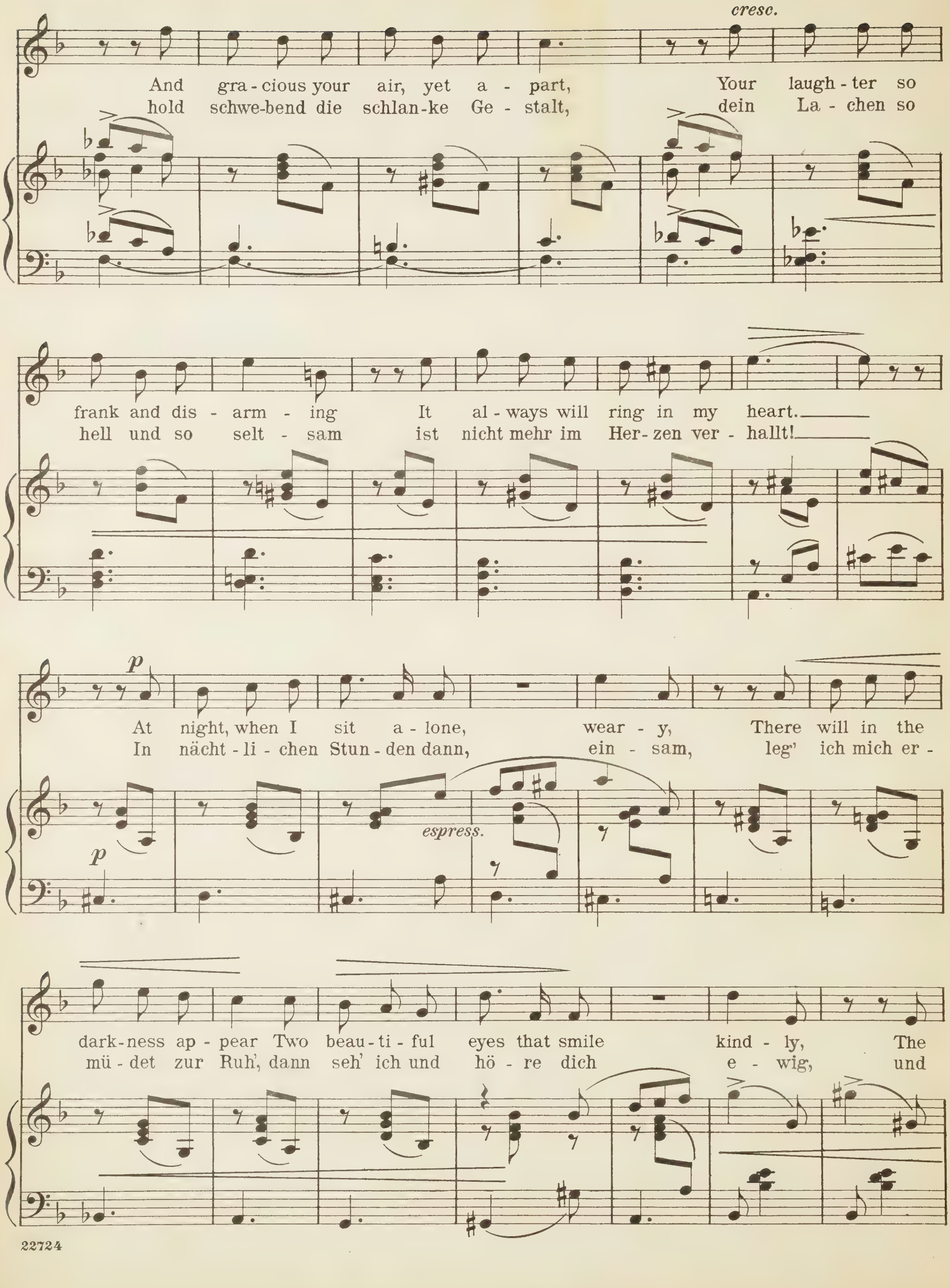
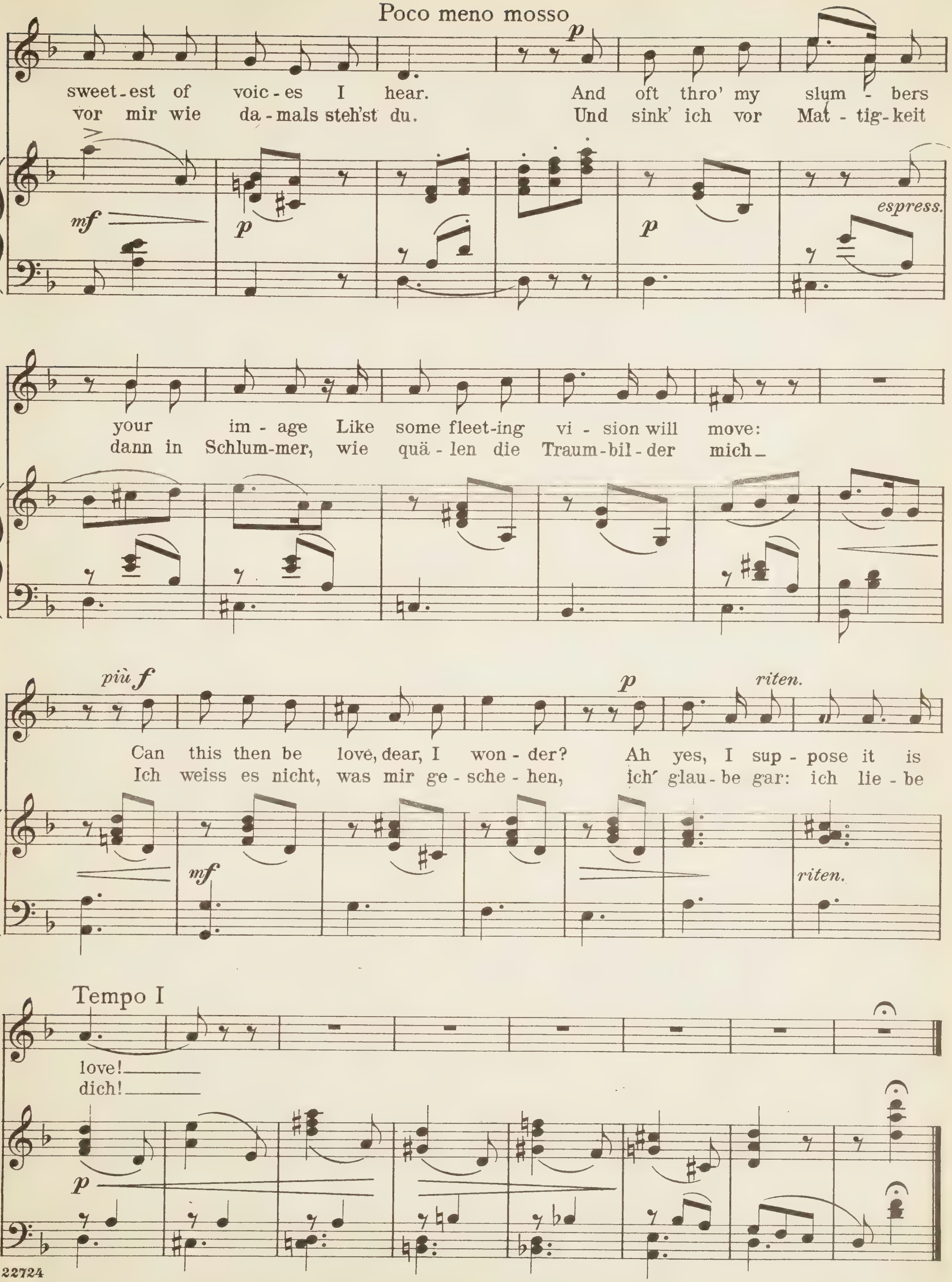

sped thro' the whirl of the dance. Yet spite of your flut - ter
plötz-lich ge - fes - selt mich hält. Nur schien mir dein Au - ge
p
and fleet - ness, Your beau - ti - ful eyes I di - vined; One
so trau - rig, die Stim - me so weh - mü - thig schwer, wie
poco cresc.
son - or - ous note full of sweet - ness Your voice in my
Ton der Schal - mei - e, so fer - ne, wie Plät - schern der
più f
p
poco più f
heart left be - hind. Your fig - ure was grace - ful and charm - ing
Wel - len im Meer. So schwär - me - risch war mir dein We - sen,
p
p


cresc.
And gra - cious your air, yet a - part, Your laugh - ter so
hold schwe - bend die schlan - ke Ge - stalt, dein La - chen so
frank and dis - arm - ing It al - ways will ring in my heart.
hell und so selt - sam ist nicht mehr im Her - zen ver - hallt!
p
At night, when I sit a - lone, wear - y, There will in the
In nächt - li - chen Stun - den dann, ein - sam, leg' ich mich er -
espress.
p
dark - ness ap - pear Two beau - ti - ful eyes that smile kind - ly, The
mü - det zur Ruh', dann seh' ich und hö - re dich e - wig, und


Poco meno mosso
sweet-est of voic-es I hear. And oft thro' my slum-bers
vor mir wie da-mals steh'st du. Und sink' ich vor Mat-tig-keit
espress.
your im-age Like some fleet-ing vi-sion will move:
dann in Schlum-mer, wie quä-len die Traum-bil-der mich
più f
p
riten.
Can this then be love, dear, I won-der? Ah yes, I sup-pose it is
Ich weiss es nicht, was mir ge-sche-hen, ich glau-be gar: ich lie-be
Tempo I
love!
dich!

A Legend

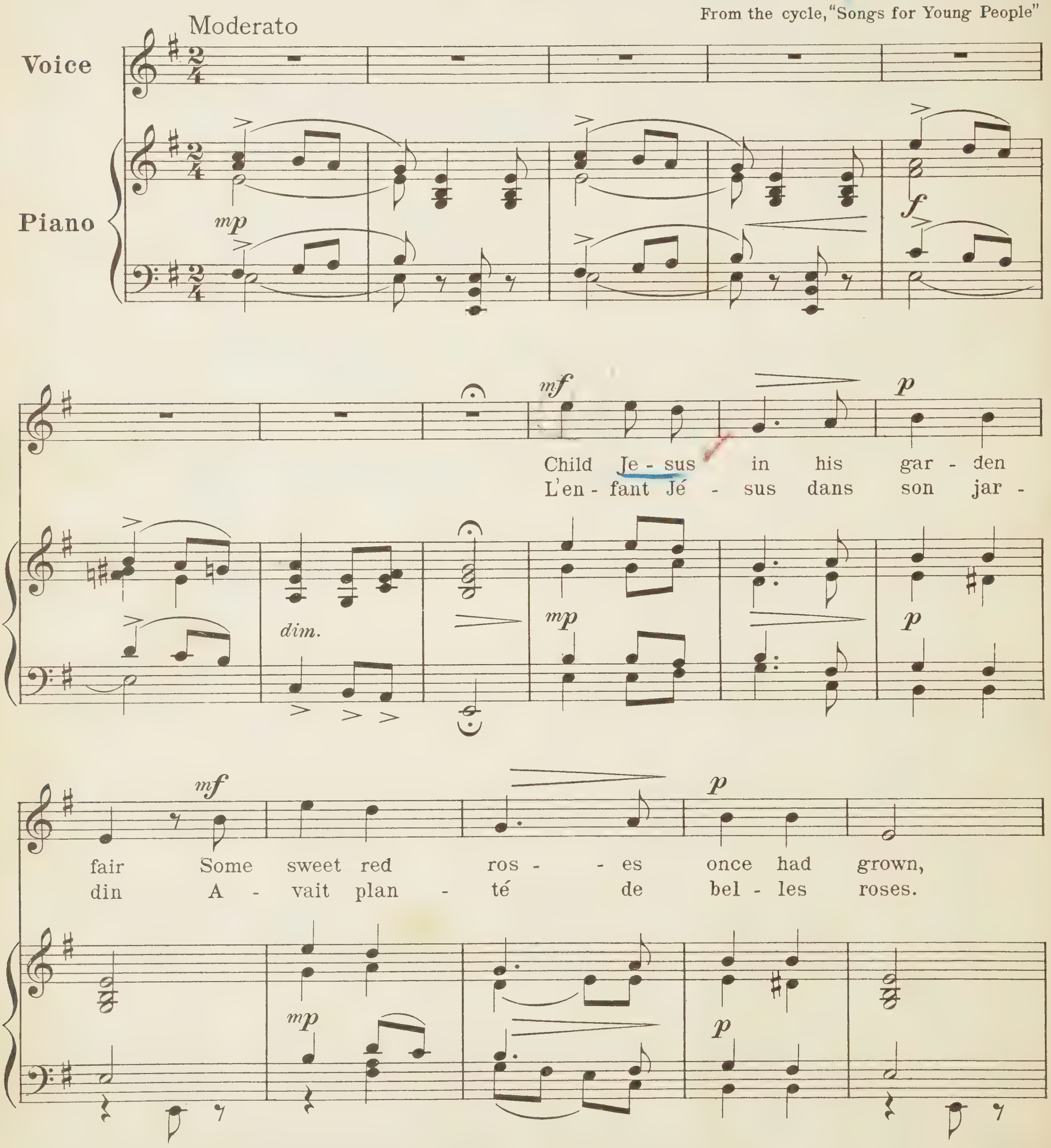
Légende

(Plestchejew)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

French words by
Paul Collin

P. Tschaikowsky, Op. 54, Nº 5
From the cycle, "Songs for Young People"



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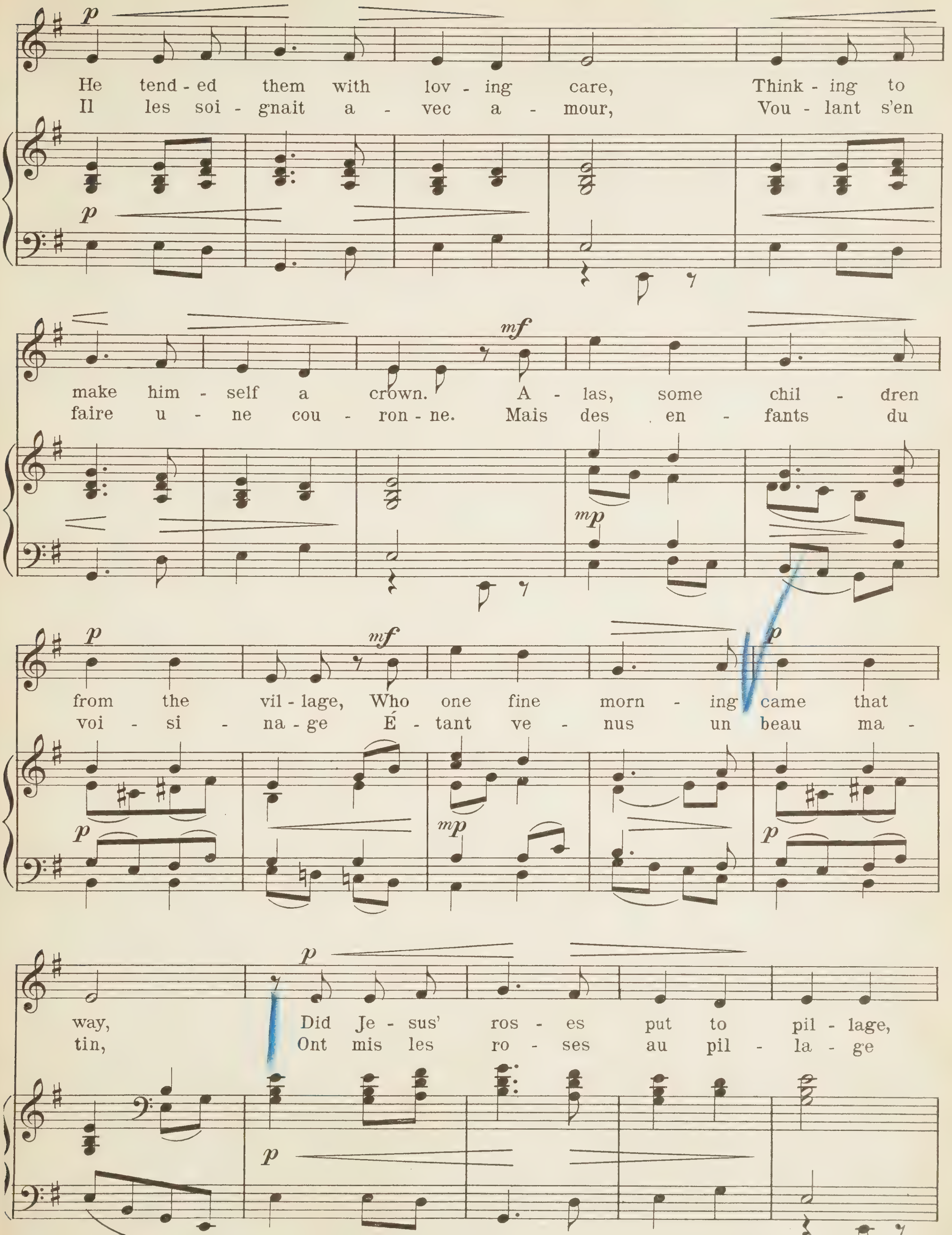
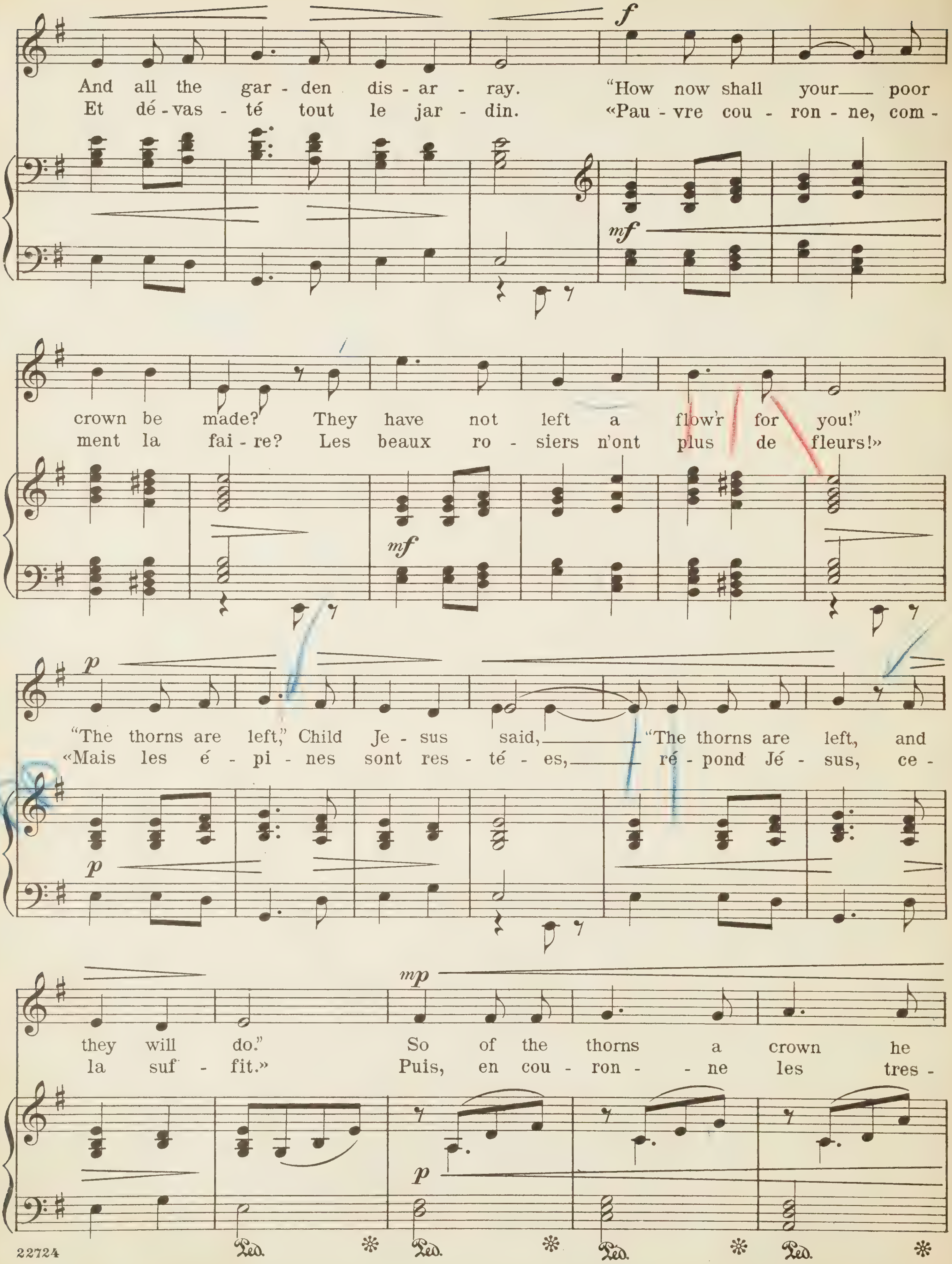
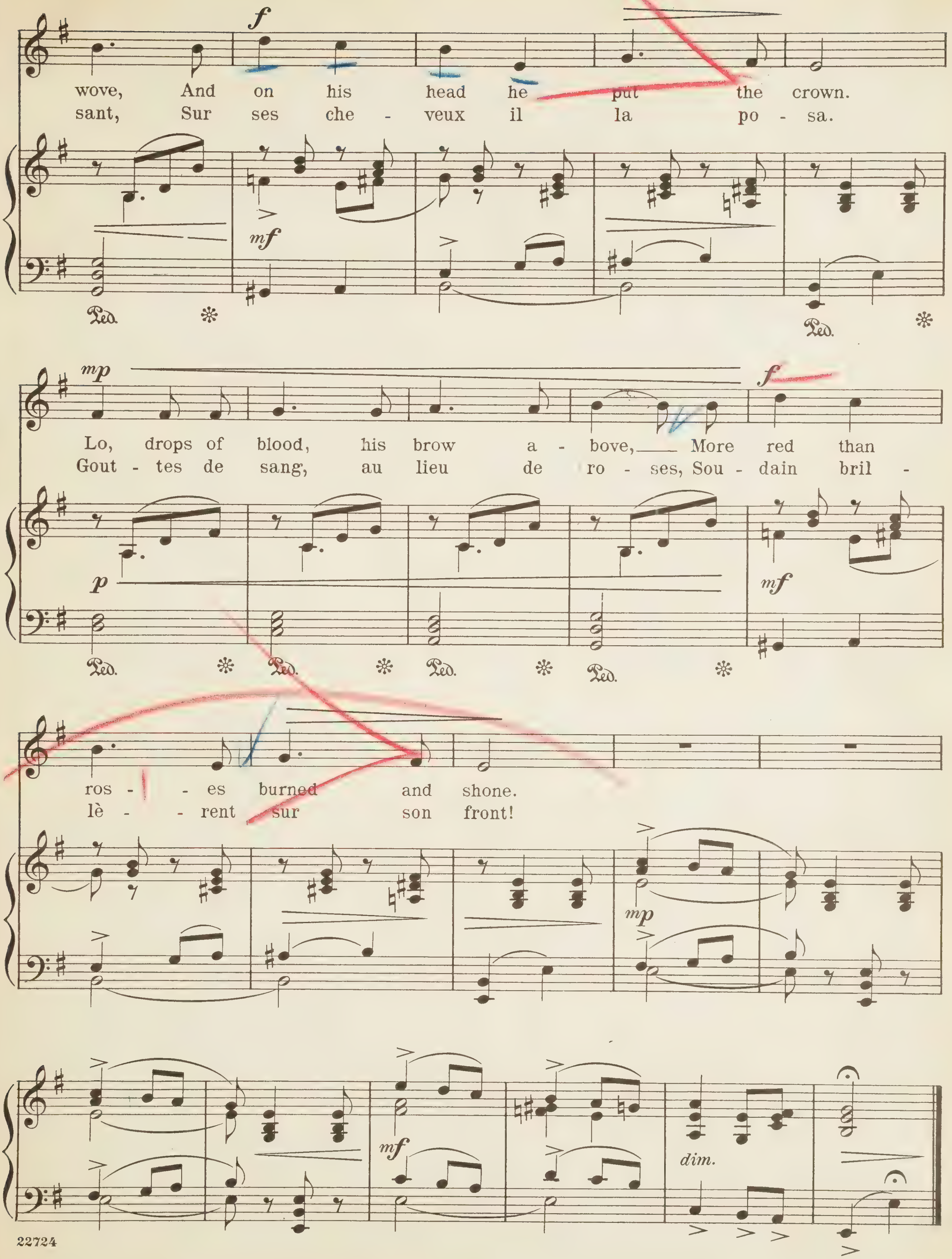

p
He tend - ed them with lov - ing care, Think - ing to
Il les soi - gnait a - vec a - mour, Vou - lant s'en
make him - self a crown. A - las, some chil - dren
faire u - ne cou - ron - ne. Mais des en - fants du
mf
mp
from the vil - lage, Who one fine morn - ing came that
voi - si - na - ge É - tant ve - nus un beau ma -
way, Did Je - sus' ros - es put to pil - lage,
tin, Ont mis les ro - ses au pil - la - ge


f
And all the gar - den dis - ar - ray. "How now shall your poor
Et dé - vas - té tout le jar - din. «Pau - vre cou - ron - ne, com -
mf
crown be made? They have not left a flow'r for you!"
ment la fai - re? Les beaux ro - siers n'ont plus de fleurs!»
mf
p
"The thorns are left," Child Je - sus said, "The thorns are left, and
«Mais les é - pi - nes sont res - té - es, ré - pond Jé - sus, ce -
p
mp
they will do." So of the thorns a crown he
la suf - fit.» Puis, en cou - ron - ne les tres -
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


f
wove, And on his head he put the crown.
sant, Sur ses che - veux il la po - sa.
mf
Ped. Ped.
mp
f
Lo, drops of blood, his brow a - bove, More red than
Gout - tes de sang, au lieu de ro - ses, Sou - dain bril -
p
mf
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
ros - - es burned and shone.
lè - - rent sur son front!
mp
mf
dim.

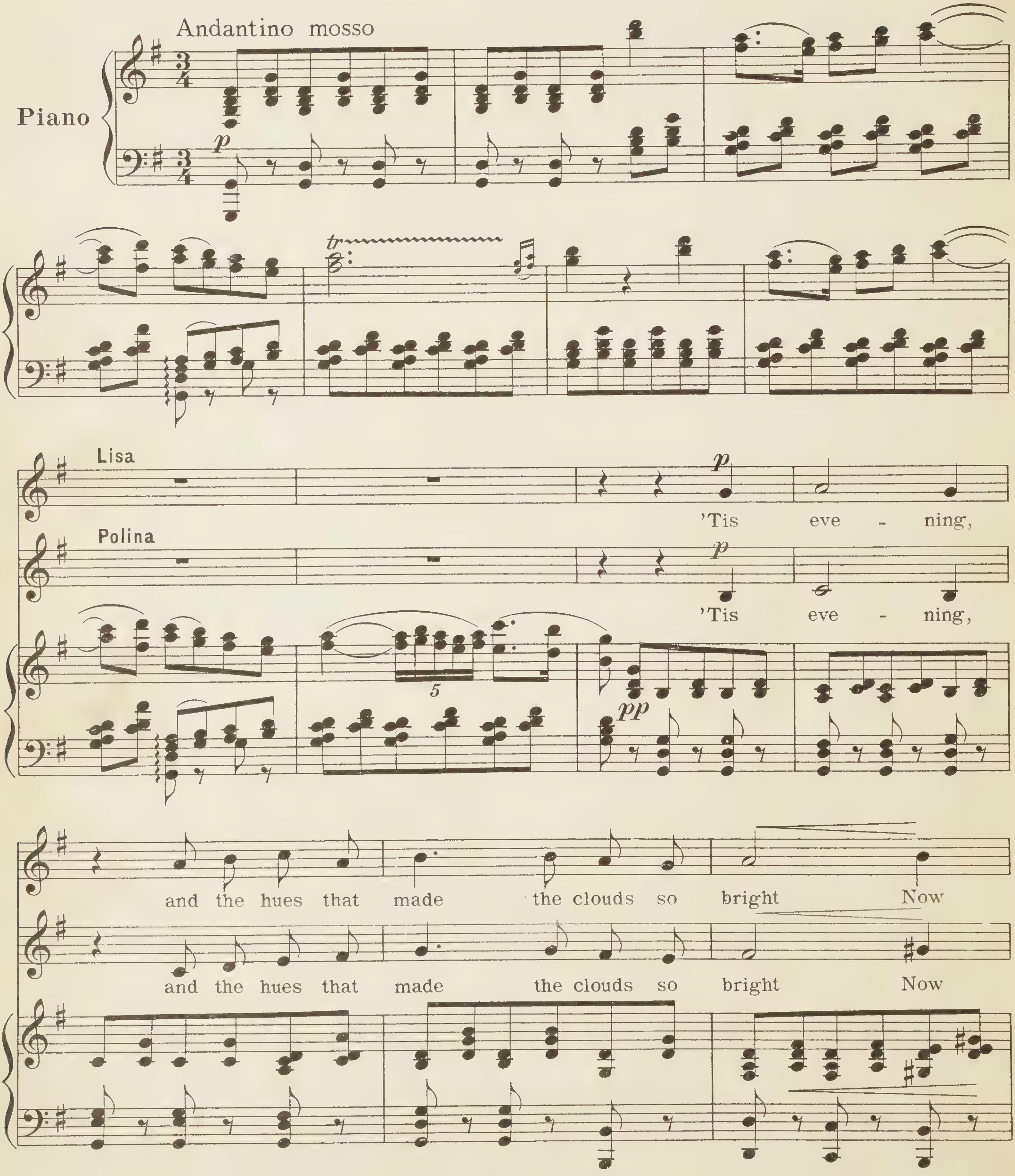
Duet

From the opera "Pique-Dame"

(1890)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

P. Tschaikowsky



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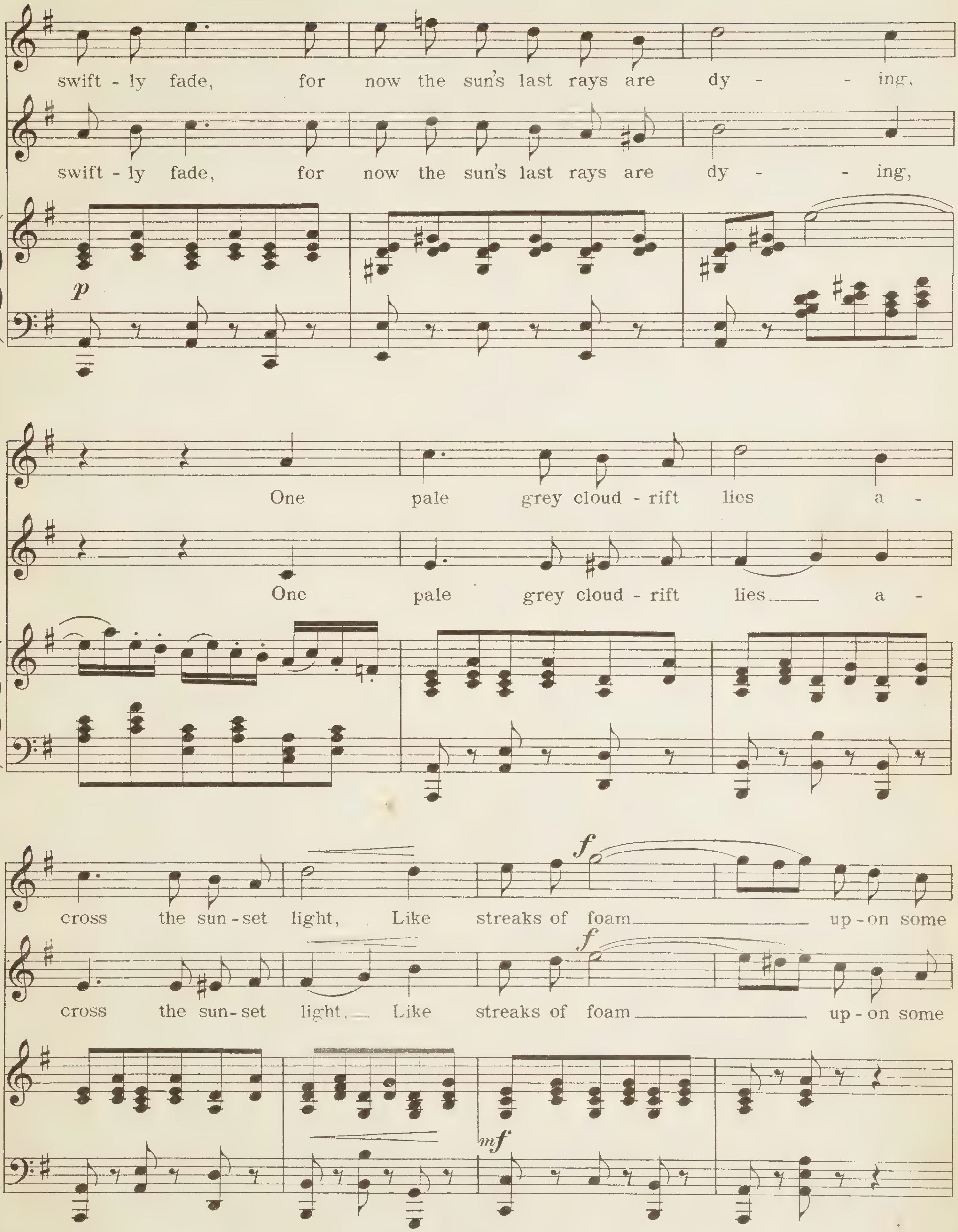
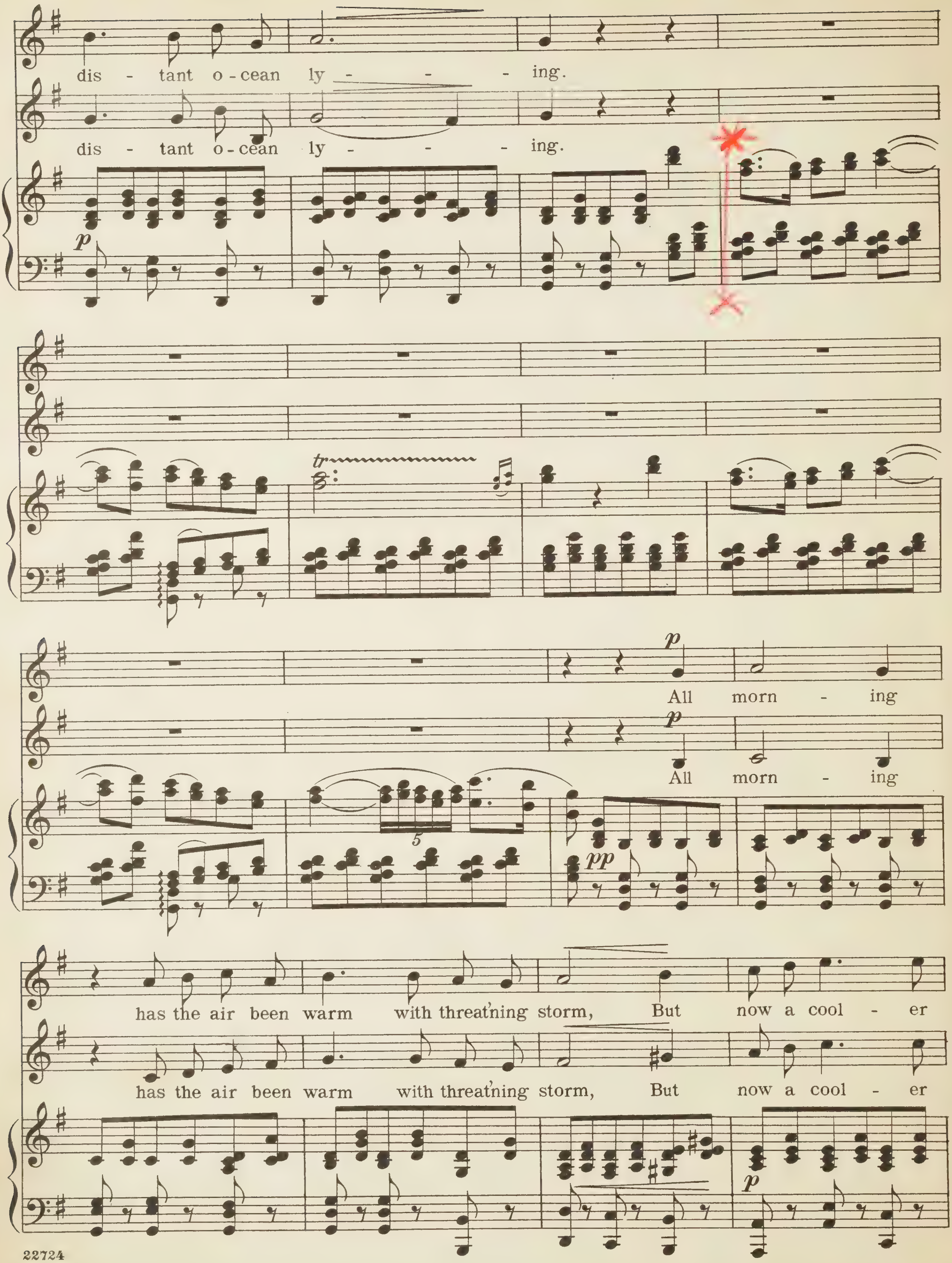
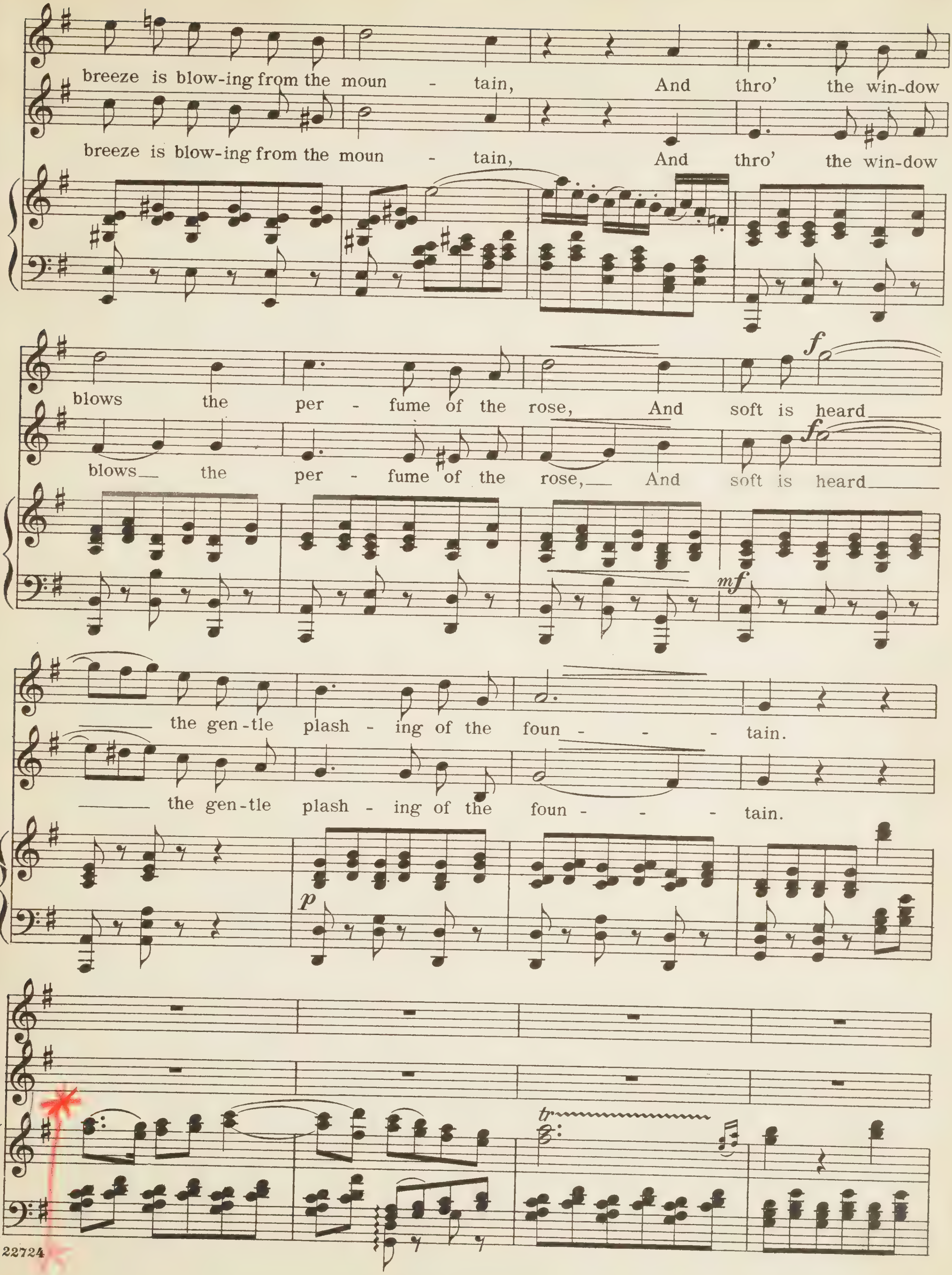
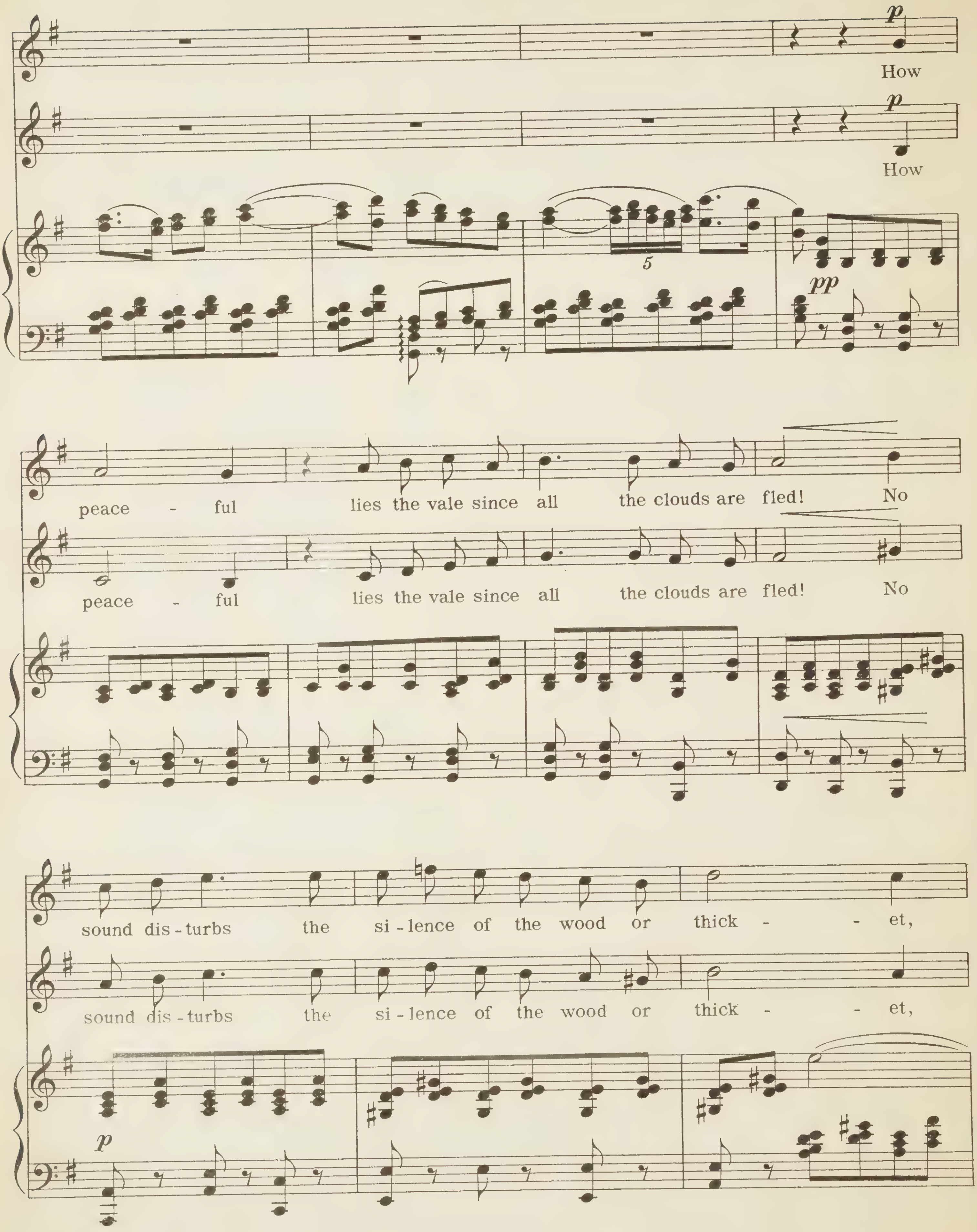
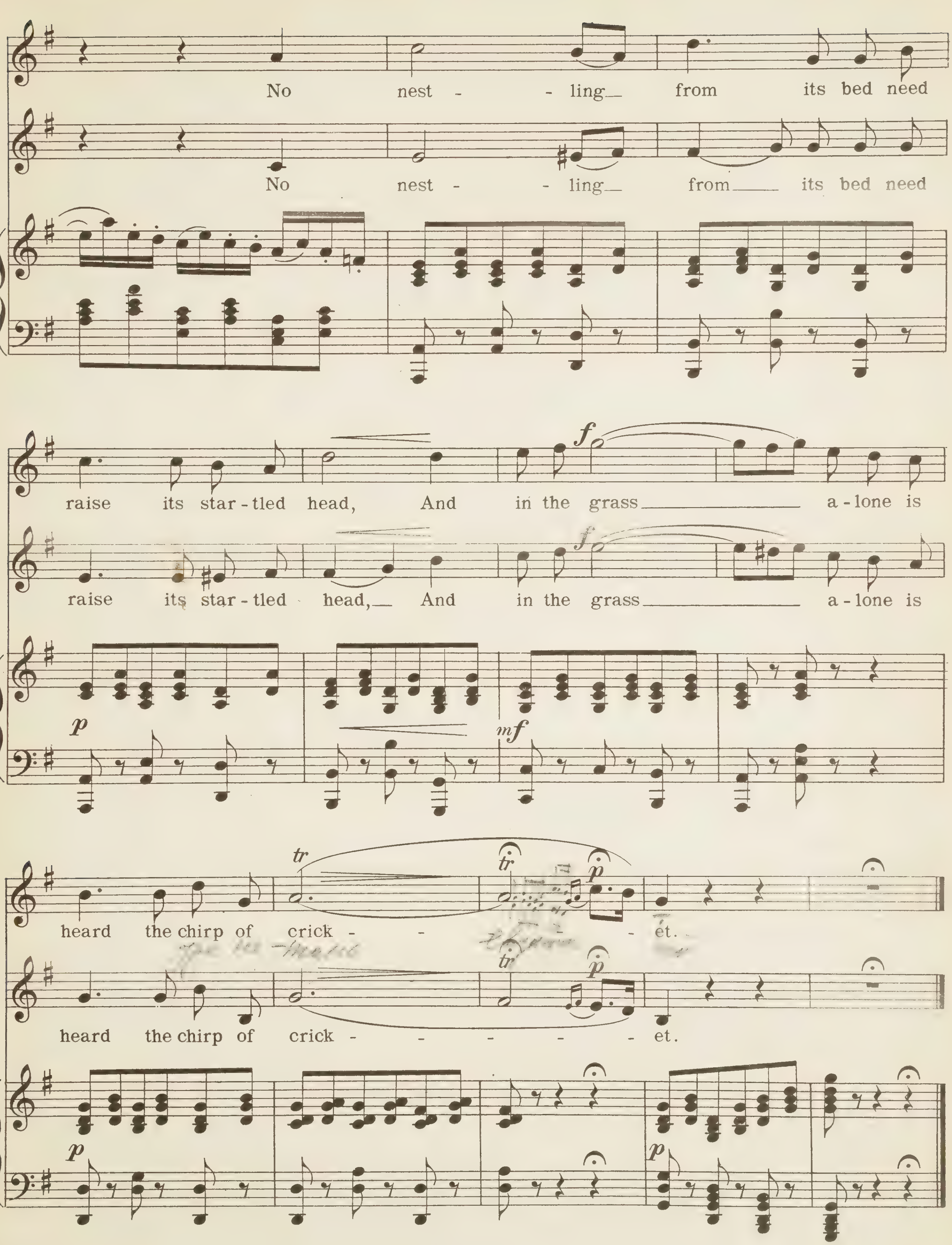

swift - ly fade, for now the sun's last rays are dy - - ing,
swift - ly fade, for now the sun's last rays are dy - - ing,
p
One pale grey cloud - rift lies a -
One pale grey cloud - rift lies a -
cross the sun - set light, Like streaks of foam up - on some
f
cross the sun - set light, Like streaks of foam up - on some
f
mf


dis - tant o-cean ly - - - ing.
dis - tant o-cean ly - - - ing.
All morn - ing
All morn - ing
has the air been warm with threat'ning storm, But now a cool - er
has the air been warm with threat'ning storm, But now a cool - er



breeze is blow-ing from the moun - tain, And thro' the win-dow
breeze is blow-ing from the moun - tain, And thro' the win-dow
blows the per - fume of the rose, And soft is heard
blows the per - fume of the rose, And soft is heard
the gen-tle plash - ing of the foun - - - tain.
the gen-tle plash - ing of the foun - - - tain.
f
mf
p
tr


p
How
p
How
5
pp
peace - ful lies the vale since all the clouds are fled! No
peace - ful lies the vale since all the clouds are fled! No
sound dis - turbs the si - lence of the wood or thick - - et,
sound dis - turbs the si - lence of the wood or thick - - et,
p

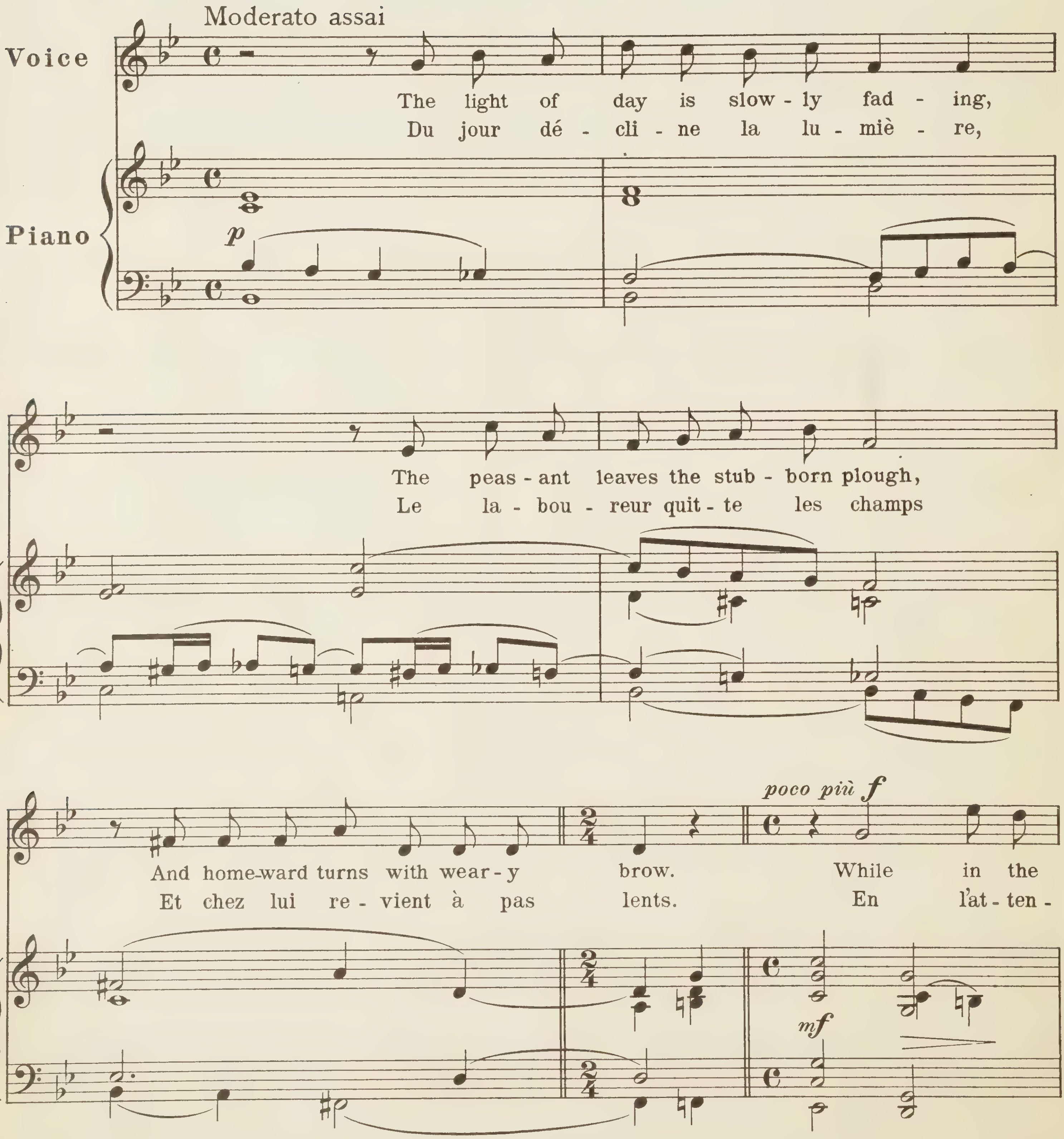

No nest - - ling from its bed need
No nest - - ling from its bed need
raise its star-tled head, And in the grass a-lone is
raise its star-tled head, And in the grass a-lone is
heard the chirp of crick - - - - - et.
heard the chirp of crick - - - - - et.

Evening

Le Soir

English version by
Kurt Schindler
French words by
Paul Collin

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 27, Nº 4



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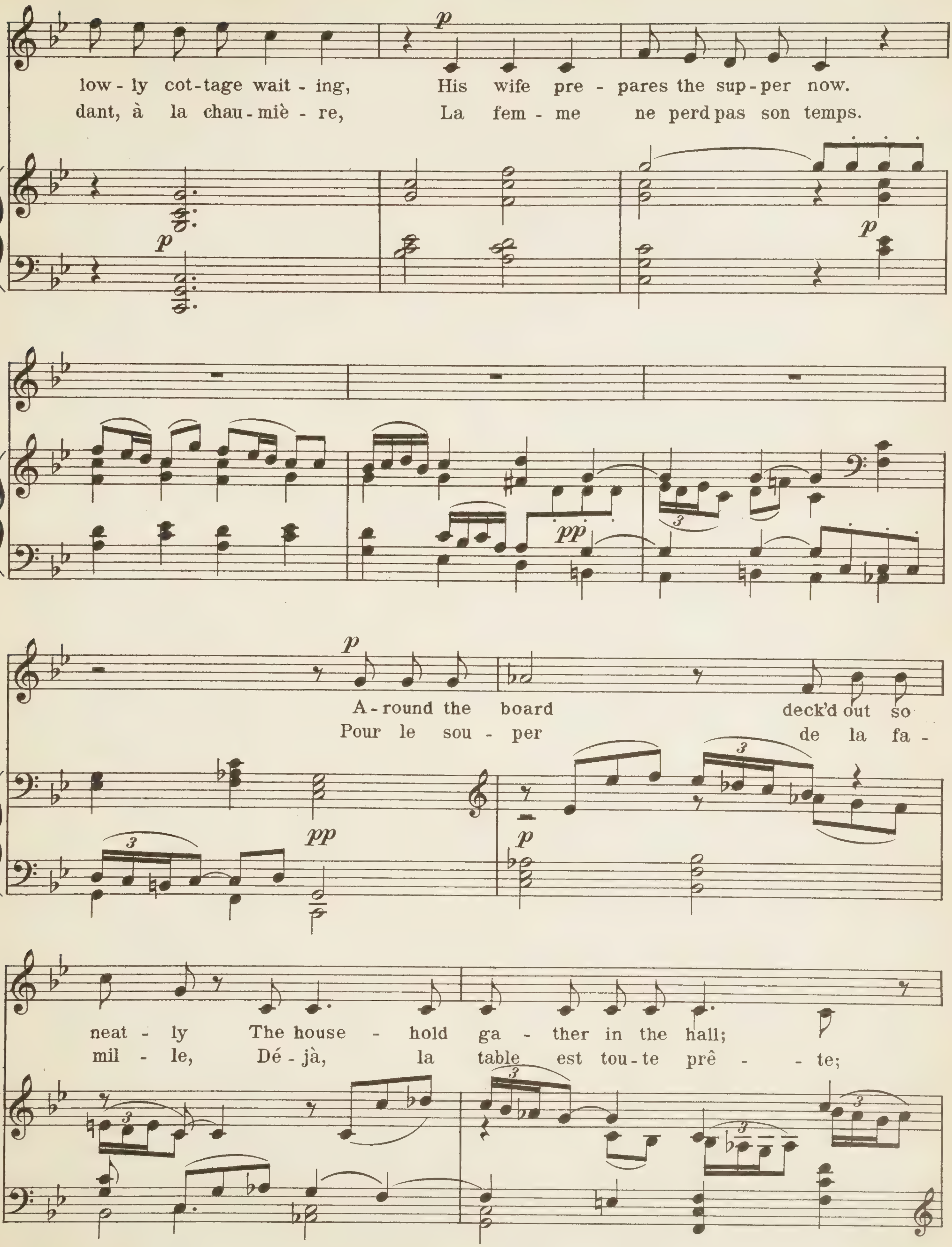
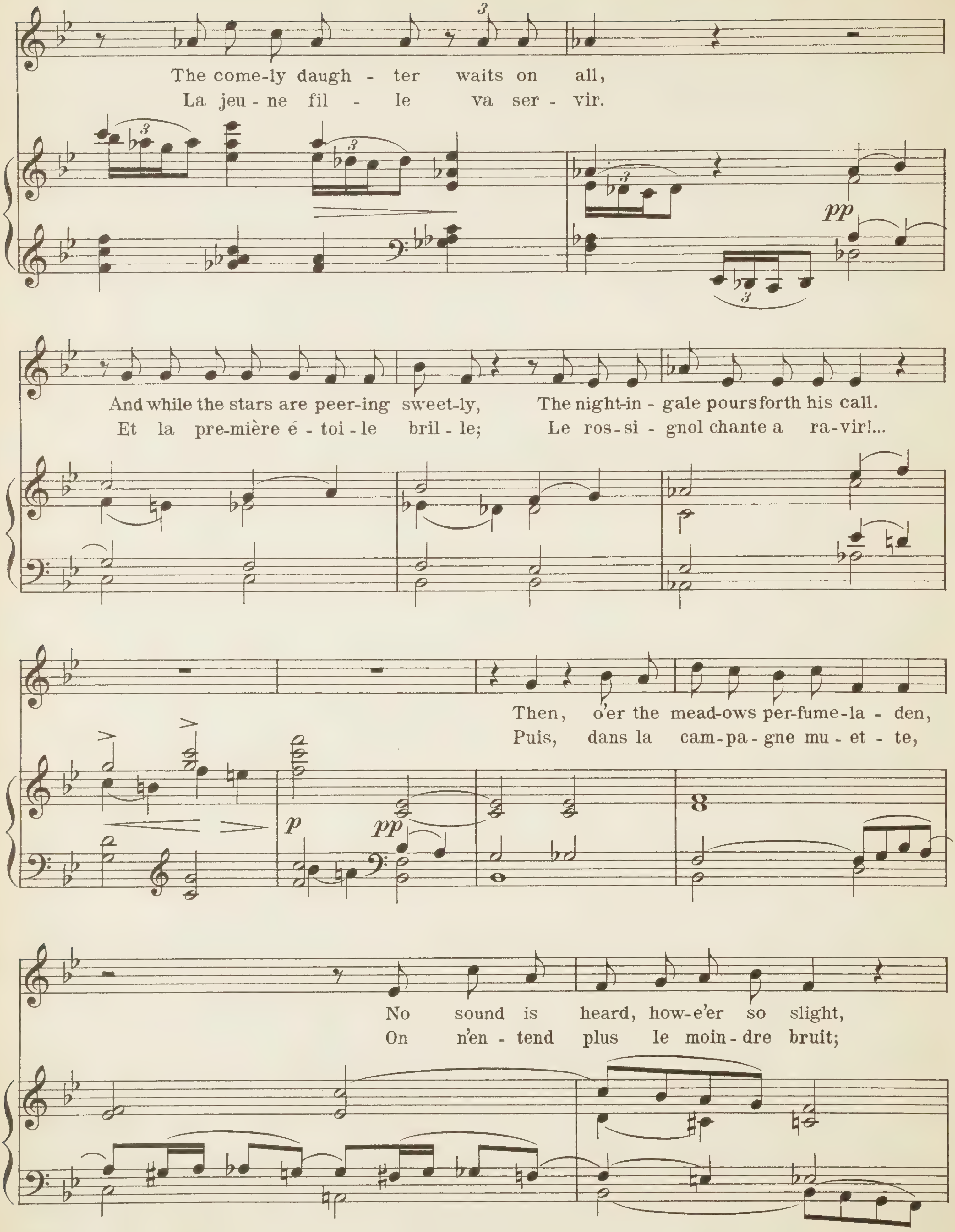
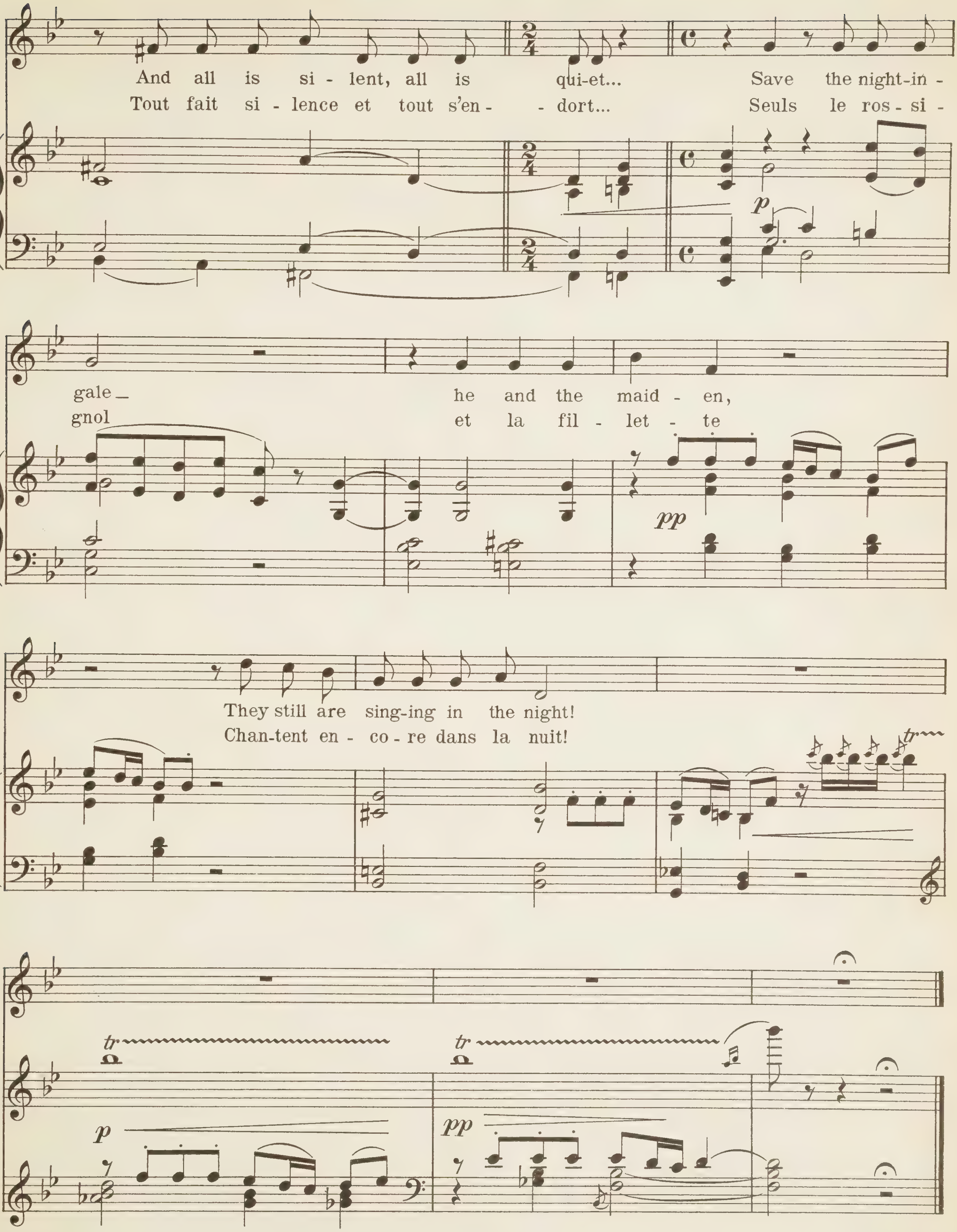

low - ly cot - tage wait - ing, His wife pre - pares the sup - per now.
dant, à la chau - miè - re, La fem - me ne perd pas son temps.
A - round the board deck'd out so
Pour le sou - per de la fa -
neat - ly The house - hold ga - ther in the hall;
mil - le, Dé - jà, la table est tou - te prê - te;


The come-ly daugh - ter waits on all,
La jeu - ne fil - le va ser - vir.
And while the stars are peer-ing sweet-ly, The night-in - gale pours forth his call.
Et la pre-mière é - toi - le bril - le; Le ros - si - gnol chante a ra-vir!...
Then, o'er the mead-ows per-fume-la - den,
Puis, dans la cam-pa - gne mu - et - te,
No sound is heard, how-e'er so slight,
On n'en - tend plus le moin - dre bruit;


And all is si - lent, all is qui-et... Save the night-in - gale _ he and the maid - en,
Tout fait si - lence et tout s'en - - dort... Seuls le ros - si - gnol et la fil - let - te
They still are sing-ing in the night!
Chan-tent en - co - re dans la nuit!
p
pp
tr

The Canary

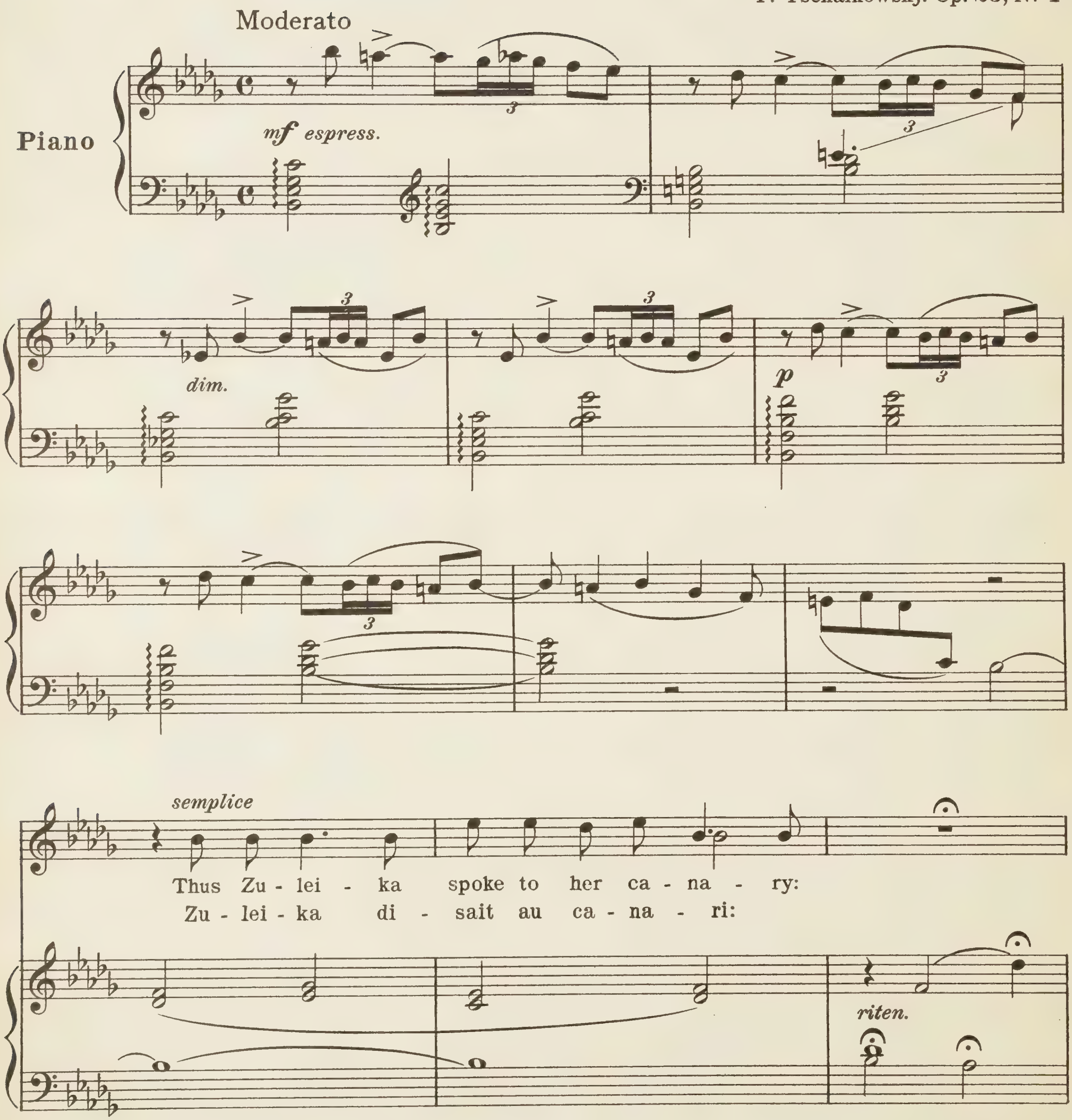
Le Canari

(Mey)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

French words by
Paul Collin

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 25, Nº 4



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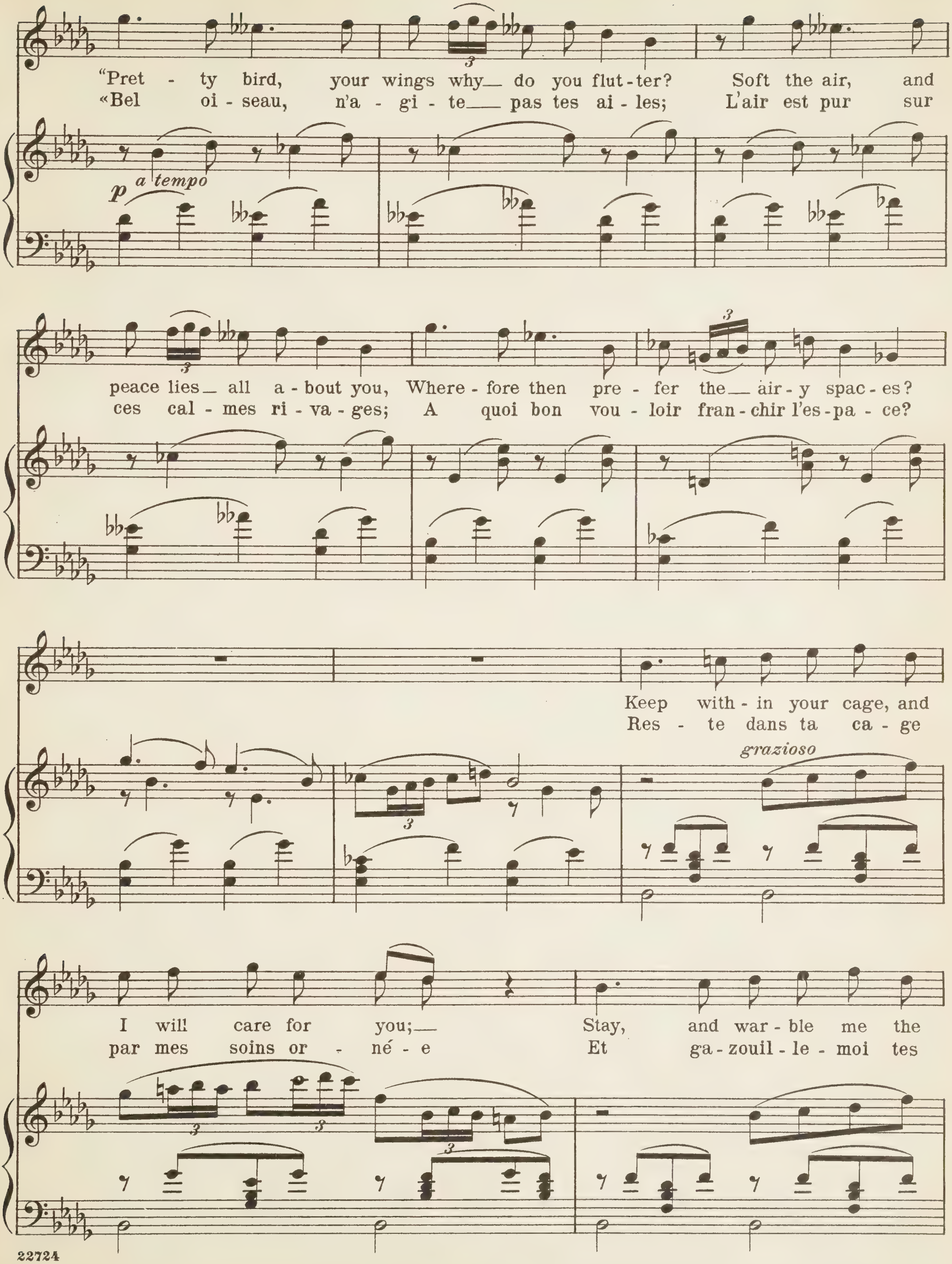
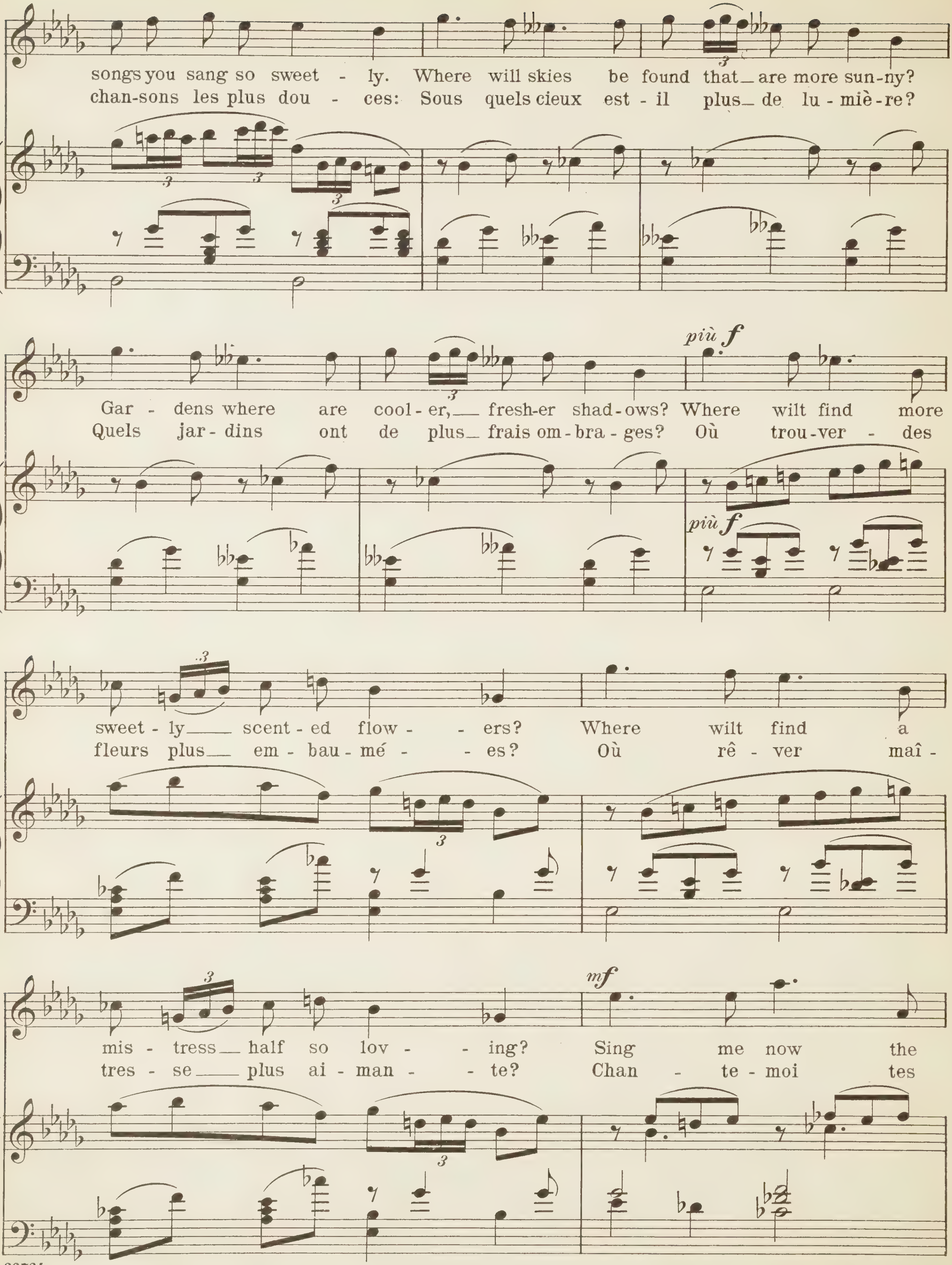
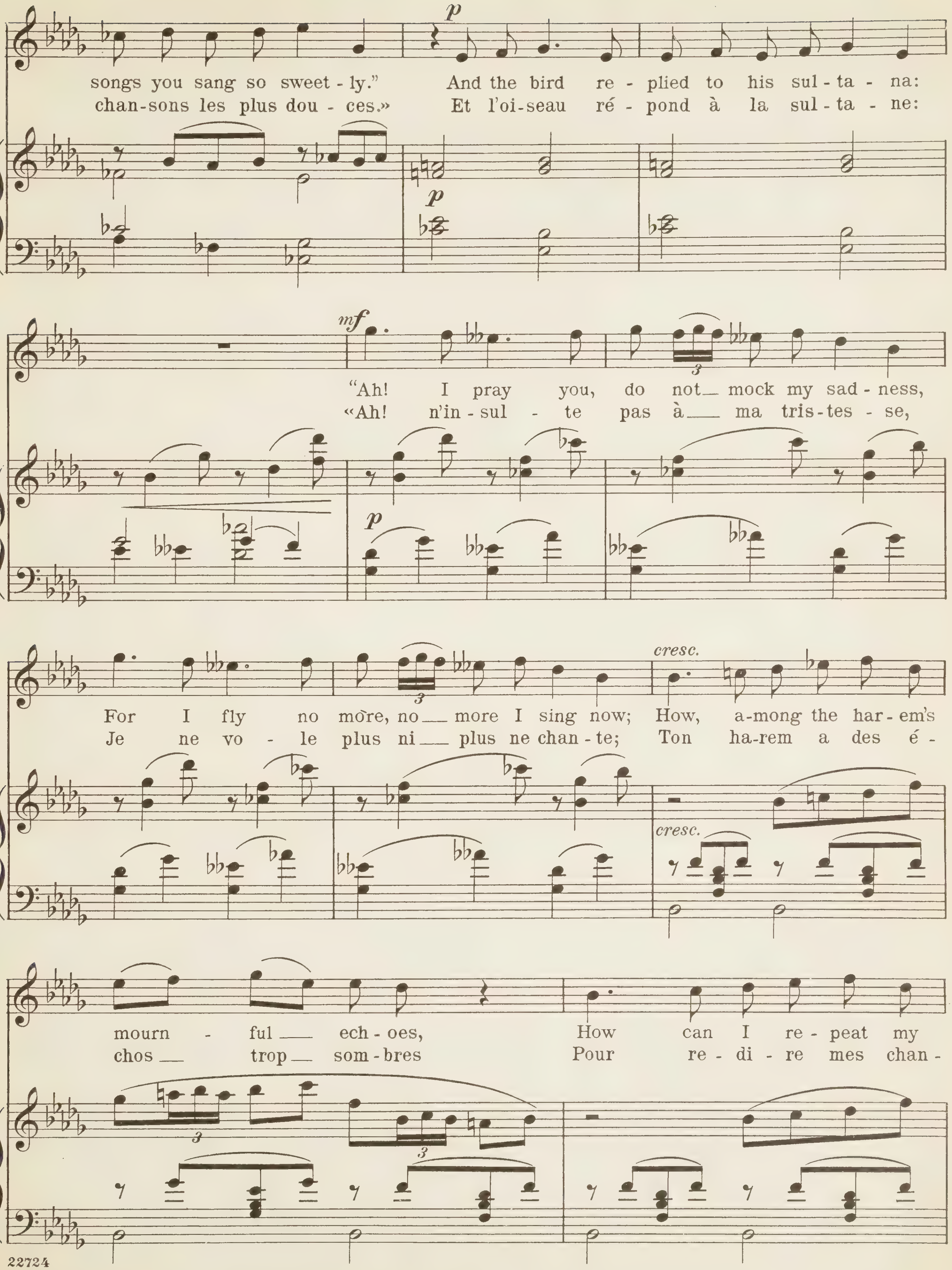
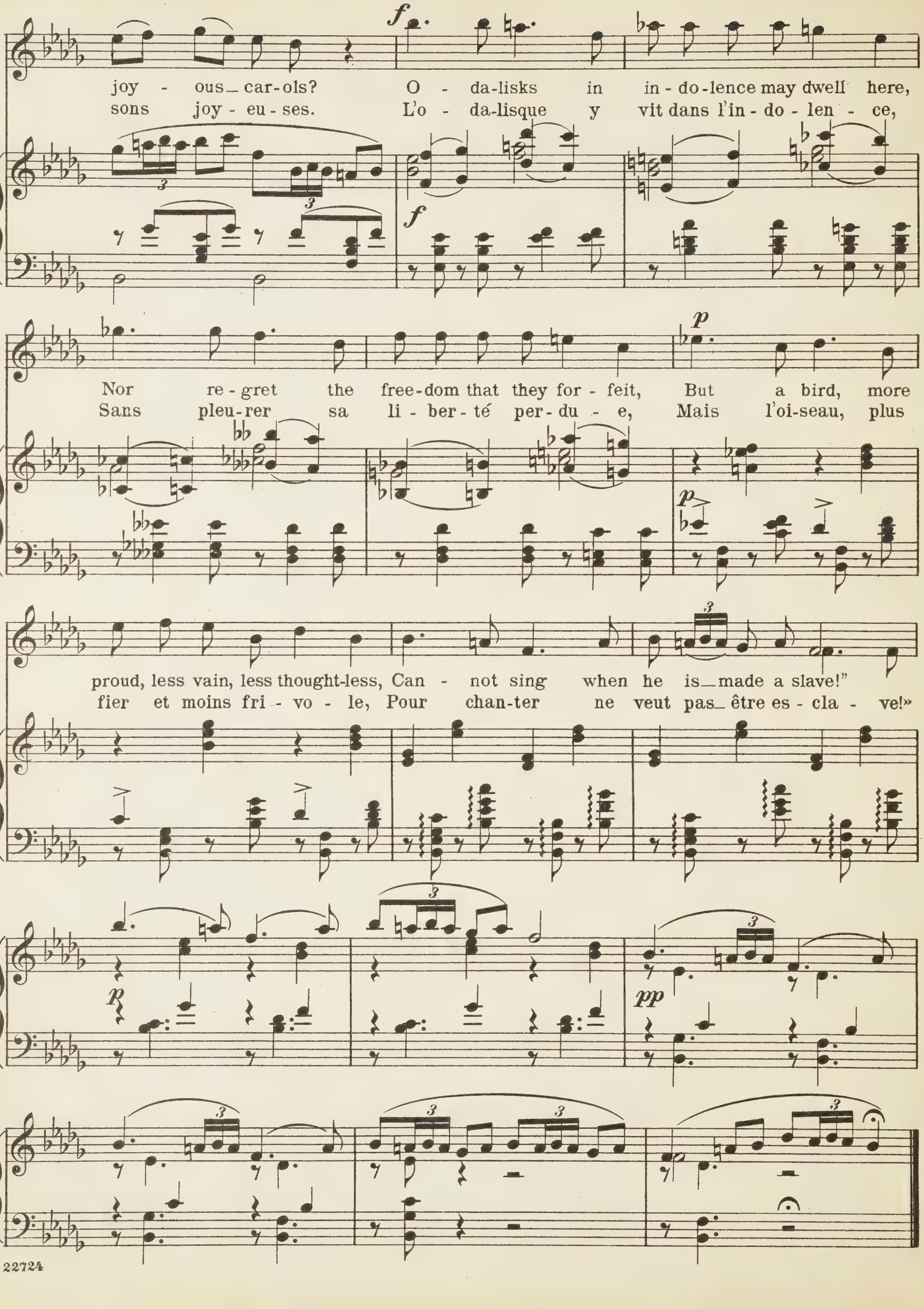

"Pret - ty bird, your wings why__ do you flut-ter? Soft the air, and
«Bel oi - seau, n'a - gi - te__ pas tes ai - les; L'air est pur sur
p a tempo
peace lies__ all a - bout you, Where - fore then pre - fer the__ air - y spac - es?
ces cal - mes ri - va - ges; A quoi bon vou - loir fran - chir l'es - pa - ce?
Keep with - in your cage, and
Res - te dans ta ca - ge
grazioso
I will care for you;__ Stay, and war - ble me the
par mes soins or - né - e Et ga - zouil - le - moi tes


songs you sang so sweet - ly. Where will skies be found that_are more sun-ny?
chan-sons les plus dou - ces: Sous quels cieux est - il plus_de lu - miè - re?
Gar - dens where are cool - er,_ fresh-er shad - ows? Where wilt find more
Quels jar - dins ont de plus_ frais om - bra - ges? Où trou - ver - des
più f
sweet - ly_ scent - ed flow - - ers? Where wilt find a
fleurs plus_ em - bau - mé - - es? Où rê - ver maî -
mis - tress_ half so lov - - ing? Sing me now the
tres - se_ plus ai - man - - te? Chan - te - moi tes
mf


p
songs you sang so sweet - ly.” And the bird re - plied to his sul - ta - na:
chan-sons les plus dou - ces.» Et l’oi-seau ré - pond à la sul - ta - ne:
p
mf
“Ah! I pray you, do not mock my sad - ness,
«Ah! n’in - sul - te pas à ma tris - tes - se,
p
cresc.
For I fly no more, no more I sing now; How, a-mong the har - em’s
Je ne vo - le plus ni plus ne chan - te; Ton ha-rem a des é -
cresc.
mourn - ful ech - oes, How can I re - peat my
chos trop som - bres Pour re - di - re mes chan -
3


joy - ous_car-ols? O - da-lisks in in-do-lence may dwell here,
sons joy-eu-ses. L'o - da-lisque y vit dans l'in-do-len - ce,
Nor re-gret the free-dom that they for-feit, But a bird, more
Sans pleu-rer sa li-ber-té per-du - e, Mais l'oi-seau, plus
proud, less vain, less thought-less, Can - not sing when he is_made a slave!"
fier et moins fri - vo - le, Pour chan-ter ne veut pas_être es-cla - ve!»

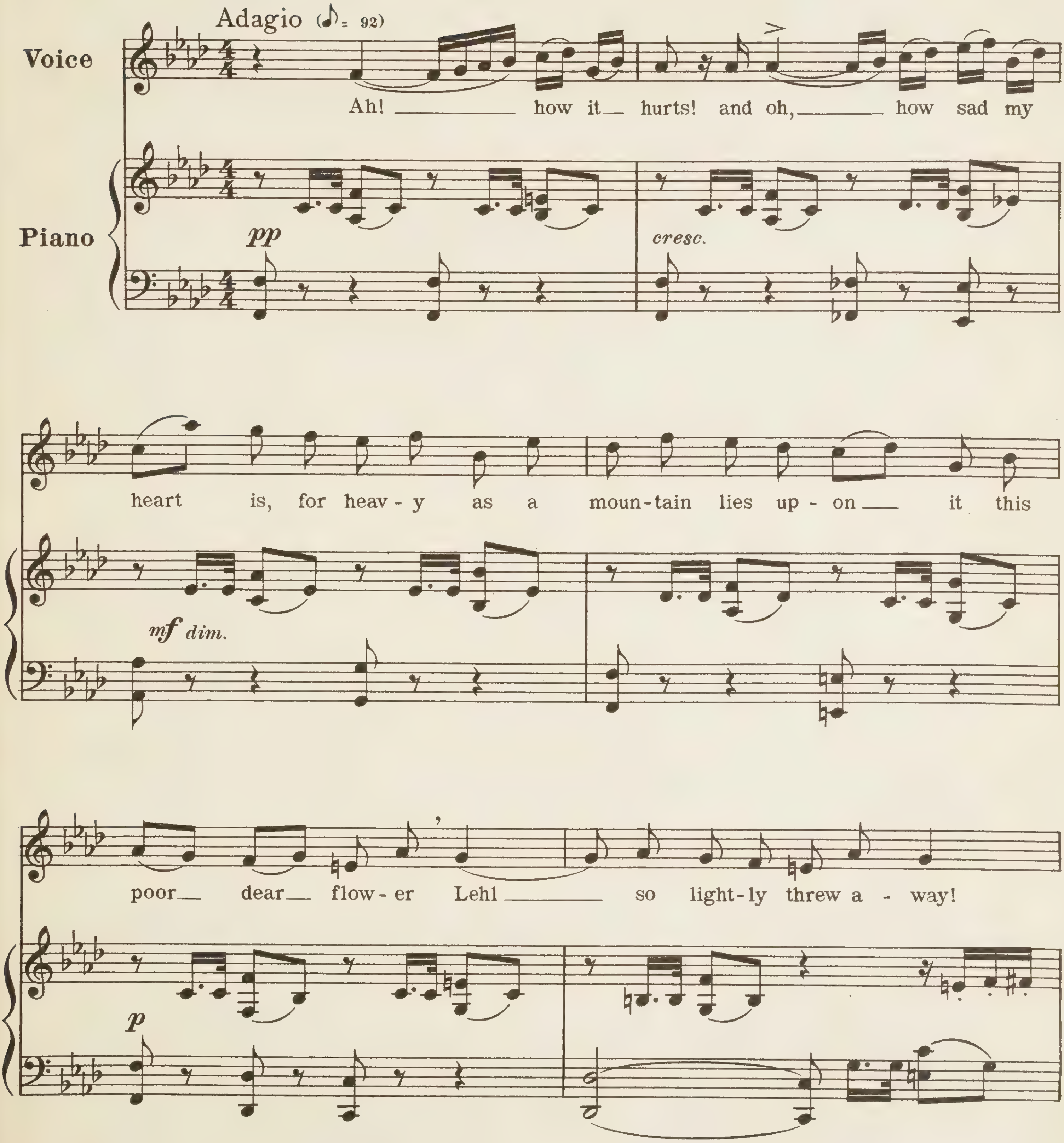
Little Snowflake's Arietta

From the fairy opera "Snegourotchka"

(A. Ostrovsky)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow



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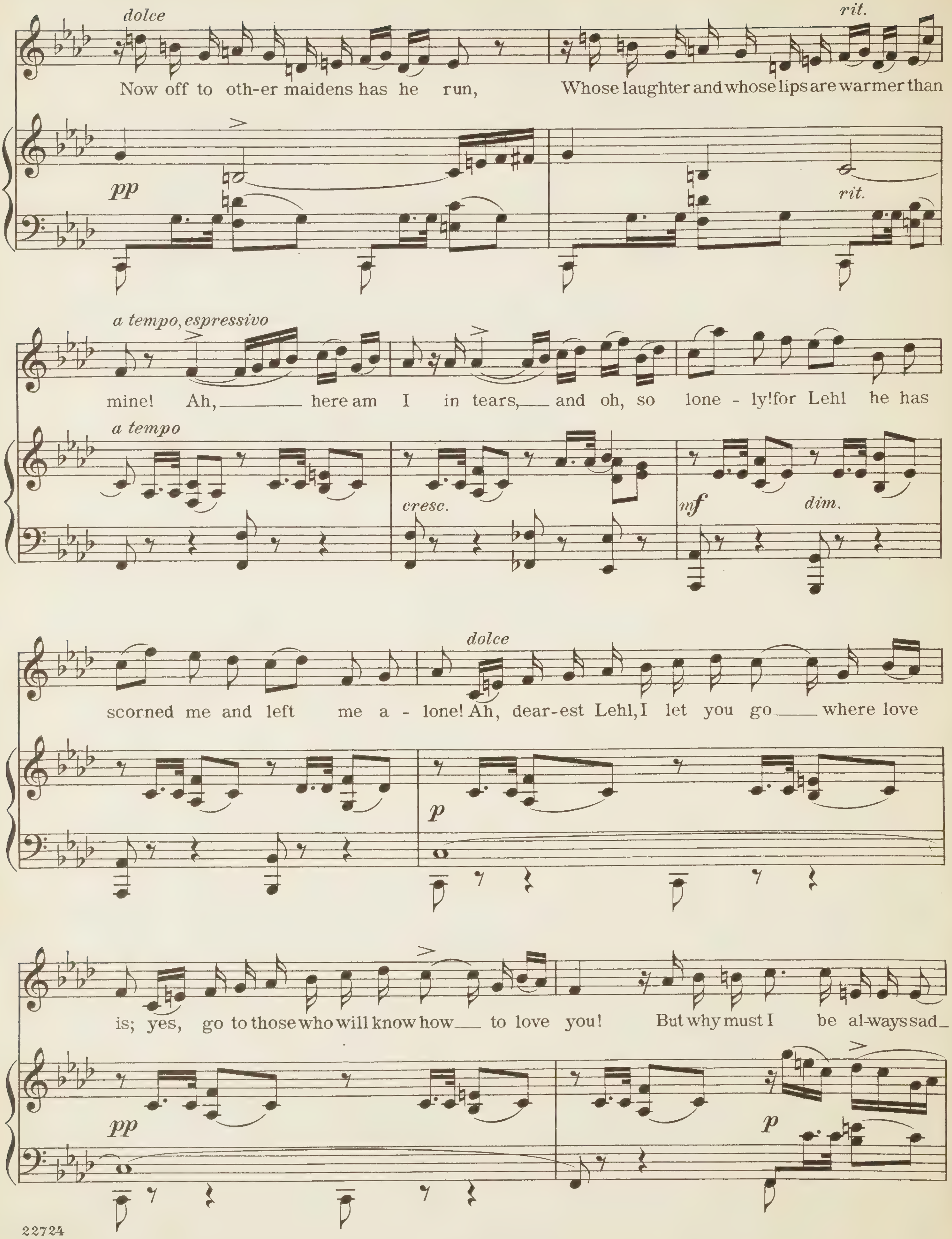
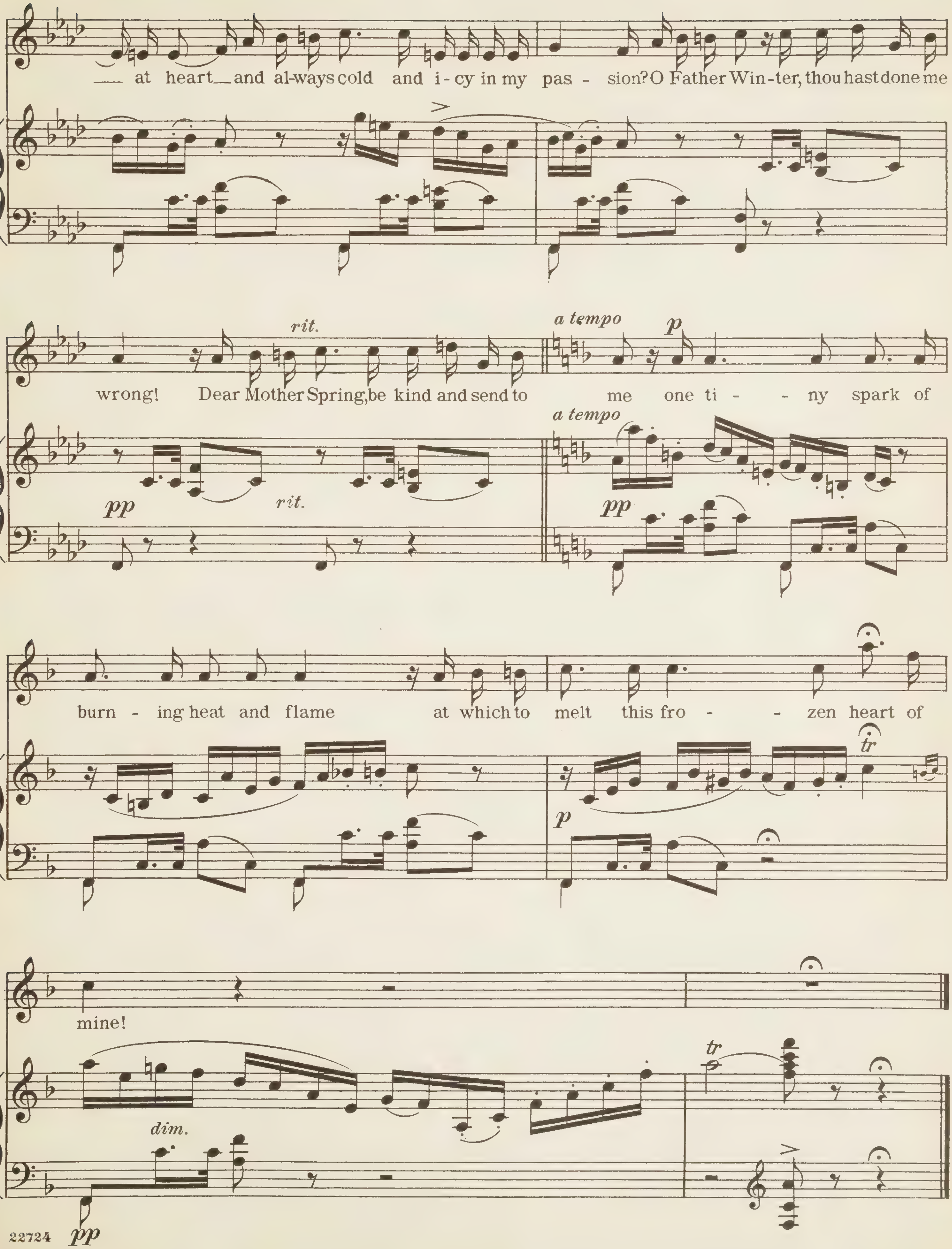

dolce
rit.
Now off to oth-er maidens has he run, Whose laughter and whose lips are warmer than
pp
rit.
a tempo, espressivo
mine! Ah, here am I in tears, and oh, so lone - ly! for Lehl he has
a tempo
cresc.
mf
dim.
dolce
scorned me and left me a - lone! Ah, dear-est Lehl, I let you go where love
p
is; yes, go to those who will know how to love you! But why must I be al-ways sad
pp
p


— at heart — and al-ways cold and i-cy in my pas - sion? O Father Win-ter, thou hast done me
wrong! Dear Mother Spring, be kind and send to me one ti - - ny spark of
burn - ing heat and flame at which to melt this fro - - zen heart of
mine!
rit.
a tempo
p
pp
dim.
tr

Hebrew Love-Song

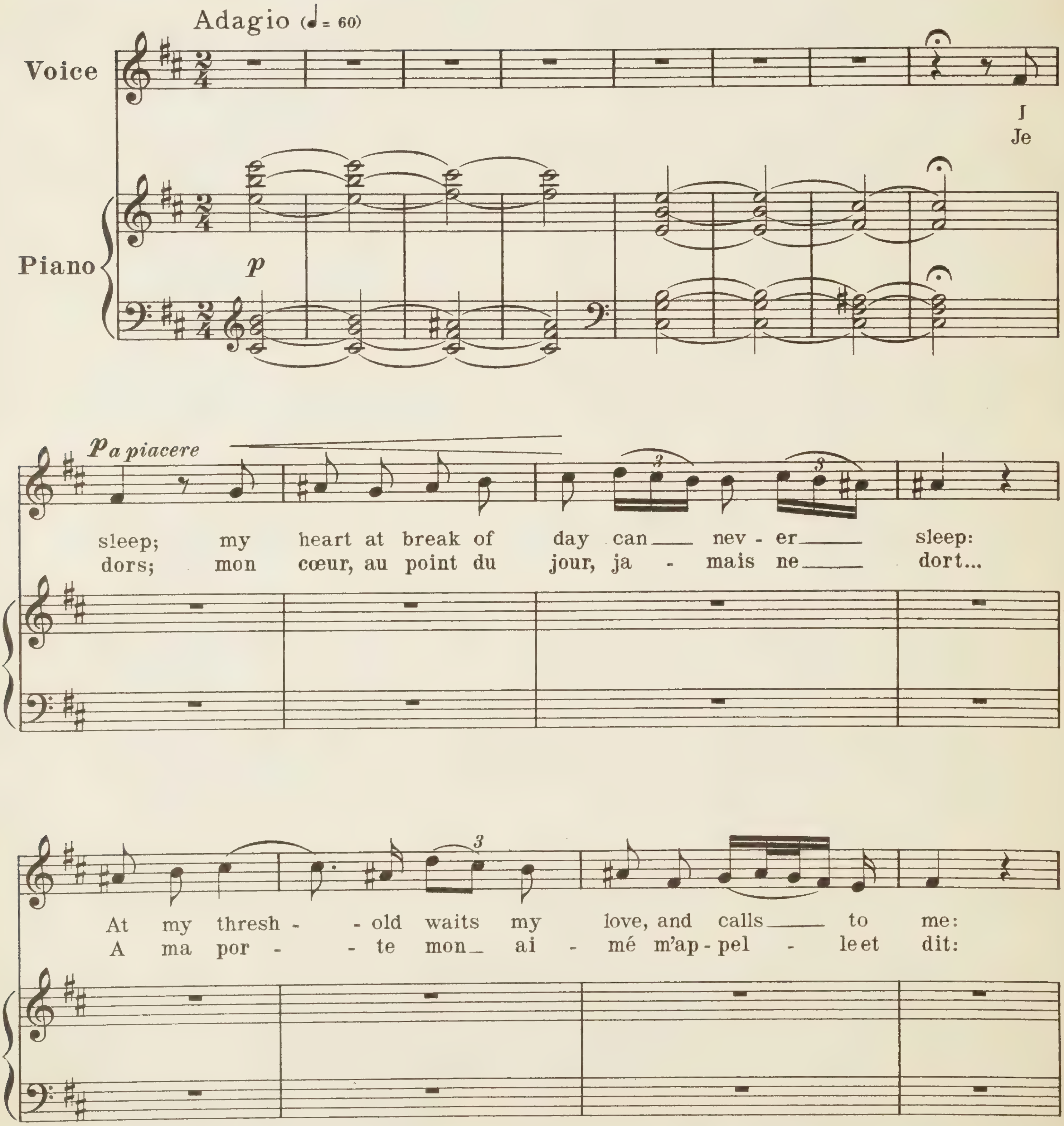
Chanson hébraïque

(L. Mey)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

French words by
J. Sergennois

N. Rimsky-Korsakow. Op. 7
(1867)



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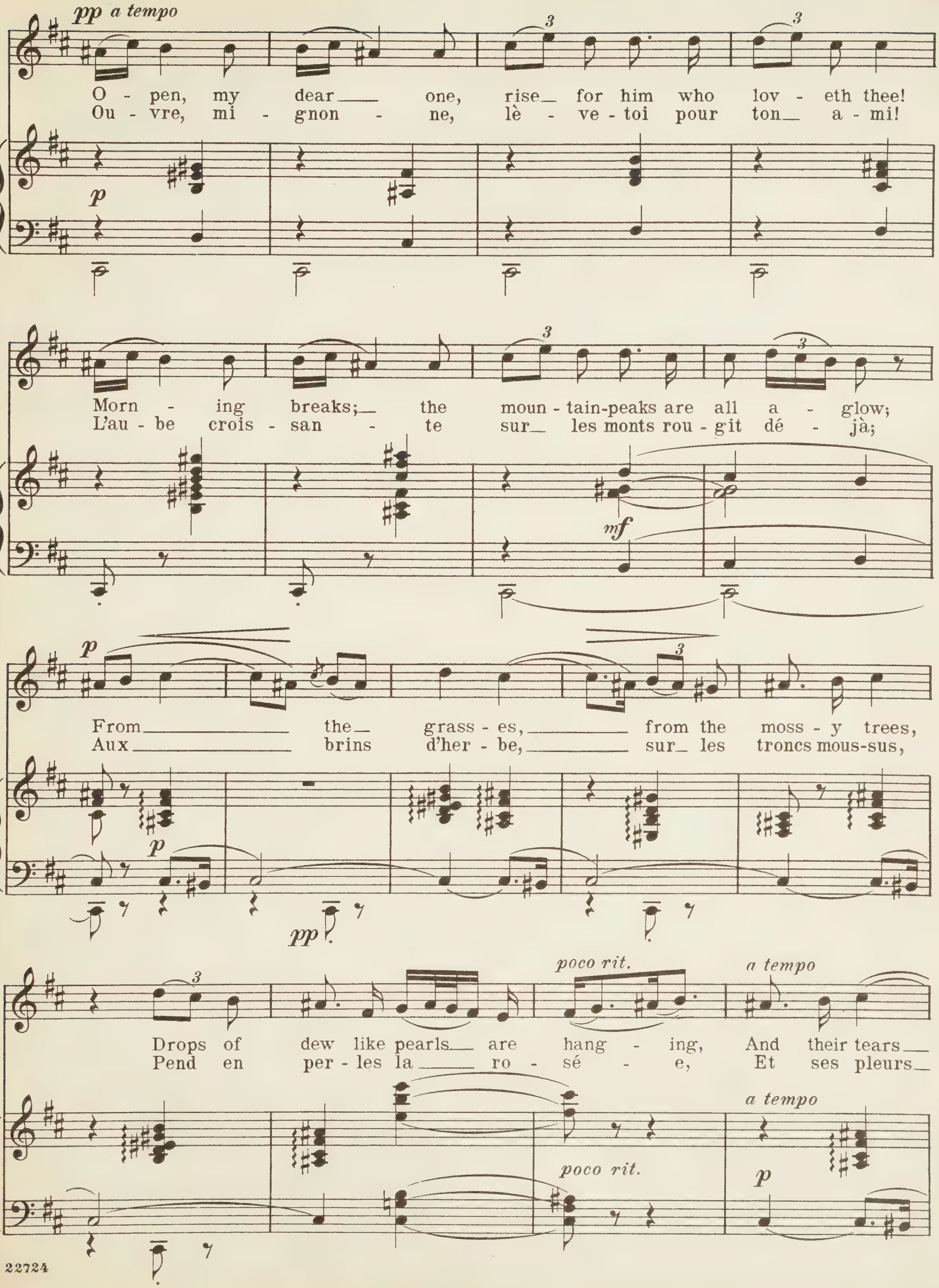
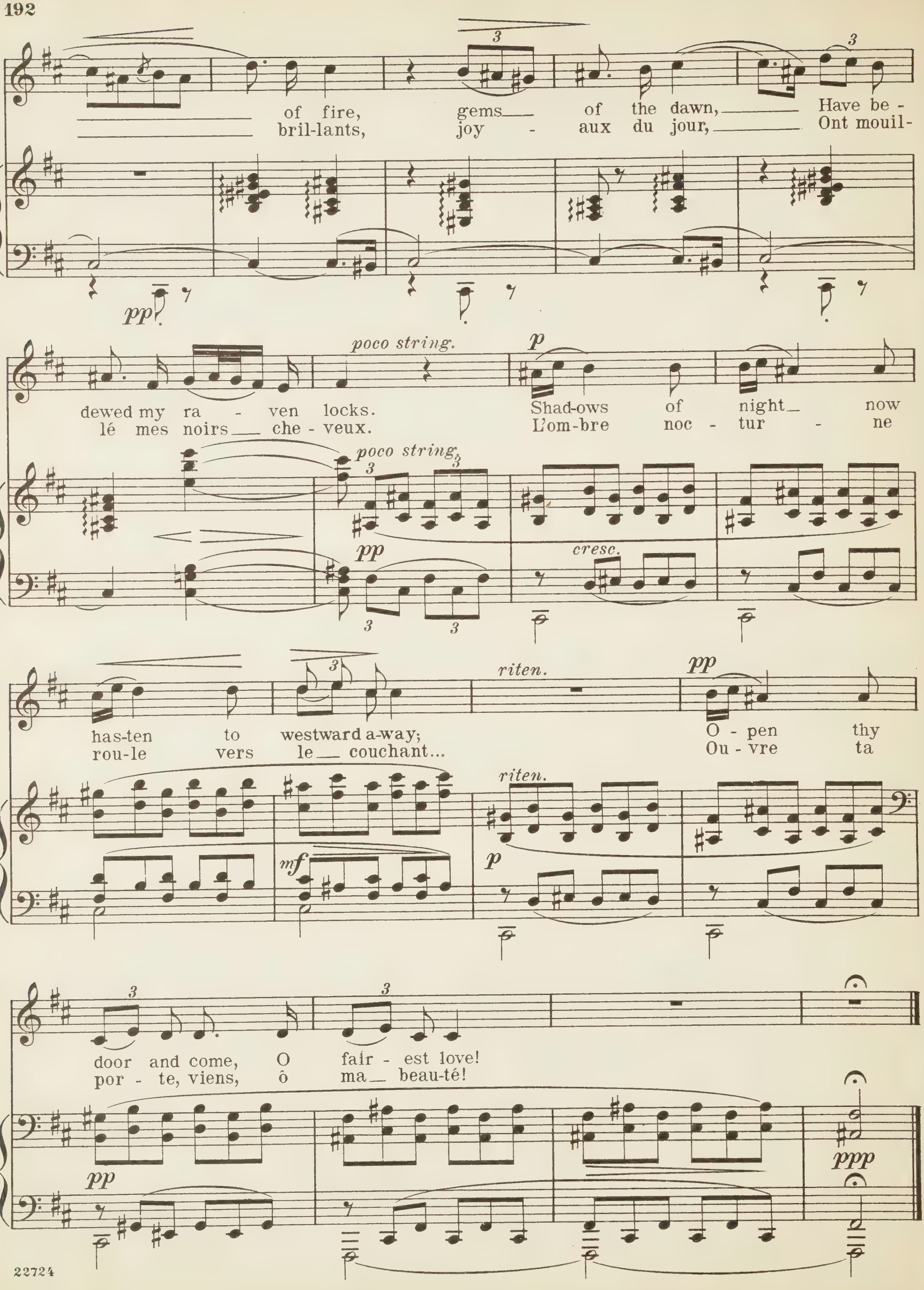

pp a tempo
O - pen, my dear one, rise for him who lov - eth thee!
Ou - vre, mi - gnon - ne, lè - ve - toi pour ton a - mi!
p
Morn - ing breaks; the moun - tain-peaks are all a - glow;
L'au - be crois - san - te sur les monts rou - git dé - jà;
mf
p
From the grass - es, from the moss - y trees,
Aux brins d'her - be, sur les troncs mous-sus,
p
pp
poco rit.
a tempo
Drops of dew like pearls are hang - ing, And their tears
Pend en per - les la ro - sé - e, Et ses pleurs
a tempo
poco rit.
p


of fire, gems of the dawn, Have be-
bril-lants, joy - aux du jour, Ont mouil-
pp
dewed my ra - ven locks.
lé mes noirs che - veux.
poco string.
p
Shad-ows of night now
L'om-bre noc - tur - ne
pp
cresc.
has-ten to westward a-way;
rou-le vers le couchant...
riten.
pp
O - pen thy
Ou - vre ta
mf
p
door and come, O fair - est love!
por - te, viens, ô ma beau-té!
ppp

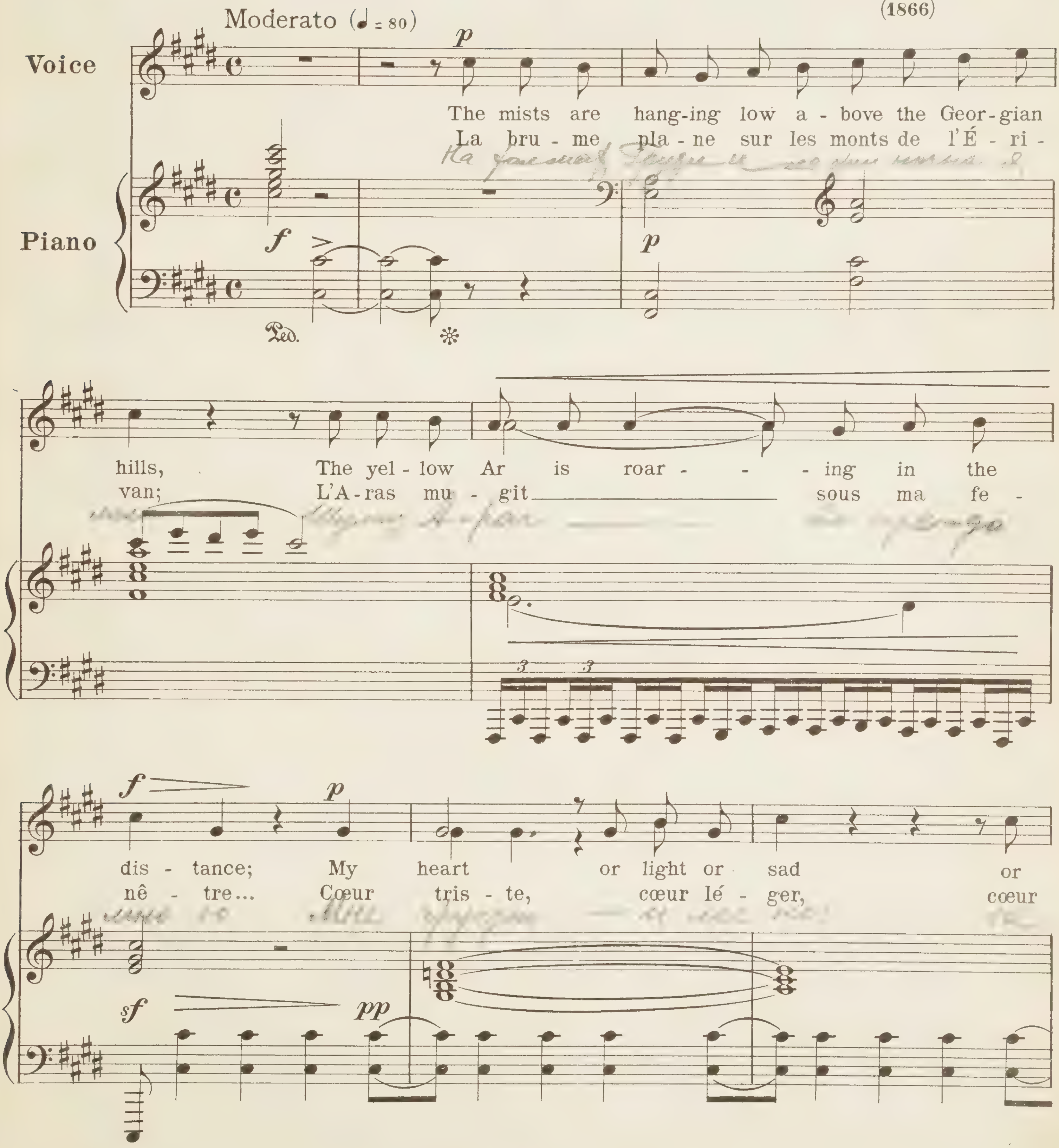
On the Georgian Hills

Sur les Collines de Géorgie

(A. S. Pushkin)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
French words by
J. Sergennois

N. Rimsky-Korsakow. Op. 3
(1866)



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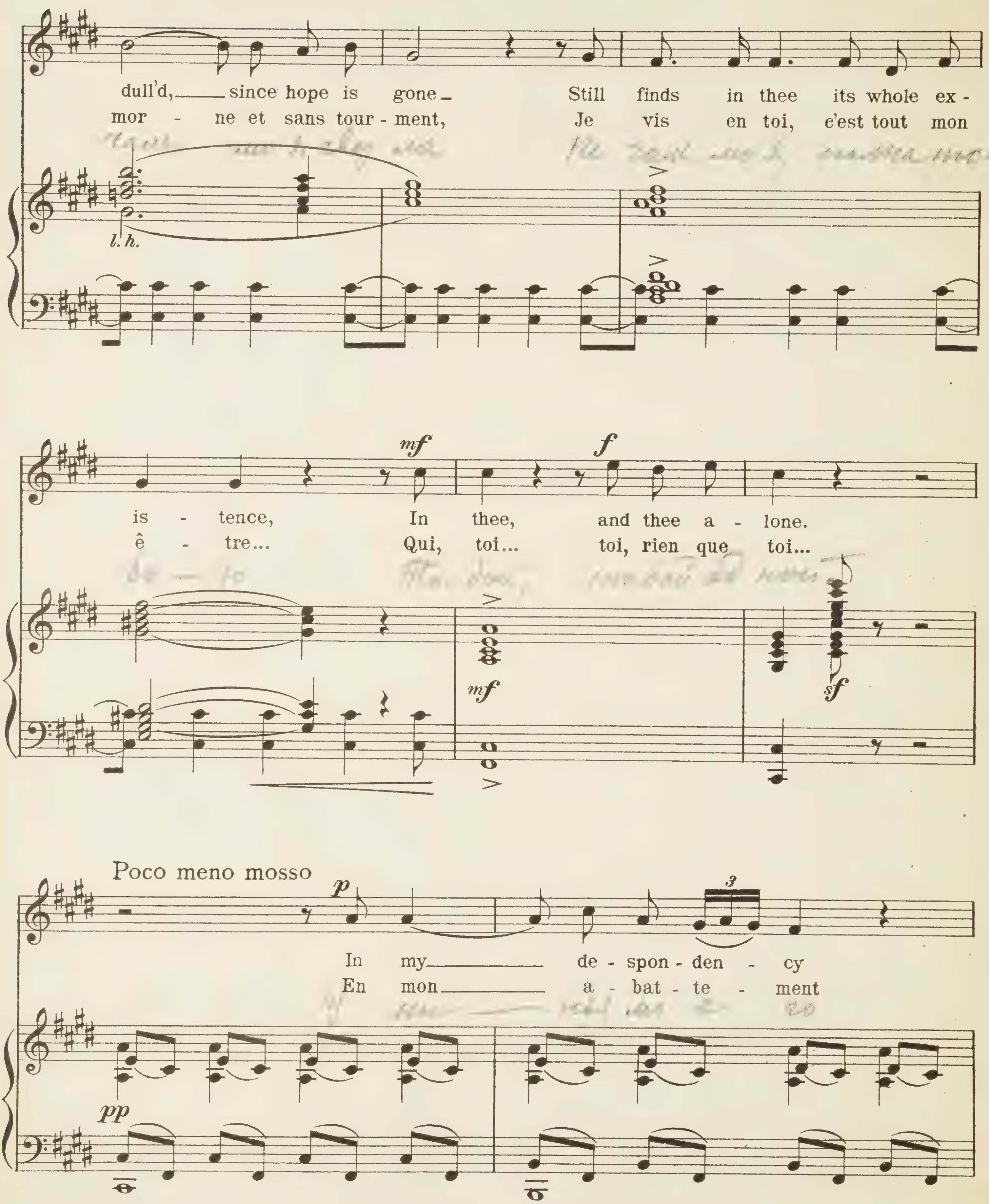
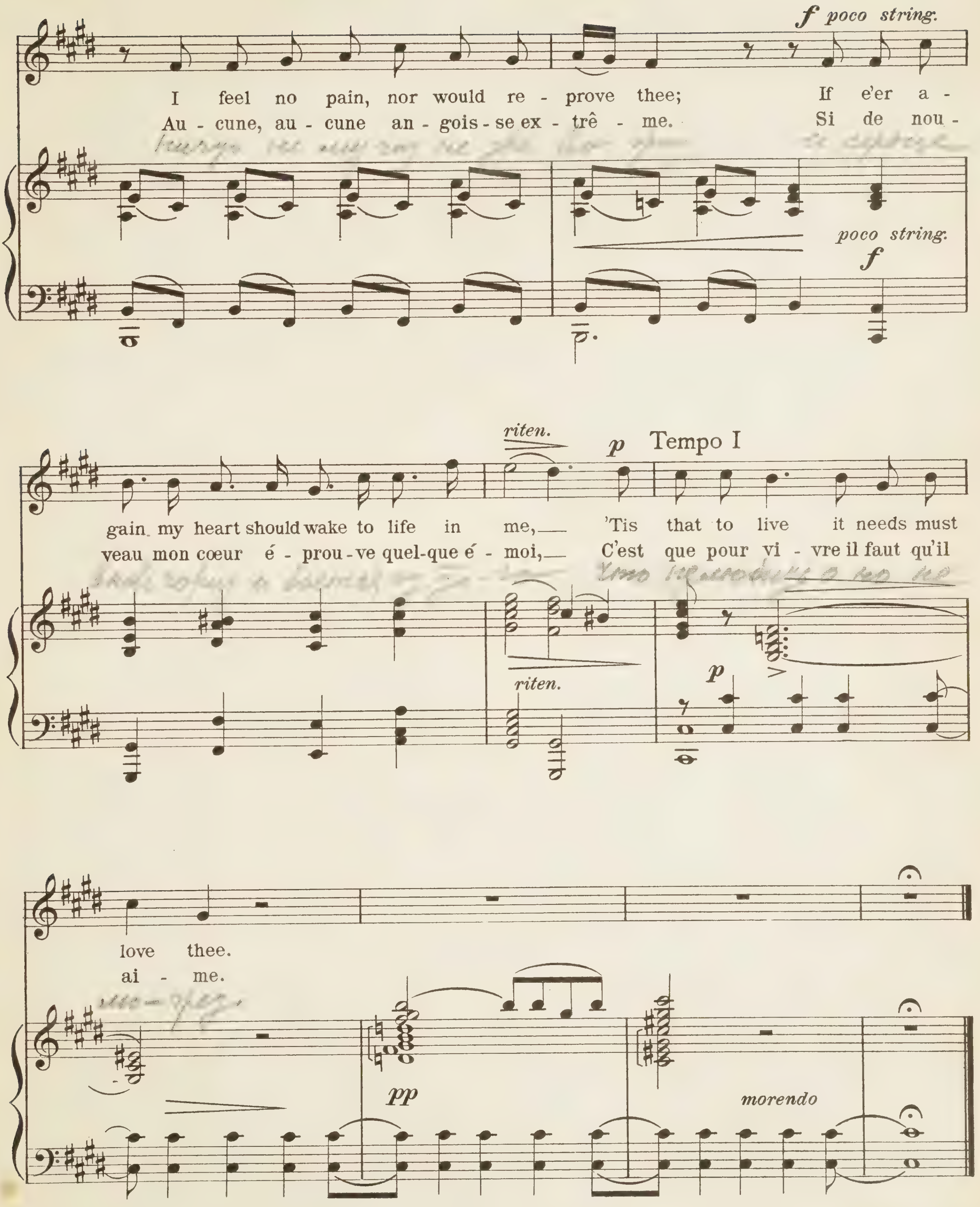

dull'd, since hope is gone Still finds in thee its whole ex-
mor - ne et sans tour - ment, Je vis en toi, c'est tout mon
l.h.
mf
f
is - tence, In thee, and thee a - lone.
ê - tre... Qui, toi... toi, rien que toi...
mf
sf
Poco meno mosso
p
3
In my de - spon - den - cy
En mon a - bat - te - ment
pp

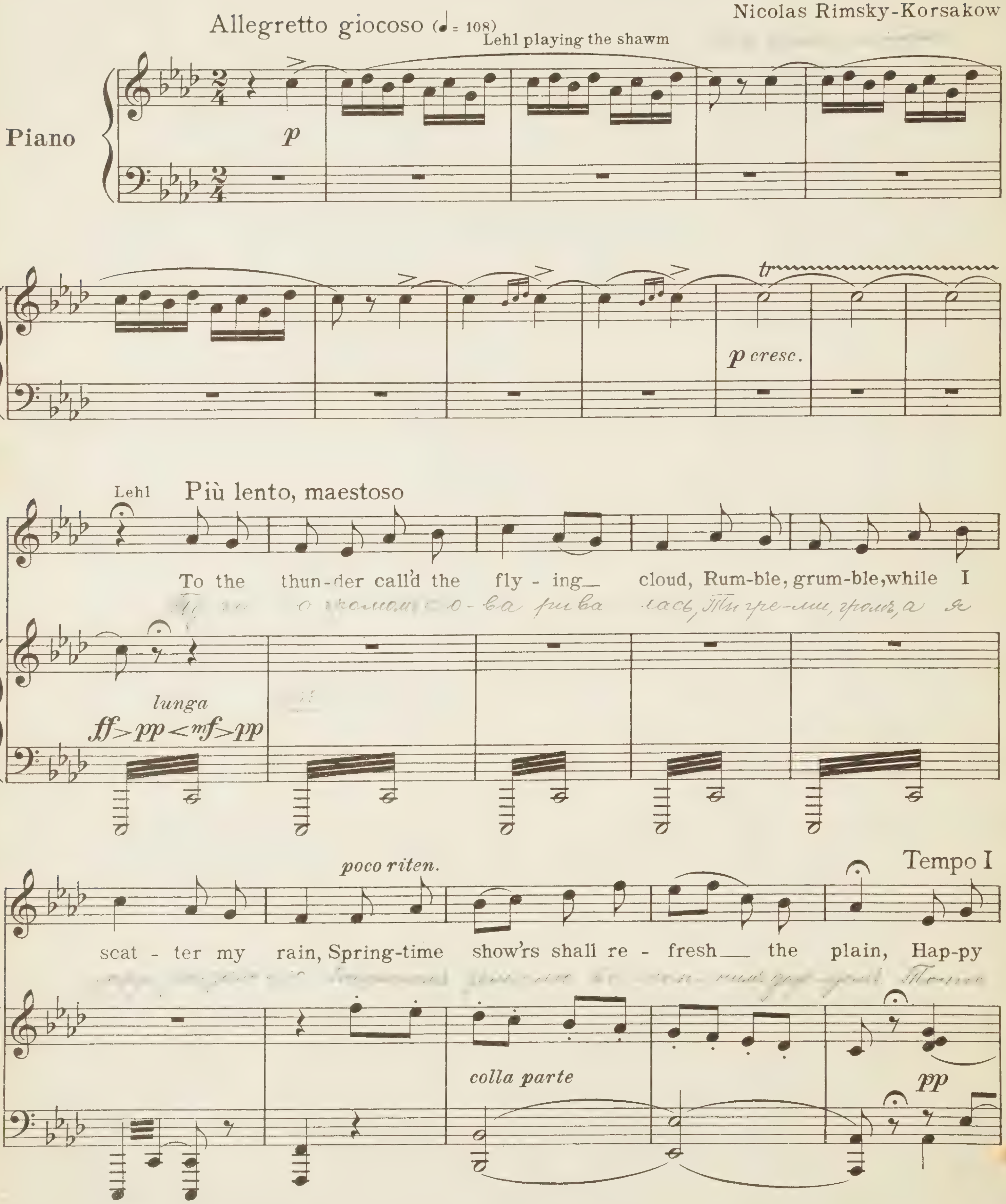

f poco string.
I feel no pain, nor would re - prove thee; If e'er a -
Au - cune, au - cune an - gois - se ex - trê - me. Si de nou -
poco string.
f
riten.
p Tempo I
gain my heart should wake to life in me, 'Tis that to live it needs must
veau mon cœur é - prou - ve quel-que é - moi, C'est que pour vi - vre il faut qu'il
riten.
p
love thee.
ai - me.
pp
morendo

Song of the Shepherd Lehl

From the fairy opera "Snégourotchka"
(A. Ostrovsky)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow



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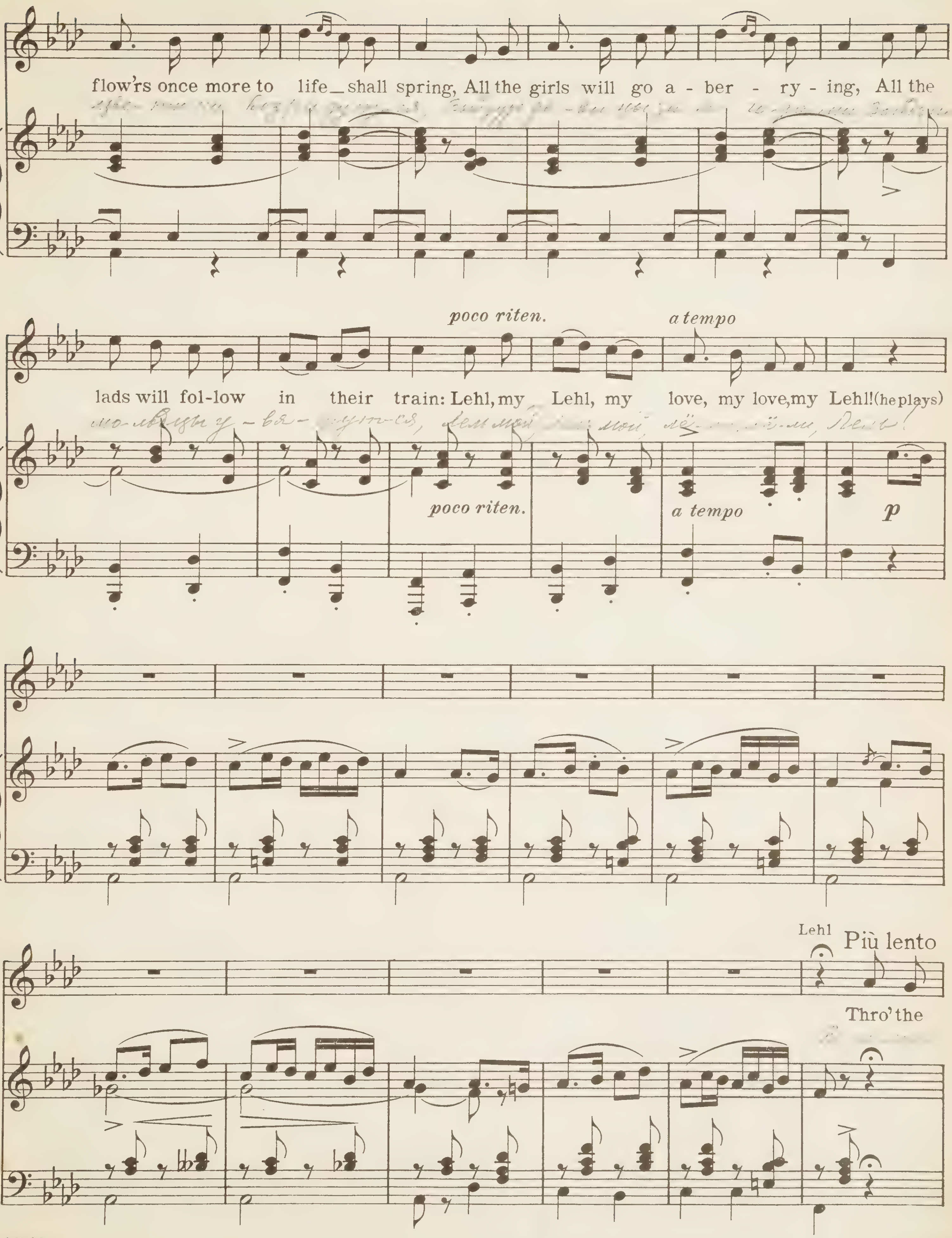
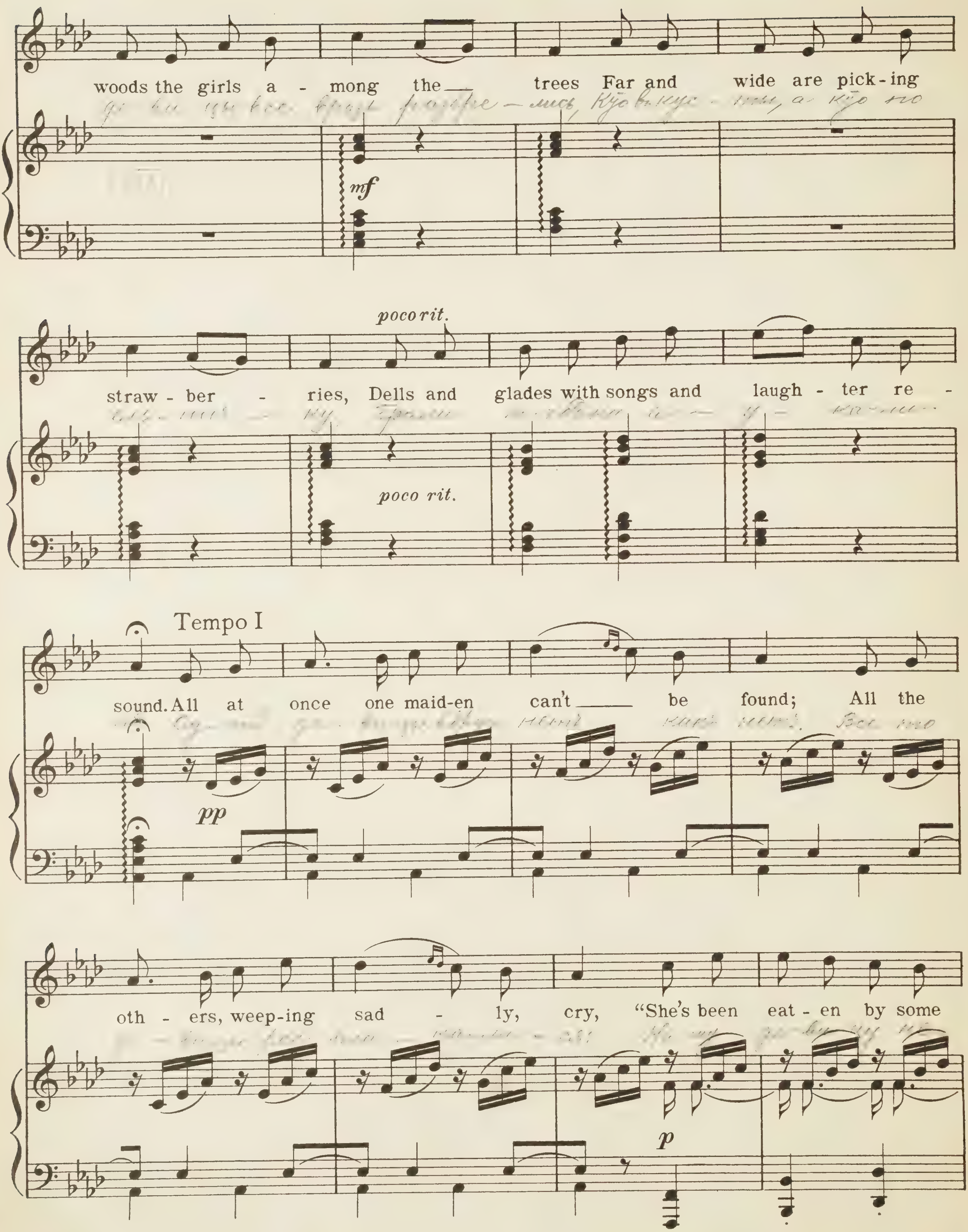
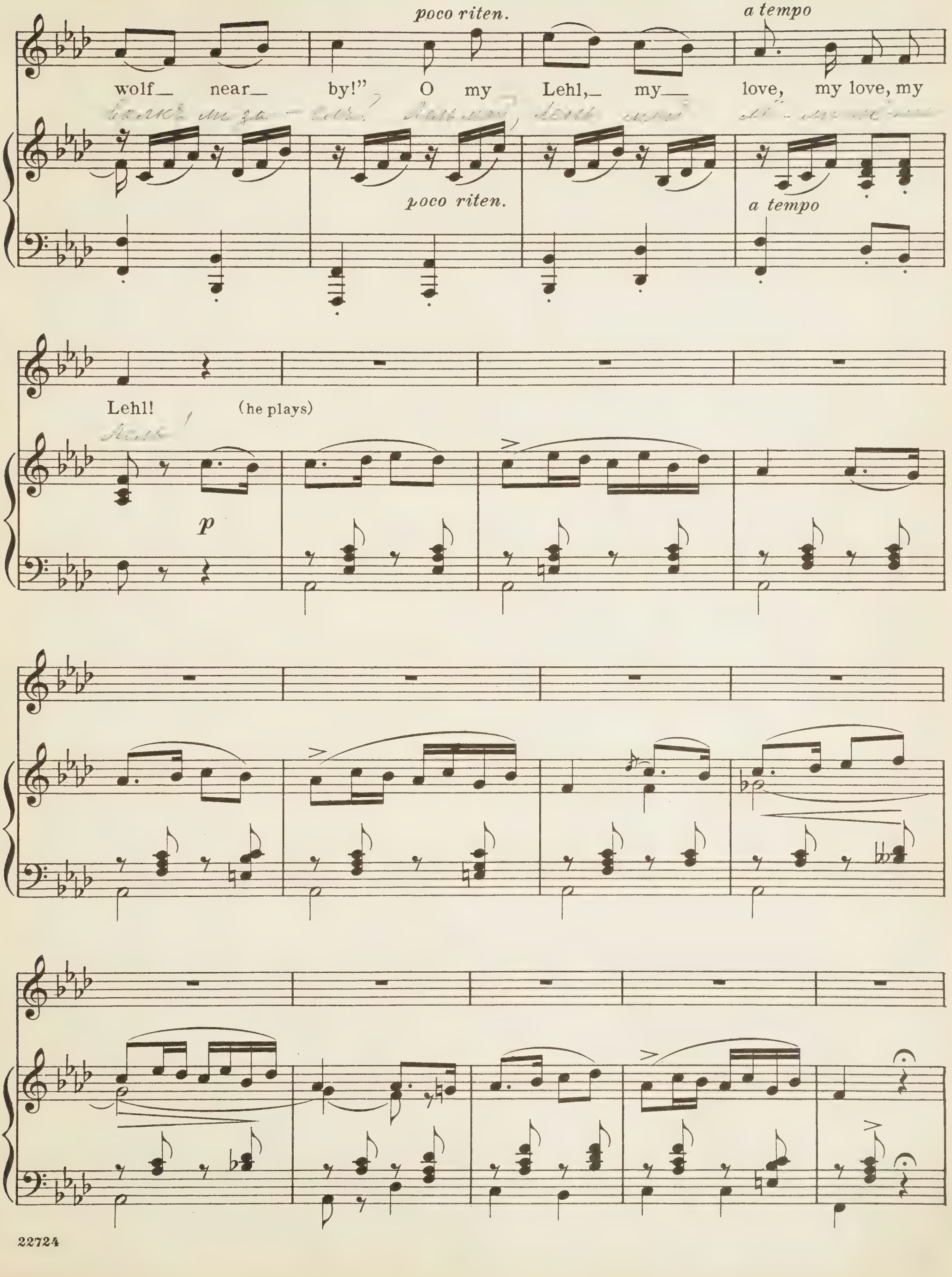
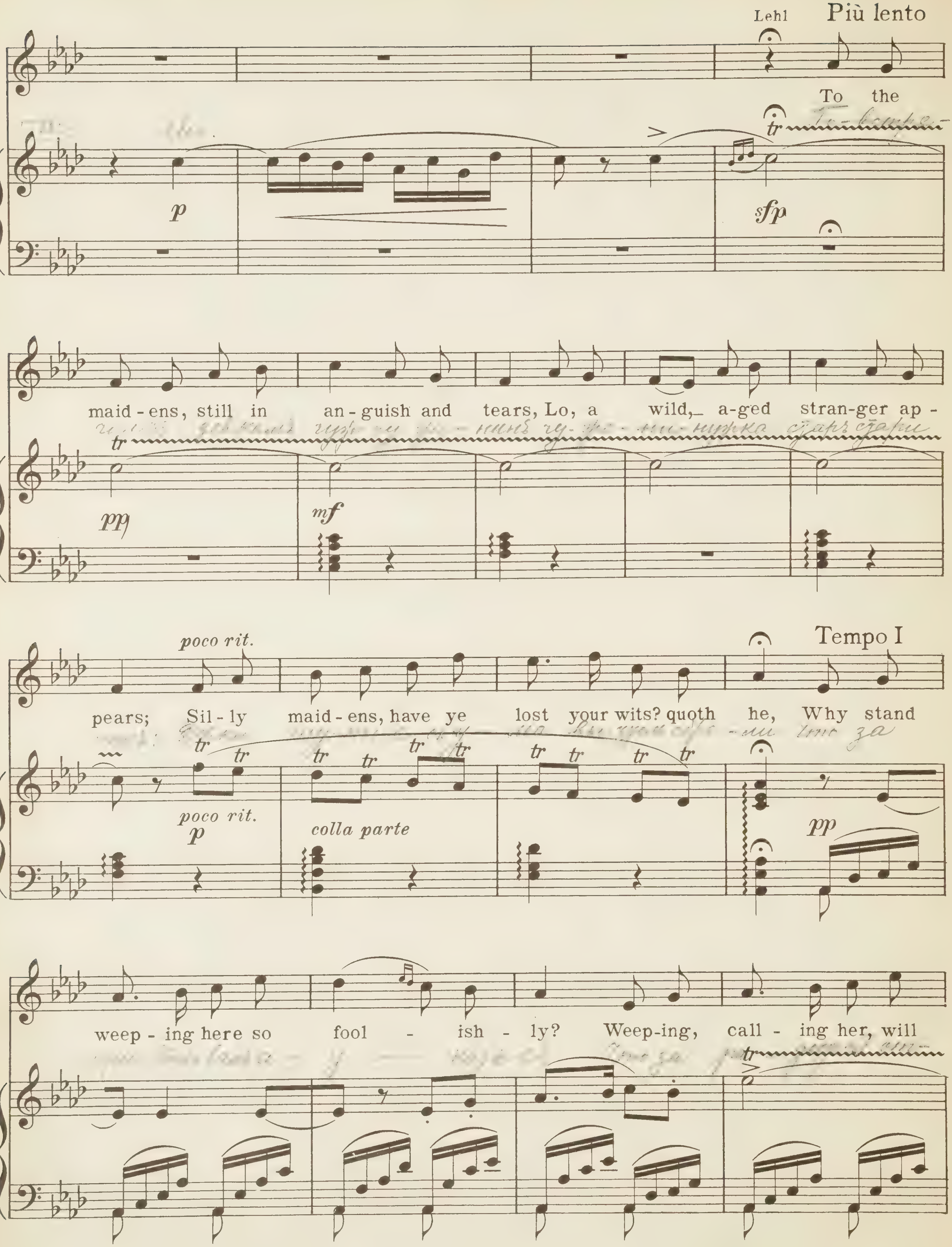
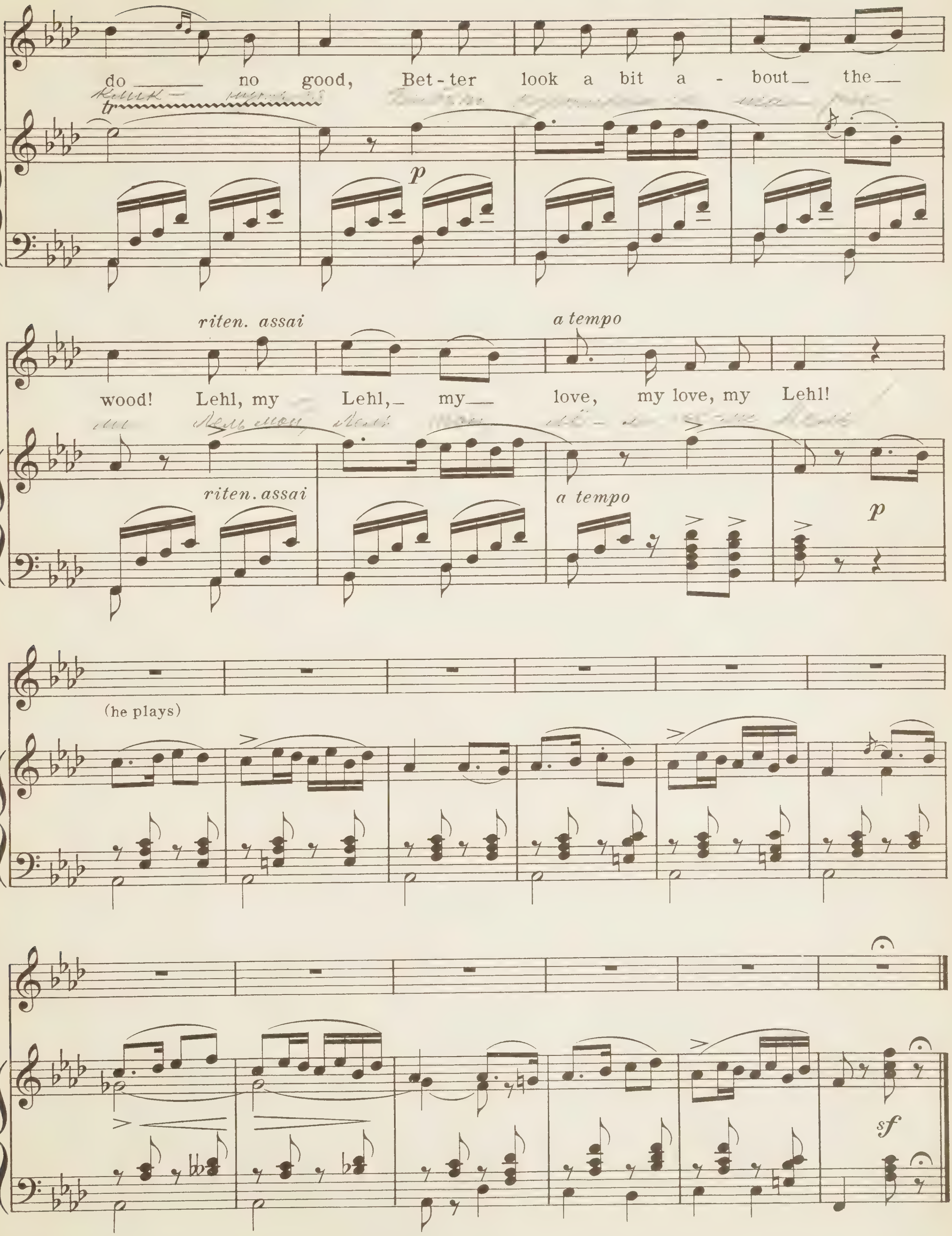

flow'rs once more to life _ shall spring, All the girls will go a - ber - ry - ing, All the
poco riten.
a tempo
lads will fol-low in their train: Lehl, my Lehl, my love, my love, my Lehl! (he plays)
poco riten.
a tempo
p
Lehl
Più lento
Thro' the


woods the girls a - mong the trees Far and wide are pick-ing
mf
poco rit.
straw - ber - ries, Dells and glades with songs and laugh - ter re -
poco rit.
Tempo I
sound. All at once one maid-en can't be found; All the
pp
oth - ers, weep-ing sad - ly, cry, "She's been eat - en by some
p


poco riten.
a tempo
wolf— near— by!" O my Lehl,— my— love, my love, my
poco riten.
a tempo
Lehl!
(he plays)
p


Lehl
Più lento
To the maid-ens, still in an-guish and tears, Lo, a wild,_ a-ged stran-ger ap-pears;
Sil-ly maid-ens, have ye lost your wits? quoth he, Why stand weep-ing here so fool-ish-ly? Weep-ing, call-ing her, will
poco rit.
Tempo I
p
sfp
pp
mf
colla parte
tr


do no good, Bet-ter look a bit a-bout the
tr
p
riten. assai
a tempo
wood! Lehl, my Lehl, my love, my love, my Lehl!
riten. assai
a tempo
p
(he plays)
sf

A Southern Night

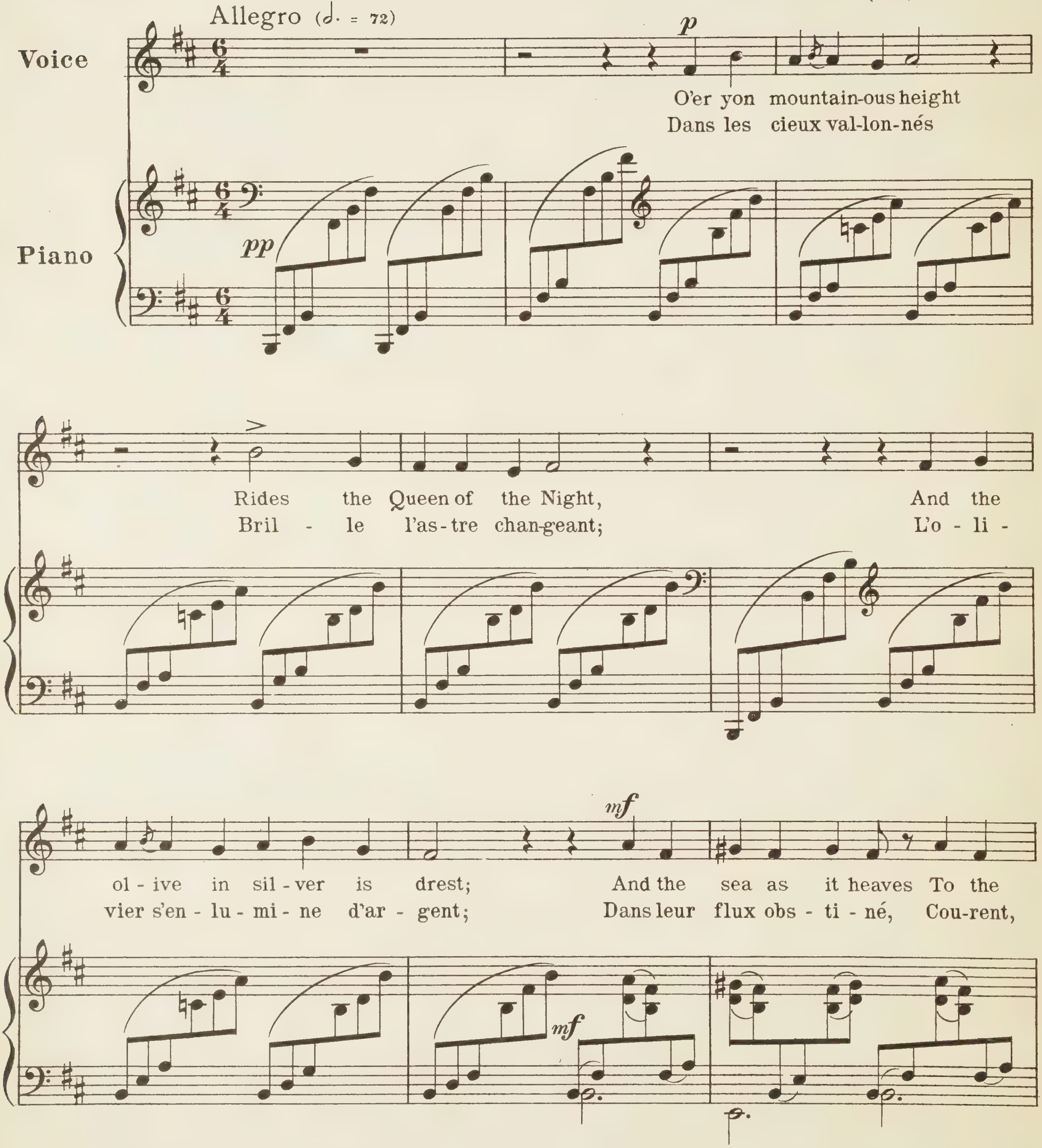
Nuit méridionale

(N. Stcherbine)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

French words by
J. Sergennois

N. Rimsky-Korsakow. Op. 3
(1866)



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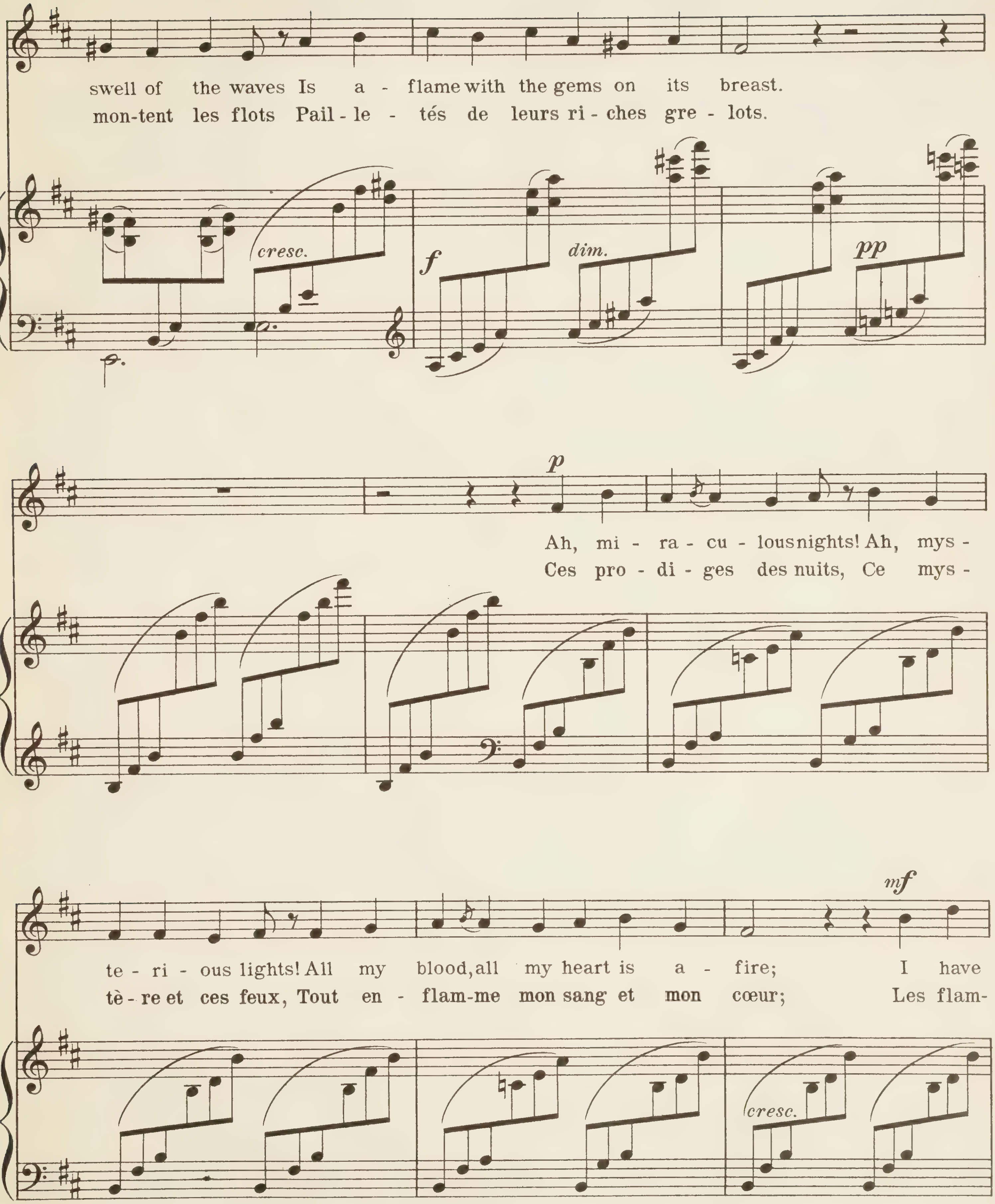
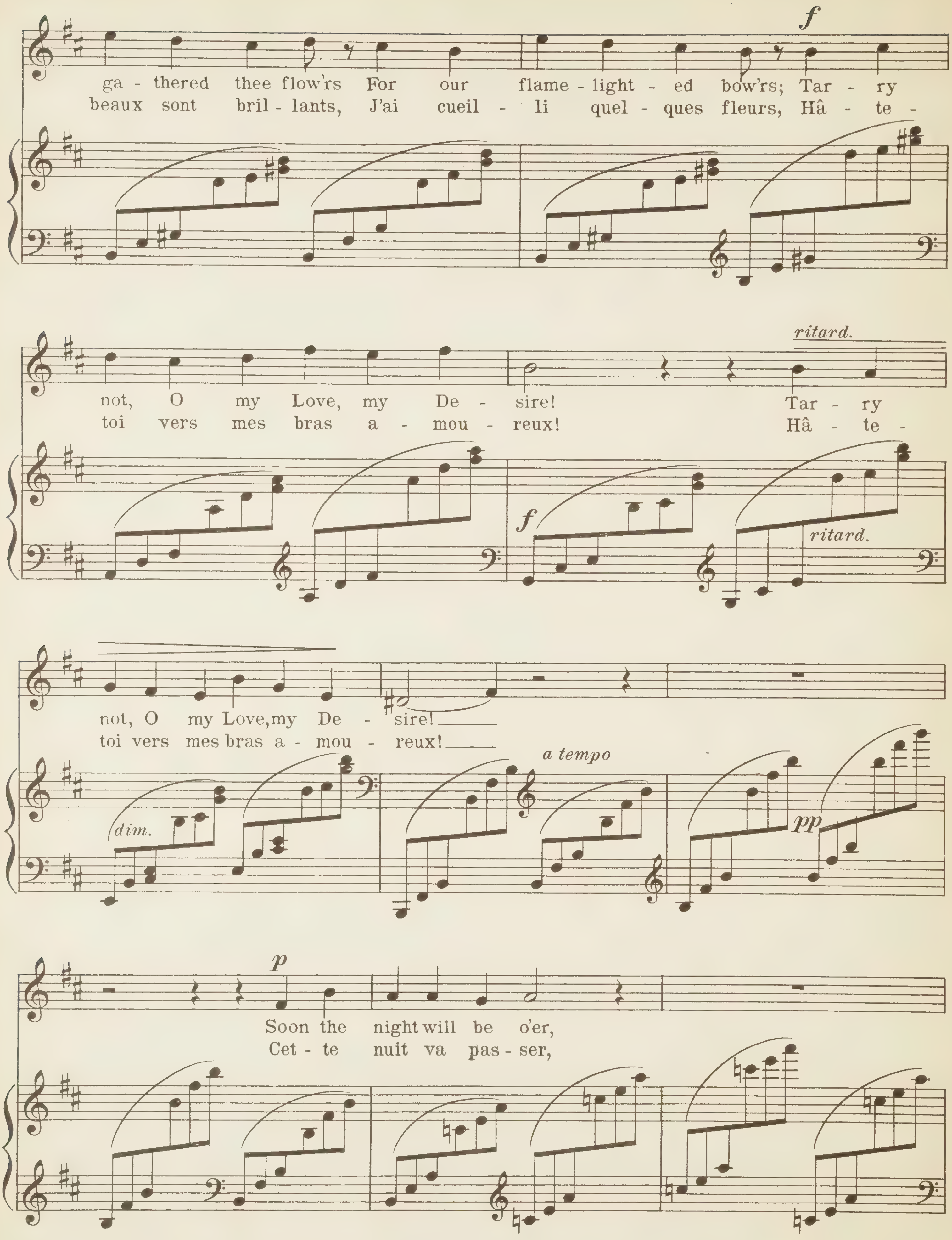
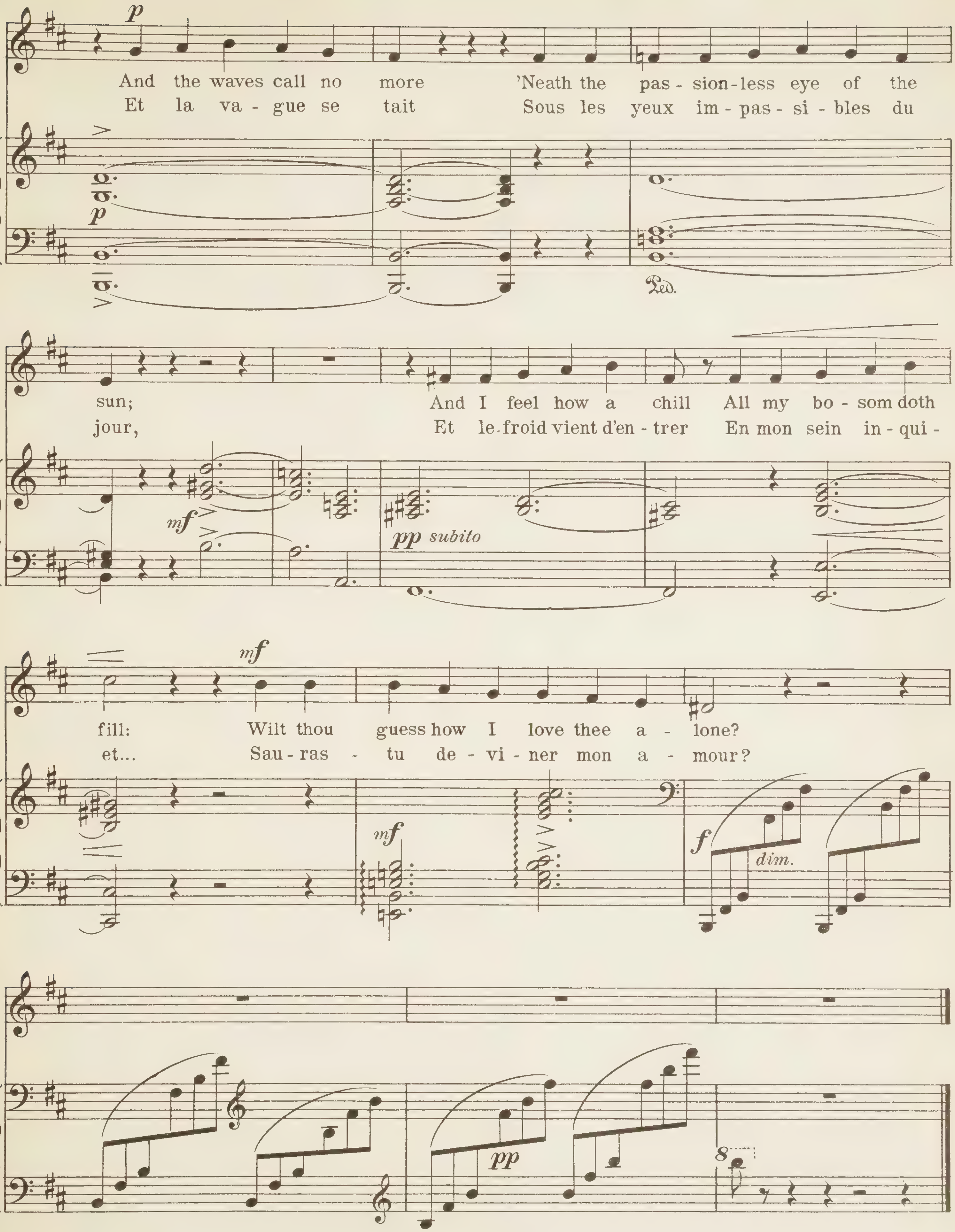

swell of the waves Is a - flame with the gems on its breast.
mon-tent les flots Pail - le - tés de leurs ri - ches gre - lots.
cresc.
f
dim.
pp
p
Ah, mi - ra - cu - lous nights! Ah, mys -
Ces pro - di - ges des nuits, Ce mys -
mf
te - ri - ous lights! All my blood, all my heart is a - fire; I have
tè - re et ces feux, Tout en - flam-me mon sang et mon cœur; Les flam-
cresc.


f
ga - thered thee flow'rs For our flame - light - ed bow'rs; Tar - ry
beaux sont bril - lants, J'ai cueil - li quel - ques fleurs, Hâ - te -
ritard.
not, O my Love, my De - sire! Tar - ry
toi vers mes bras a - mou - reux! Hâ - te -
f
ritard.
not, O my Love, my De - sire!
toi vers mes bras a - mou - reux!
dim.
a tempo
pp
p
Soon the night will be o'er,
Cet - te nuit va pas - ser,


p
And the waves call no more 'Neath the pas - sion - less eye of the
Et la va - gue se tait Sous les yeux im - pas - si - bles du
p
Ped.
sun; And I feel how a chill All my bo - som doth
jour, Et le froid vient d'en - trer En mon sein in - qui -
mf
pp subito
mf
fill: Wilt thou guess how I love thee a - lone?
et... Sau - ras - tu de - vi - ner mon a - mour?
mf
f
dim.
pp
8

Air

"Sylvan Roundelay"

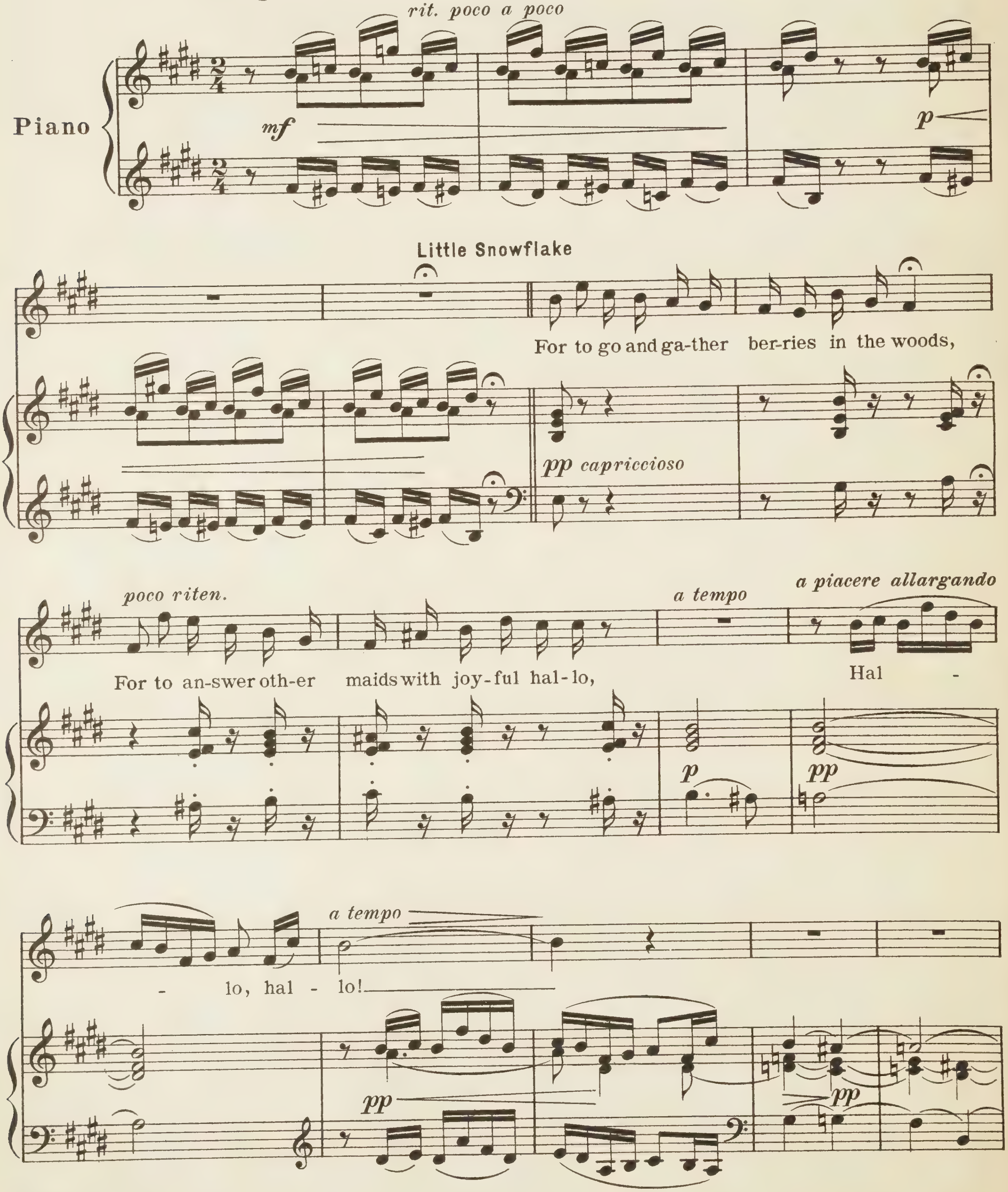
From the fairy opera "Snégourotchka"

(A. Ostrovsky)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow

Allegretto capriccioso



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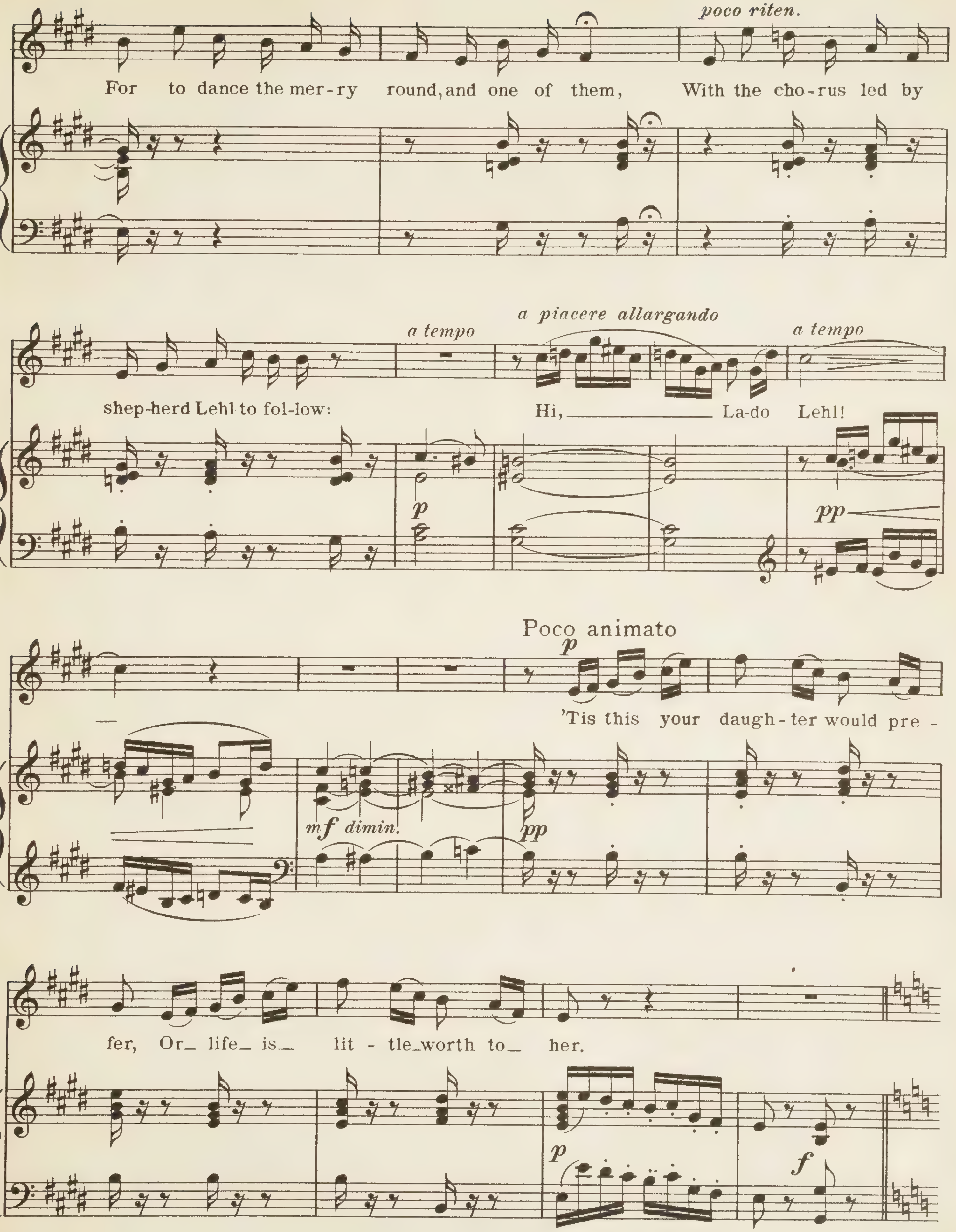
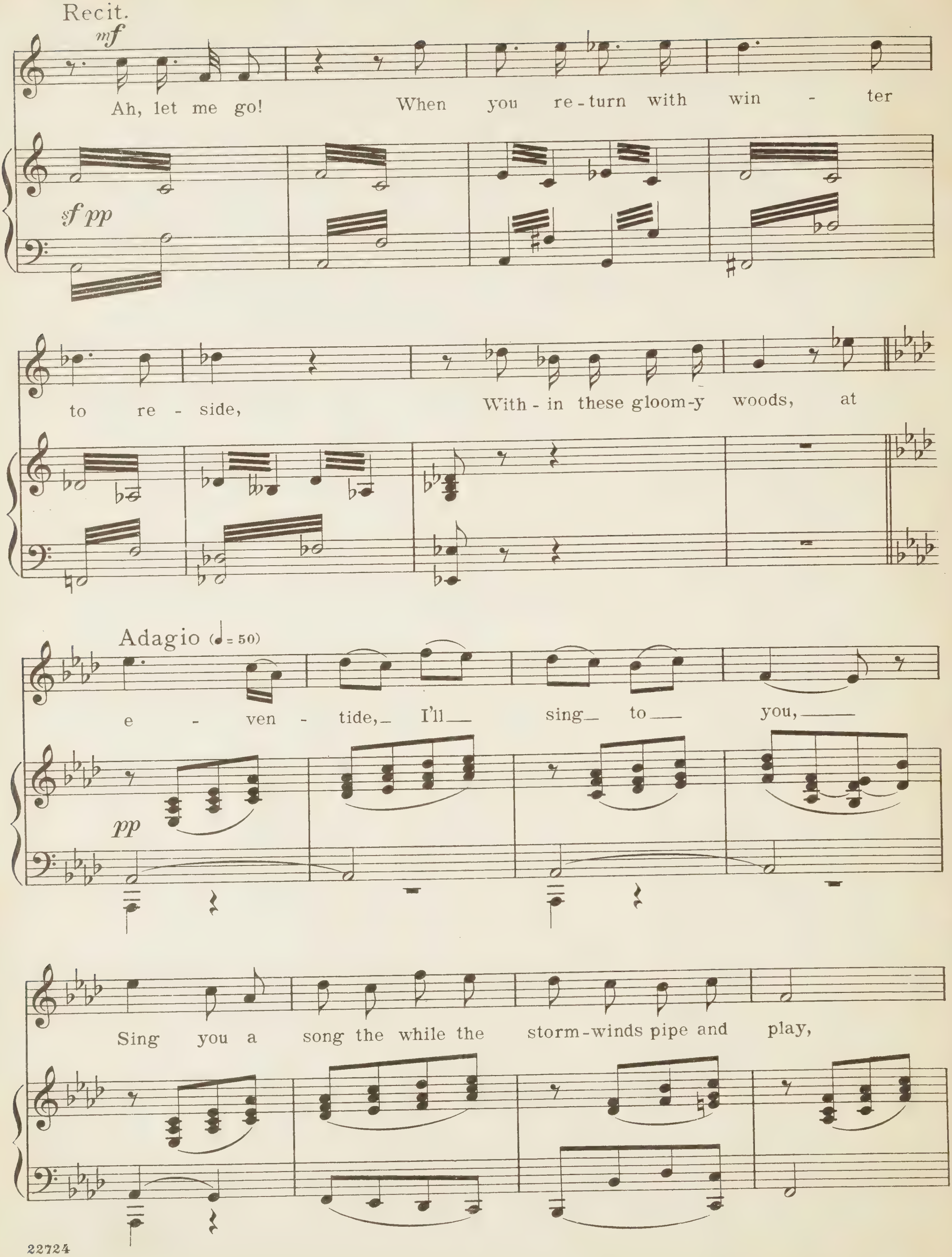
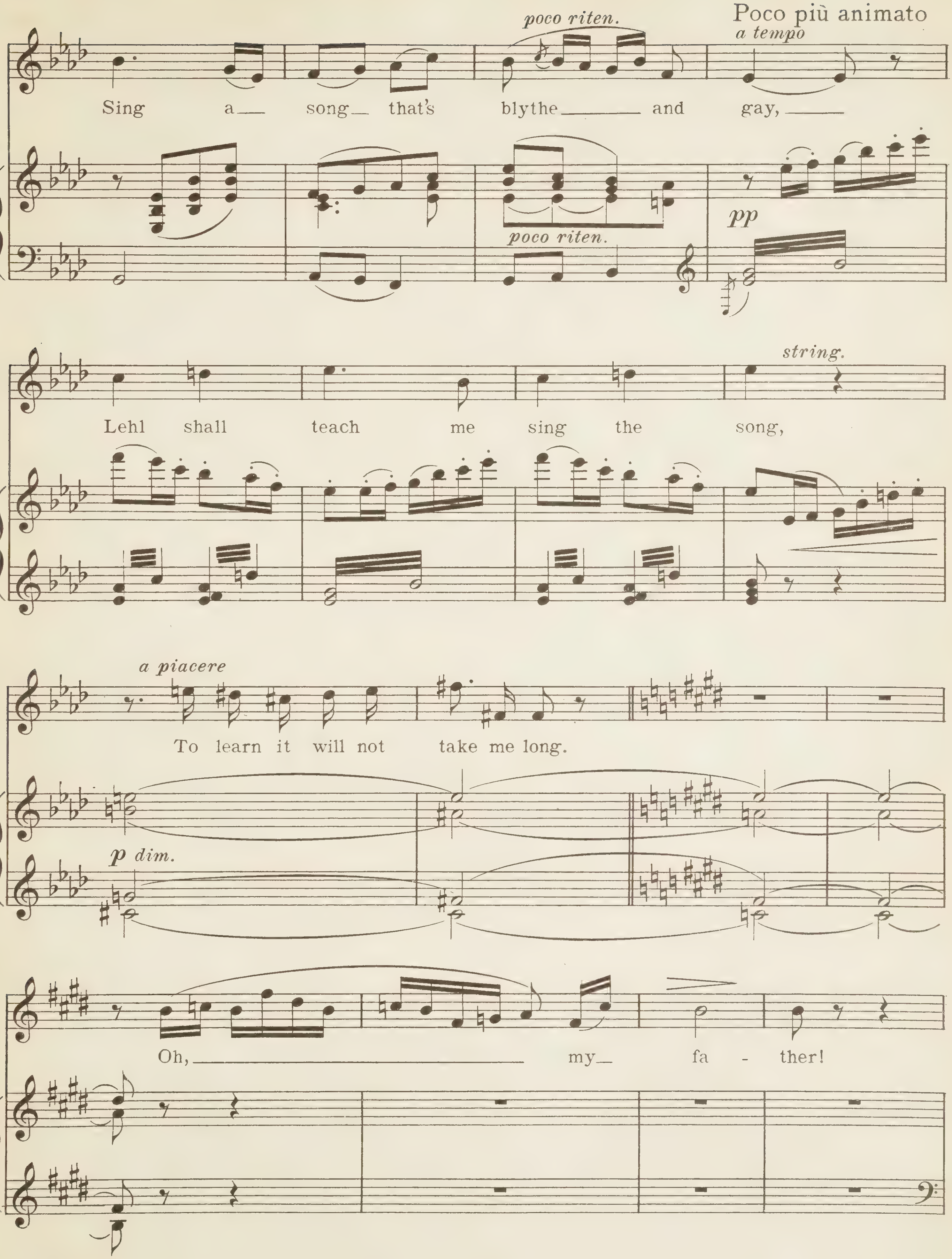
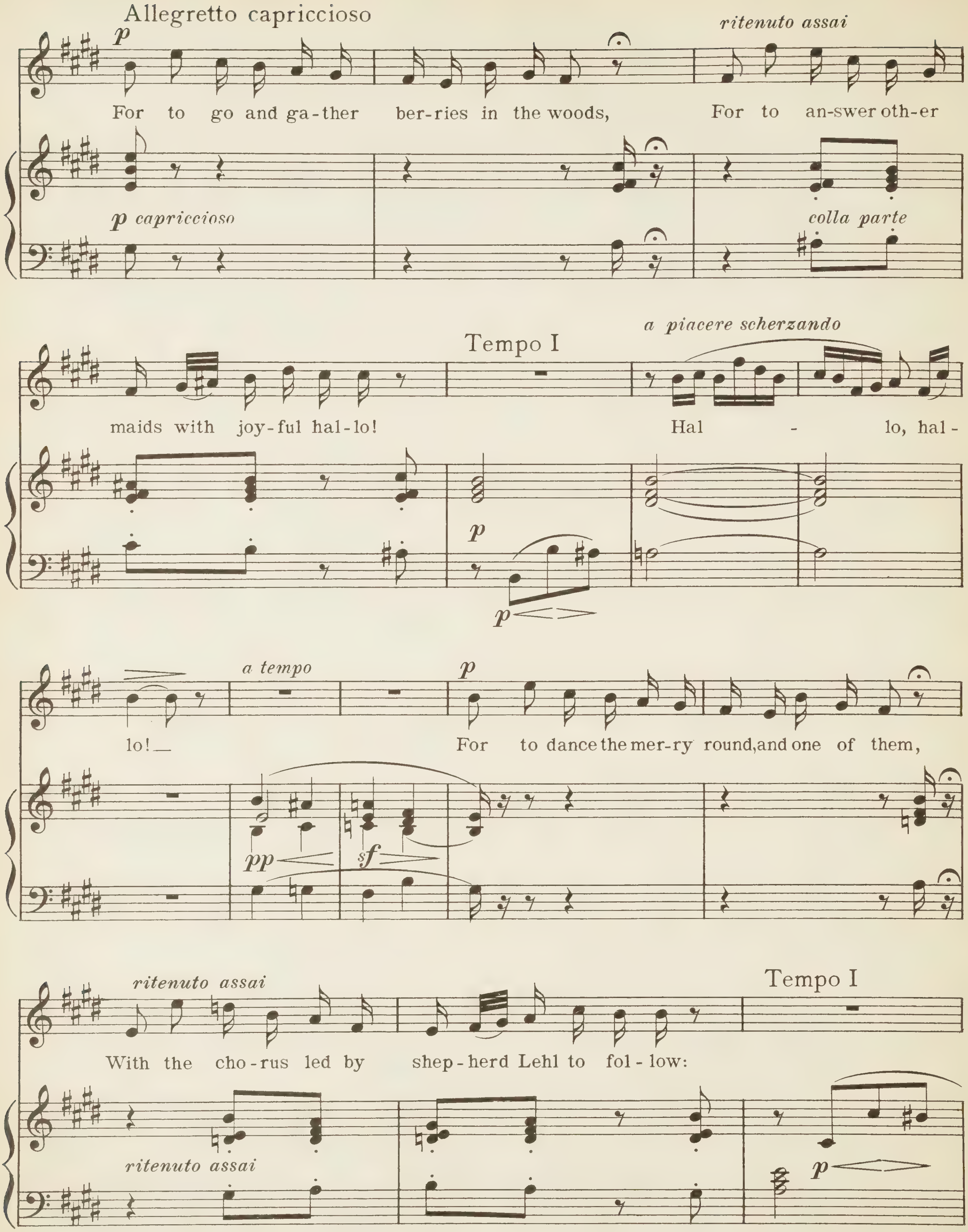
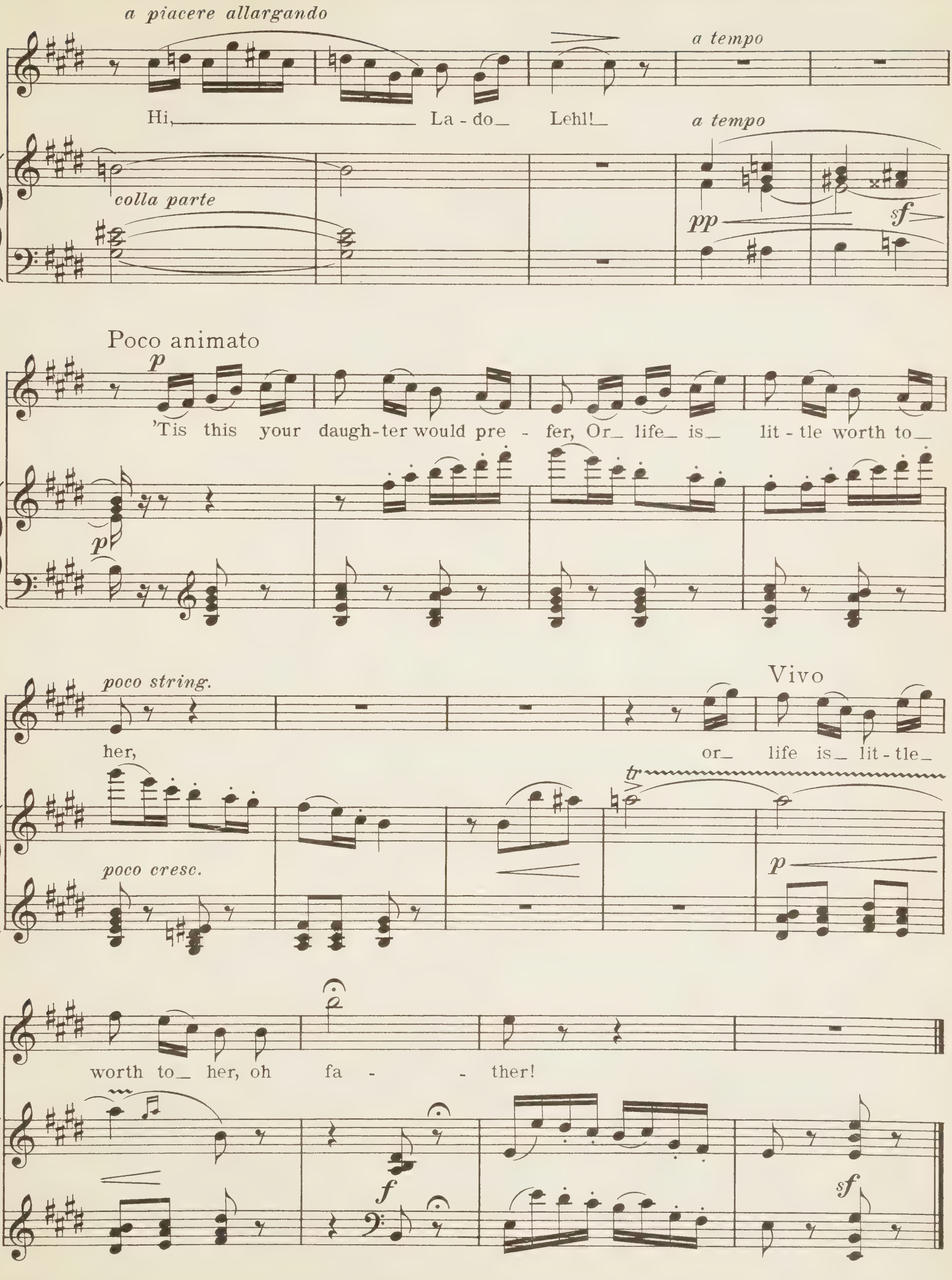

poco riten.
For to dance the mer-ry round, and one of them, With the cho-rus led by
a tempo
a piacere allargando
a tempo
shep-herd Lehl to fol-low: Hi, La-do Lehl!
p
pp
Poco animato
p
'Tis this your daugh-ter would pre-
mf dimin.
pp
fer, Or life is lit-tle worth to her.
p
f


Recit.
mf
Ah, let me go! When you re-turn with win - ter
sf pp
to re - side, With - in these gloom-y woods, at
Adagio (♩= 50)
e - ven - tide, I'll sing to you,
pp
Sing you a song the while the storm-winds pipe and play,


Poco più animato
poco riten.
a tempo
Sing a song that's blythe and gay,
poco riten.
pp
string.
Lehl shall teach me sing the song,
a piacere
To learn it will not take me long.
p dim.
Oh, my fa - ther!


Allegretto capriccioso
ritenuto assai
For to go and ga-ther ber-ries in the woods, For to an-swer oth-er
p capriccioso
colla parte
Tempo I
a piacere scherzando
maids with joy-ful hal-lo! Hal - lo, hal-
a tempo
lo! For to dance the mer-ry round, and one of them,
ritenuto assai
Tempo I
With the cho-rus led by shep-herd Lehl to fol-low:
ritenuto assai

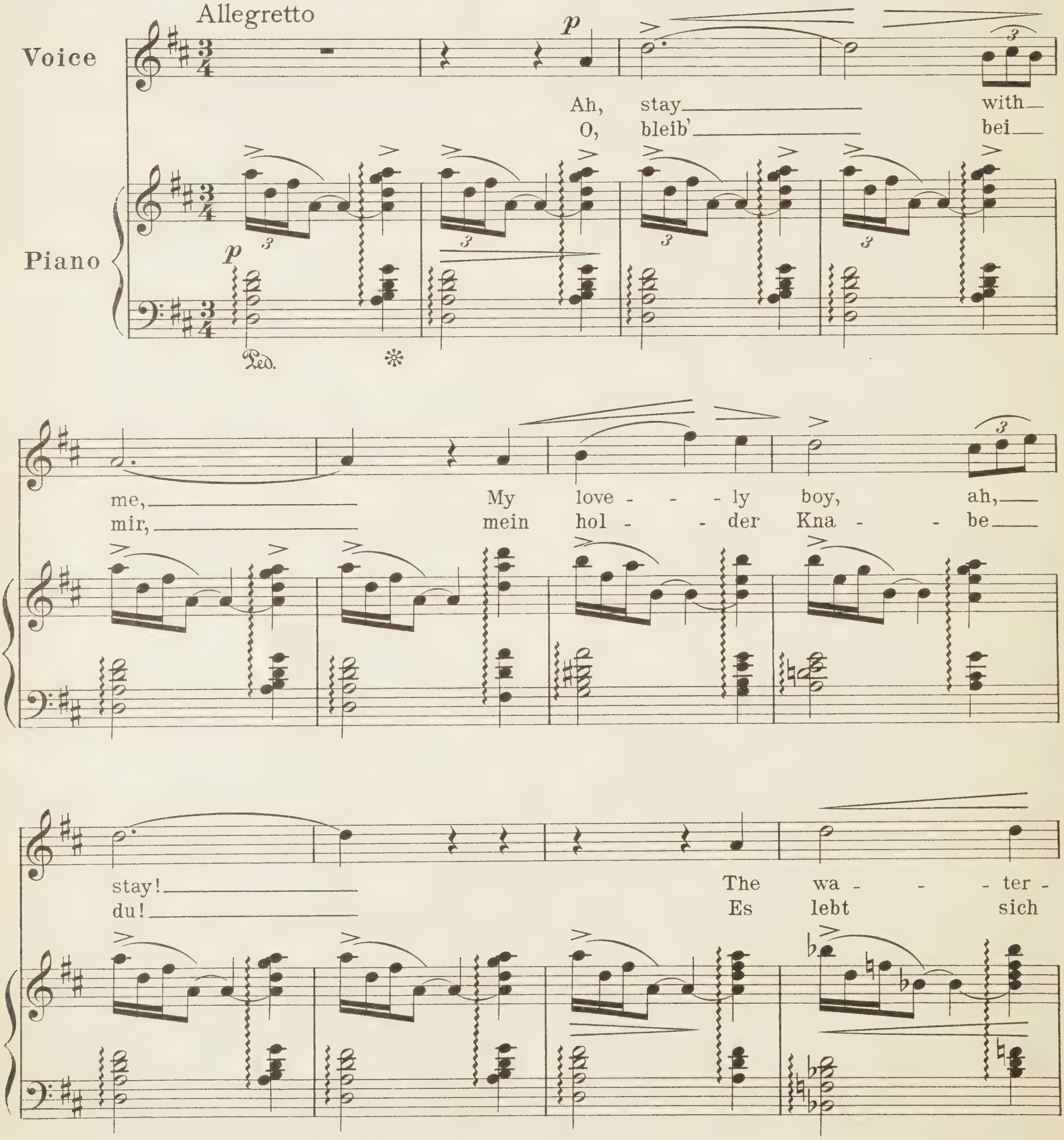

a piacere allargando
Hi, La - do Lehl!
a tempo
a tempo
colla parte
pp
sf
Poco animato
p
'Tis this your daugh-ter would pre - fer, Or life is lit - tle worth to
p
poco string.
her,
Vivo
or life is lit-tle
tr
poco cresc.
p
worth to her, oh fa - - ther!
f
sf

The Little Fish's Song

Fischleins Lied

English version by
Henry G. Chapman
German words by L. Esbeer

A. Arensky. Op. 27, № 1



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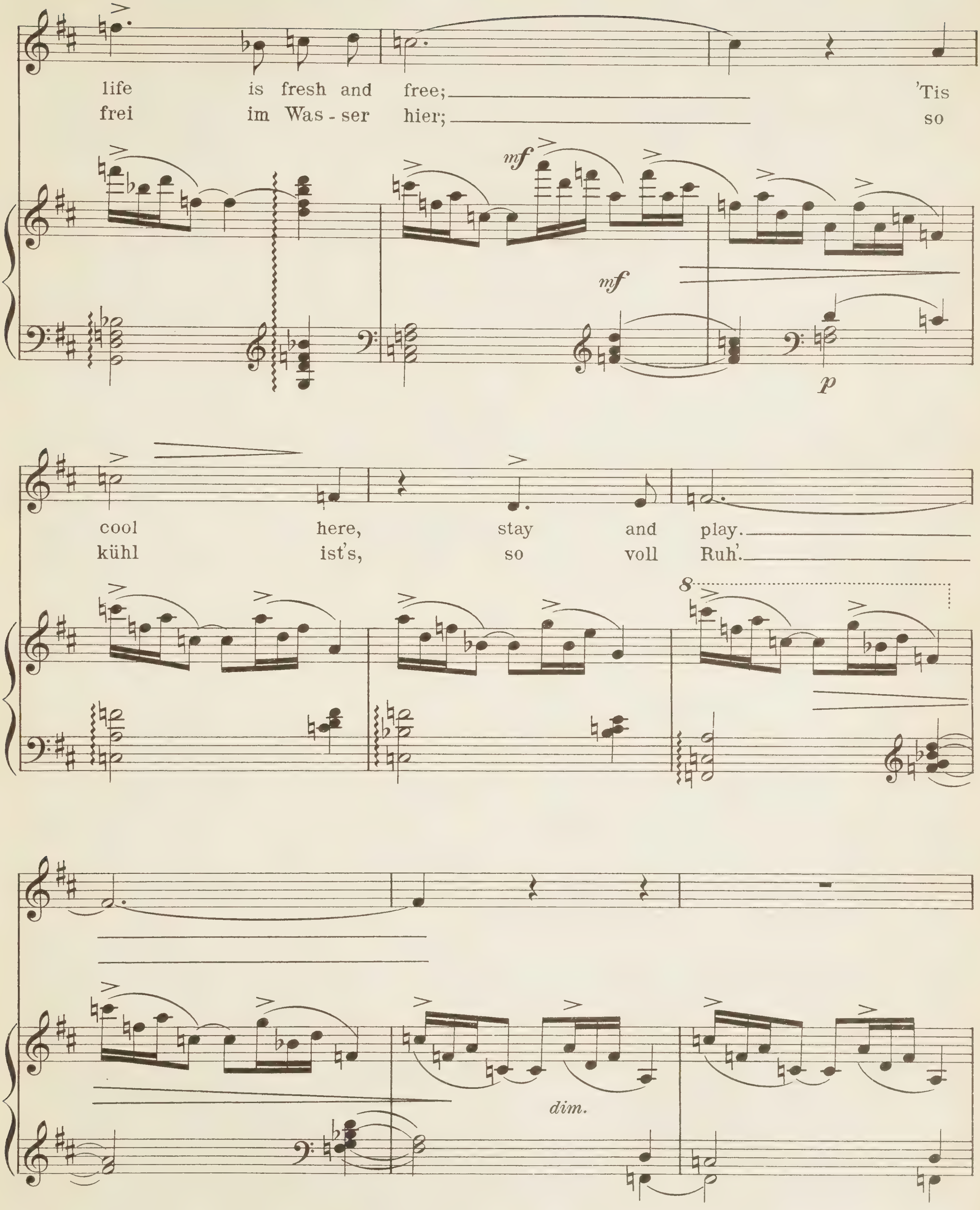
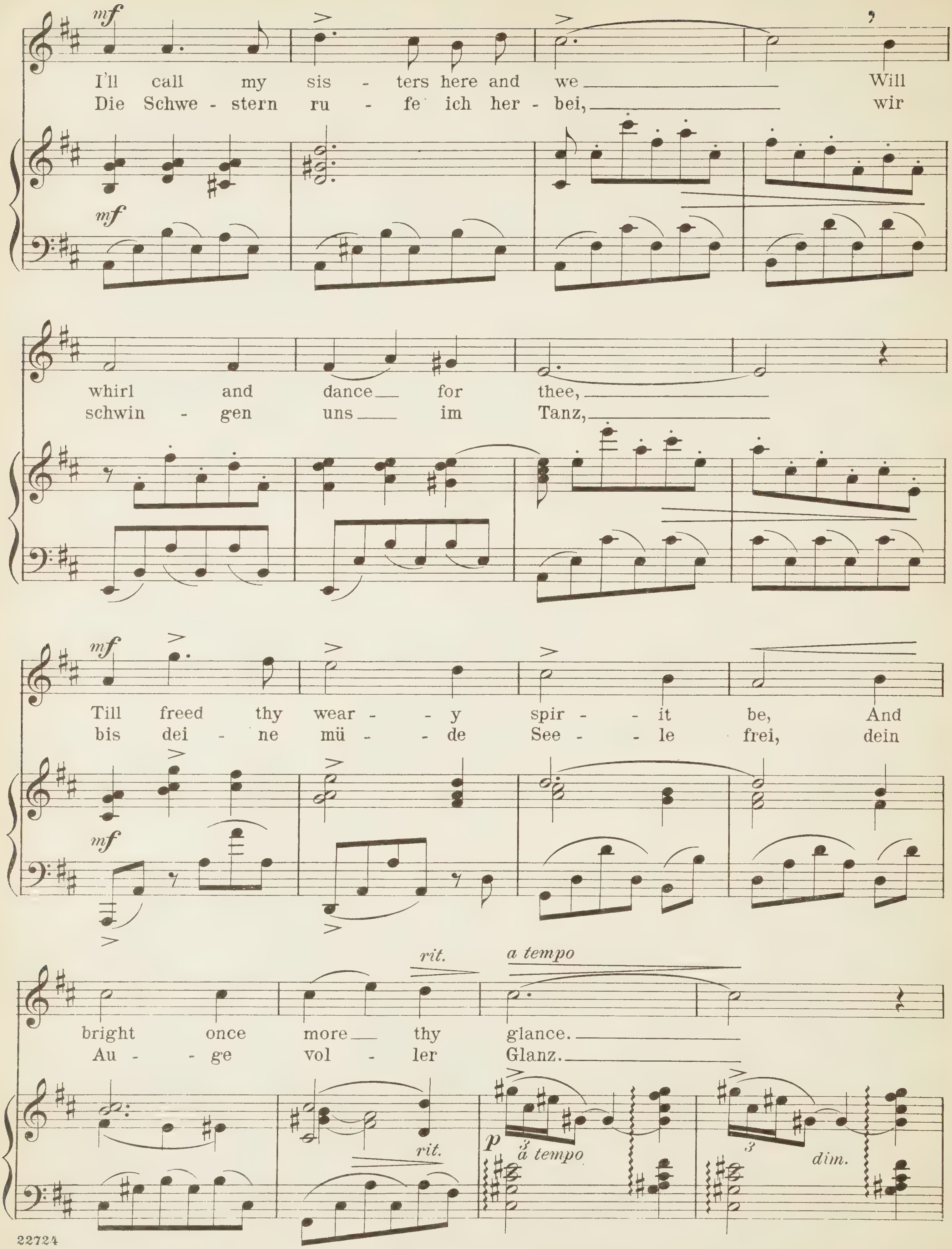
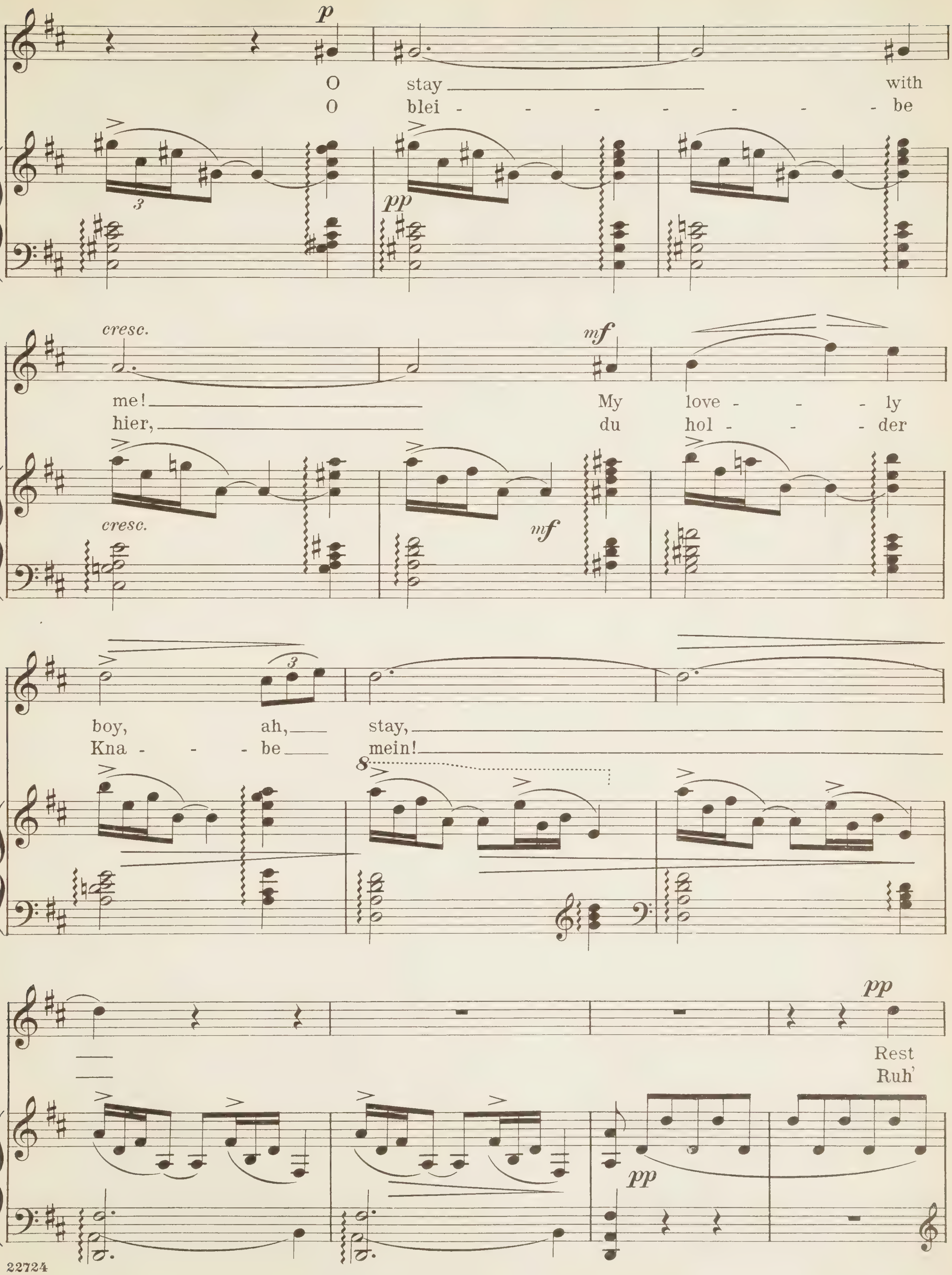
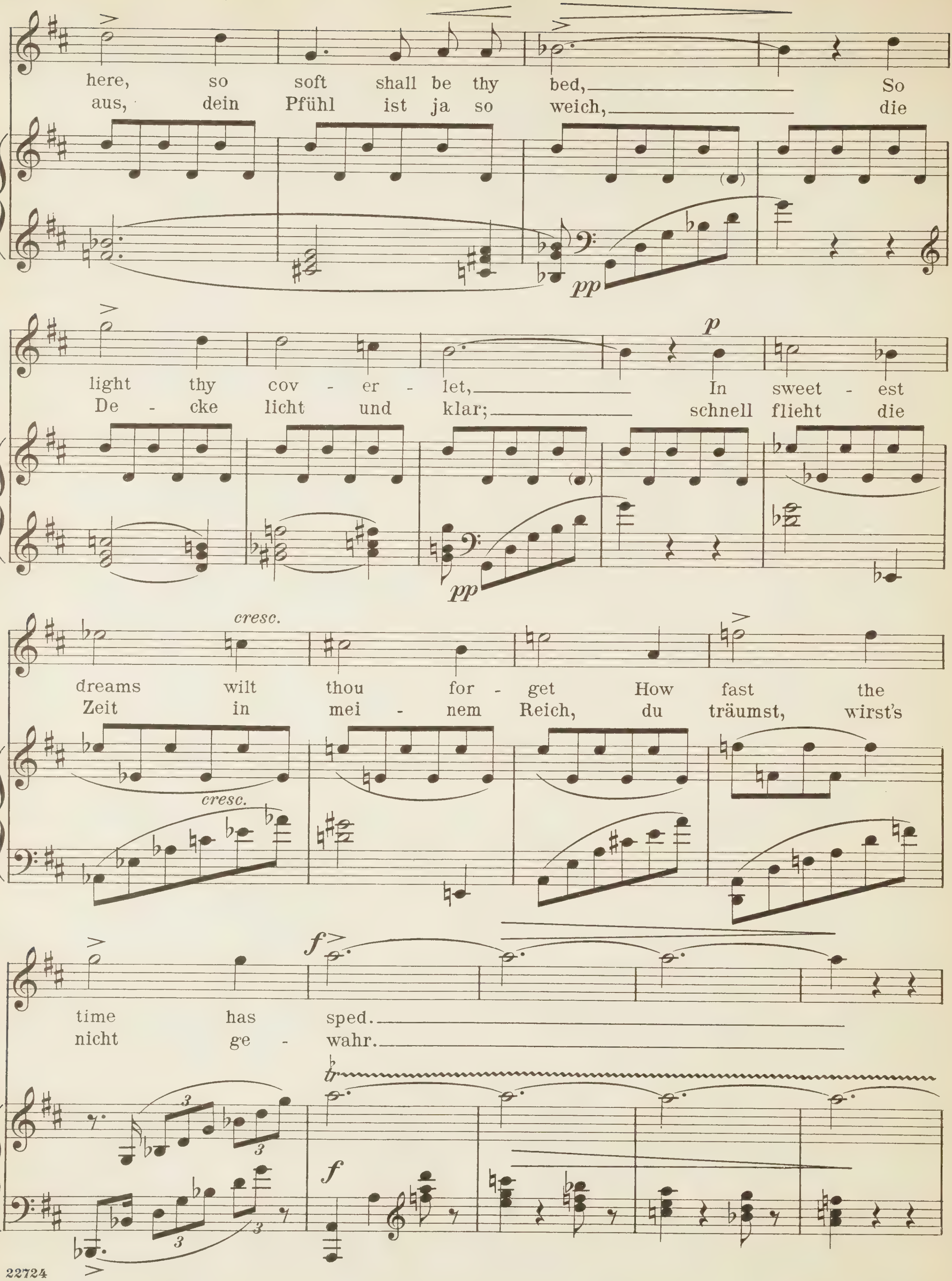
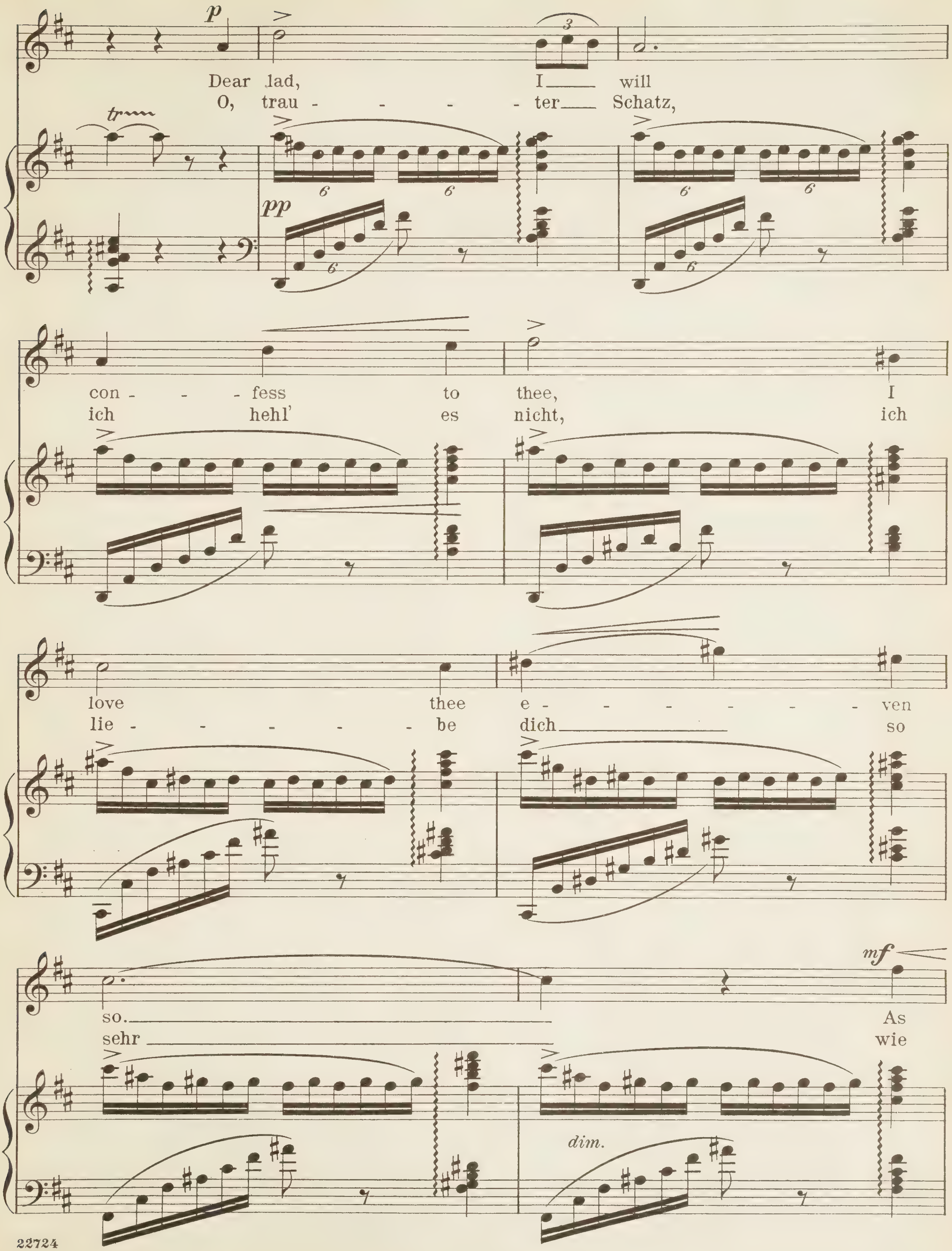
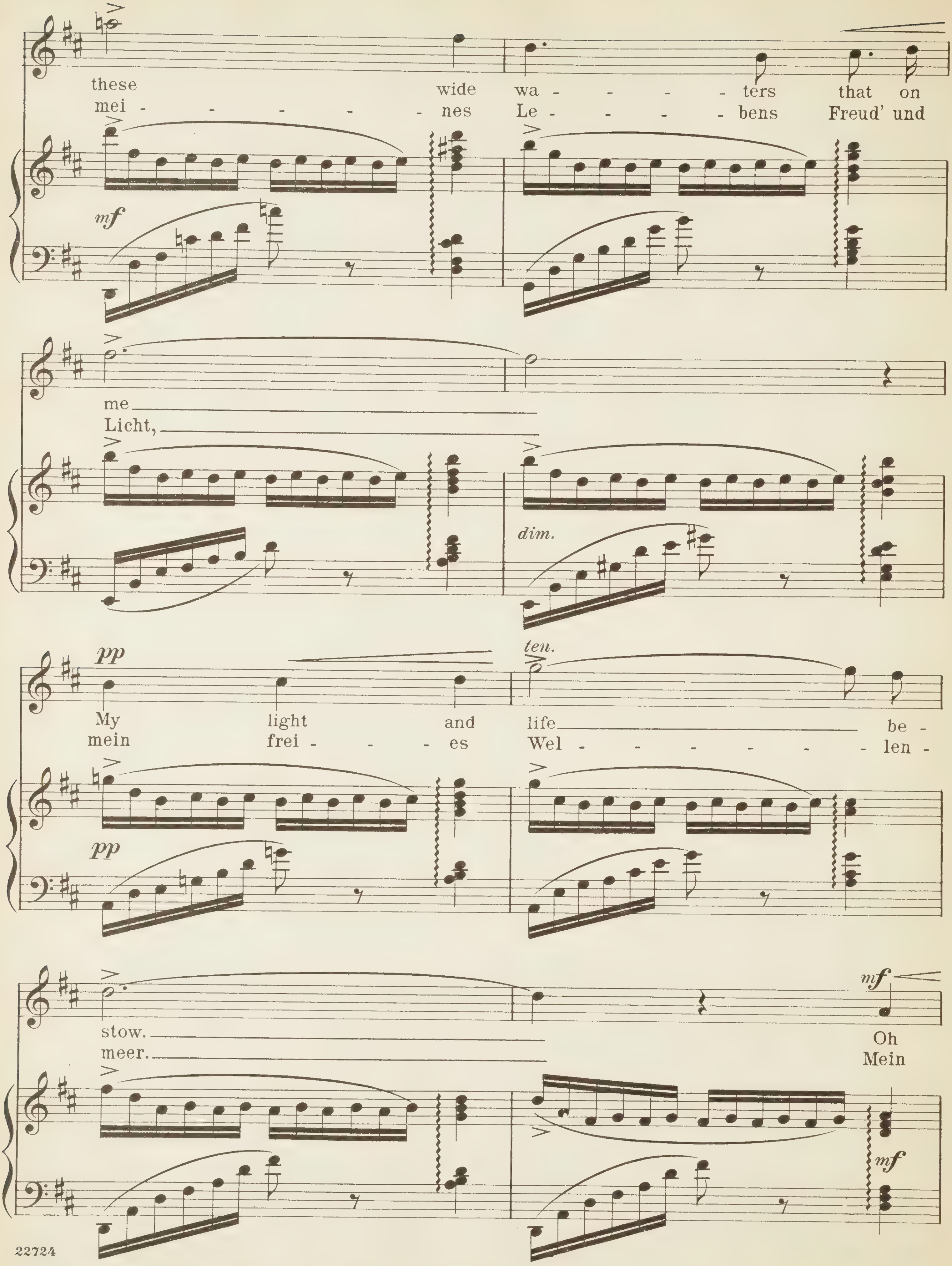

life is fresh and free; 'Tis
frei im Was - ser hier; so
mf
mf
p
cool here, stay and play.
kühl ist's, so voll Ruh'.
8
dim.

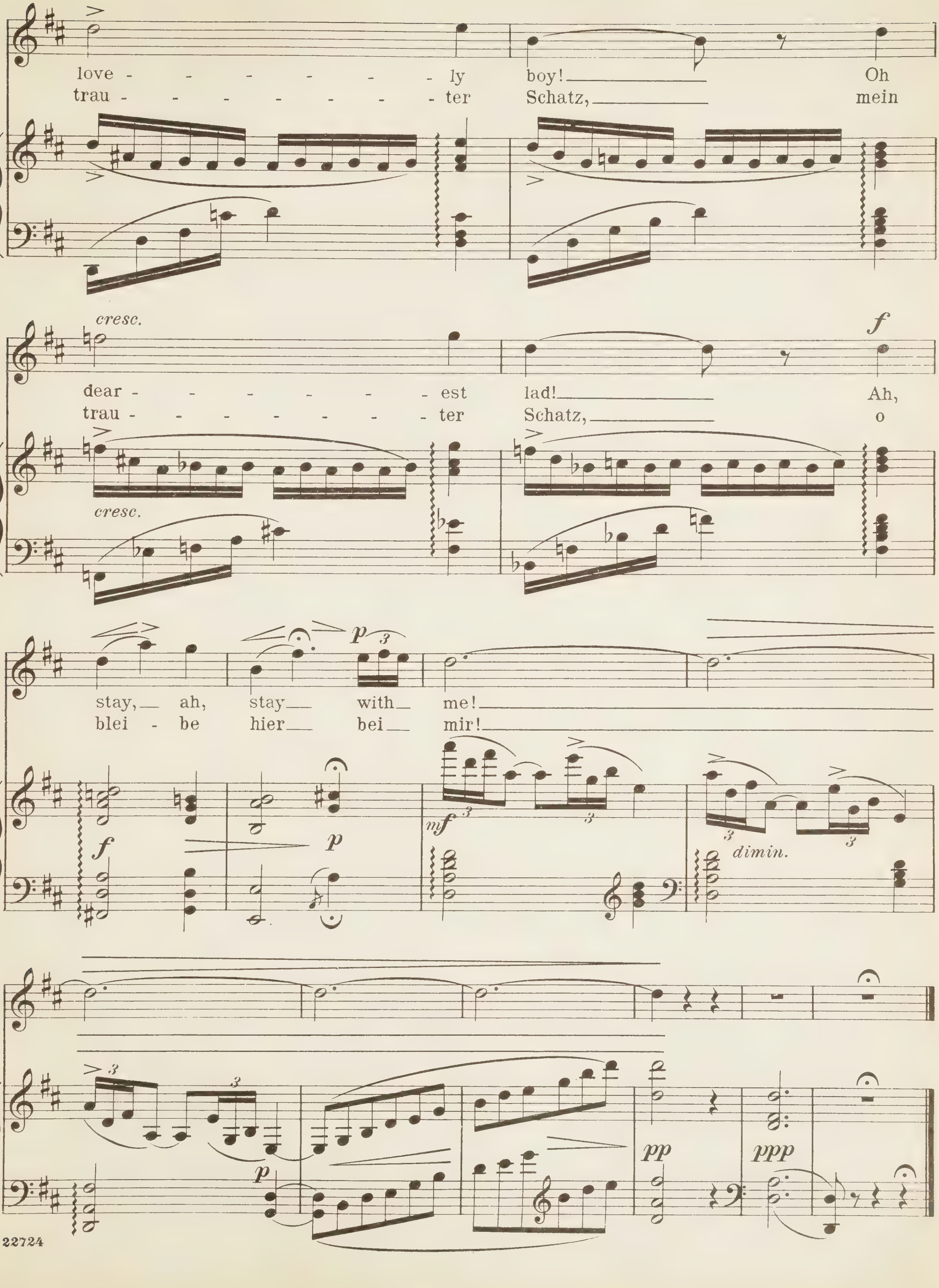

mf
I'll call my sis - ters here and we Will
Die Schwe - stern ru - fe ich her - bei, wir
whirl and dance for thee,
schwin - gen uns im Tanz,
mf
Till freed thy wear - - y spir - - it be, And
bis dei - ne mü - - de See - - le frei, dein
rit.
a tempo
bright once more thy glance.
Au - - ge vol - ler Glanz.
p
a tempo
dim.


p
O stay with
O blei - - - - - - - be
pp
cresc.
mf
me! My love - - - ly
hier, du hol - - - der
cresc.
mf
boy, ah, stay,
Kna - - be mein!
8
pp
Rest
Ruh'
pp


here, so soft shall be thy bed, So
aus, dein Pfühl ist ja so weich, die
pp
light thy cov - er - let, In sweet - est
De - cke licht und klar; schnell flieht die
p
pp
cresc.
dreams wilt thou for - get How fast the
Zeit in mei - nem Reich, du träumst, wirst's
cresc.
time has sped.
nicht ge - wahr.
f
tr
f


Dear lad, I will confess to thee, I love thee e - ven so. As
O, trau - - - - ter Schatz, ich hehl' es nicht, ich lie - - - - be dich so sehr wie
p
pp
mf
dim.


mf
these wide wa - - - - ters that on
mei - - - - - nes Le - - - - bens Freud' und
me
Licht,
dim.
pp
ten.
My light and life be -
mein frei - - - es Wel - - - - - - len -
stow.
meer.
mf
Oh
Mein

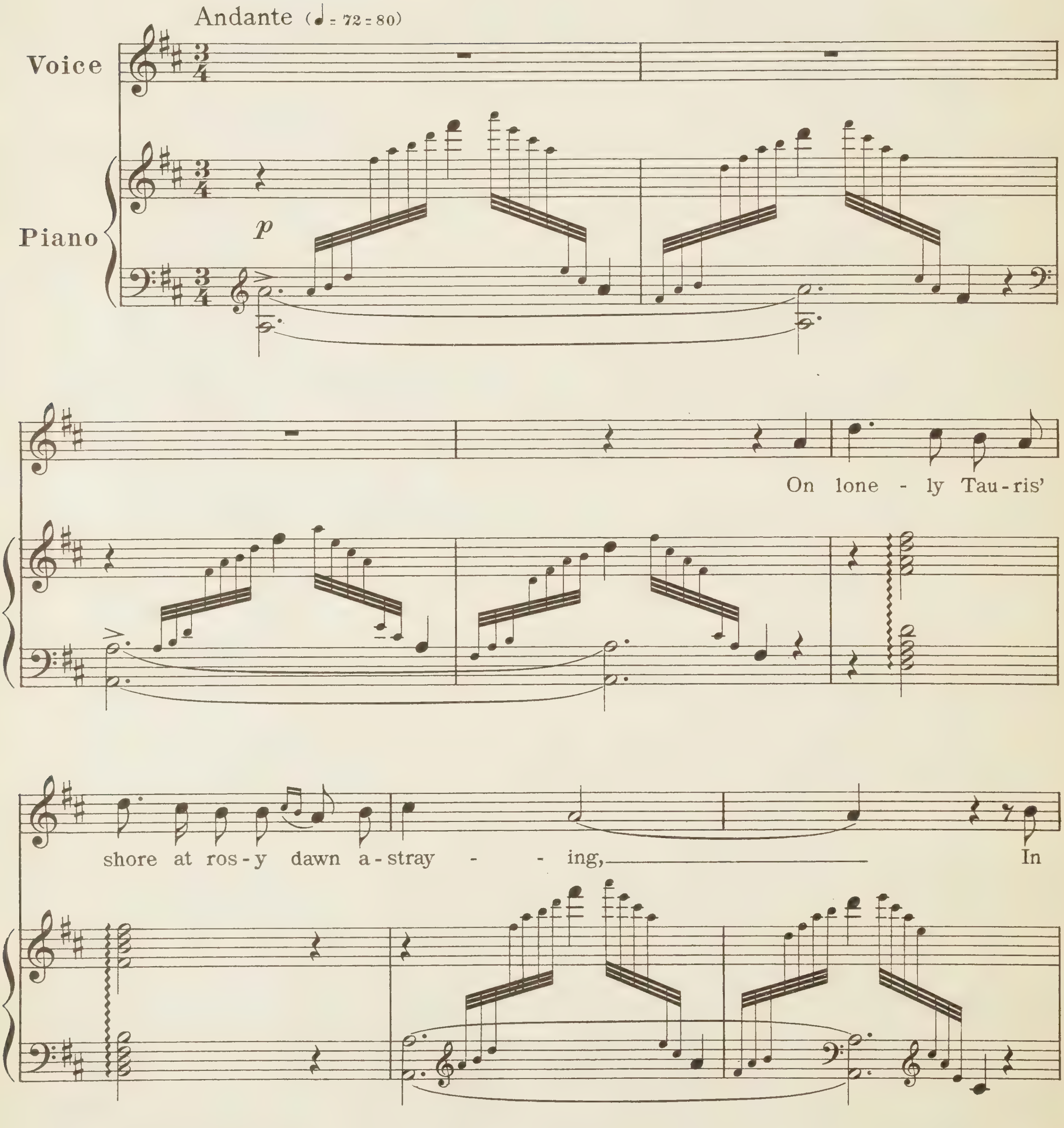

love - - - - - - - ly
trau - - - - - - - ter
boy! Oh
Schatz, mein
cresc.
f
dear - - - - - - - est
trau - - - - - - - ter
lad! Ah,
Schatz, o
cresc.
p
stay, ah, stay with me!
blei - be hier bei mir!
f
p
mf
dimin.
p
pp
ppp

The Nereid

(A. Pushkin)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Alex. Glazunoff. Op. 60, No. 3



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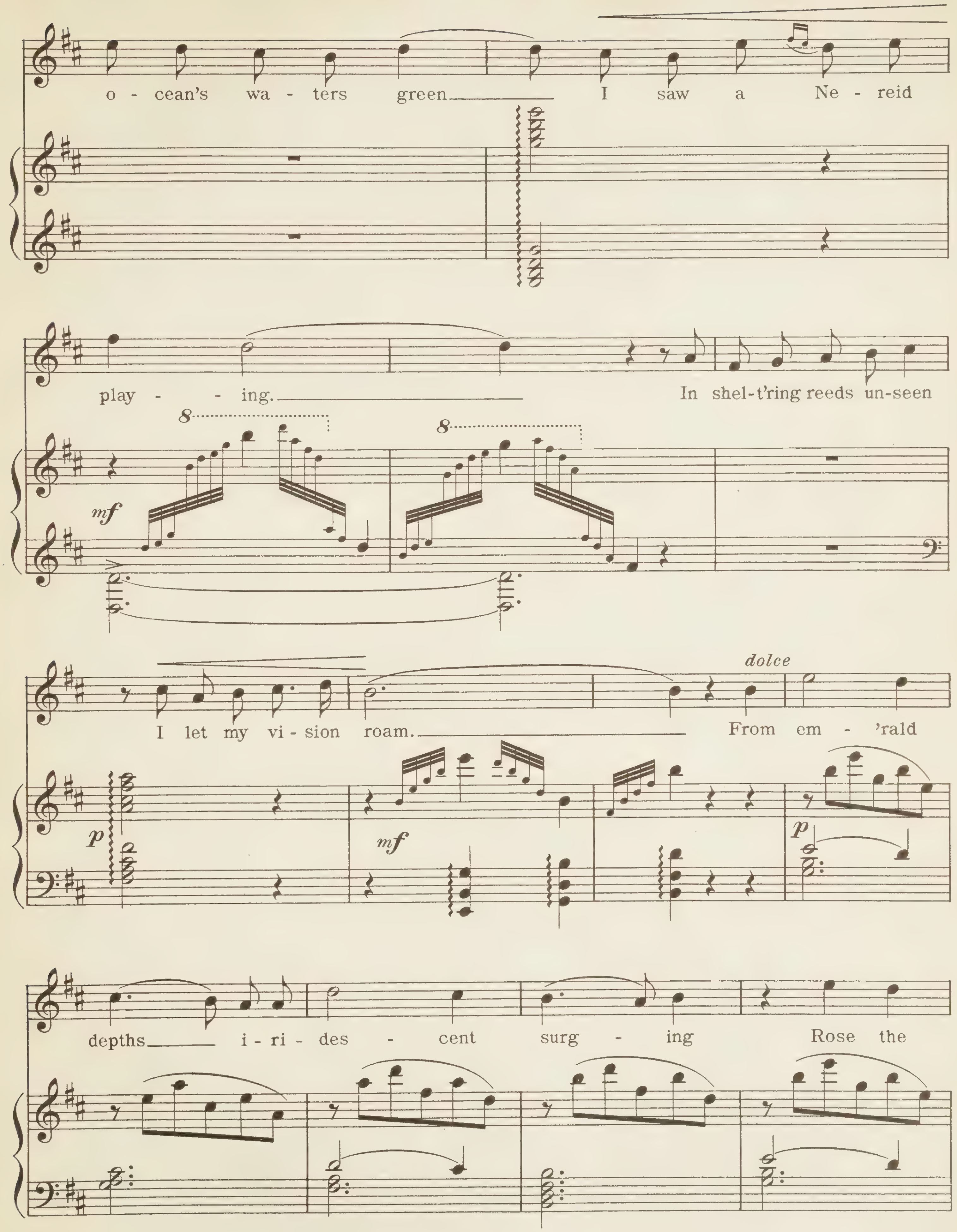
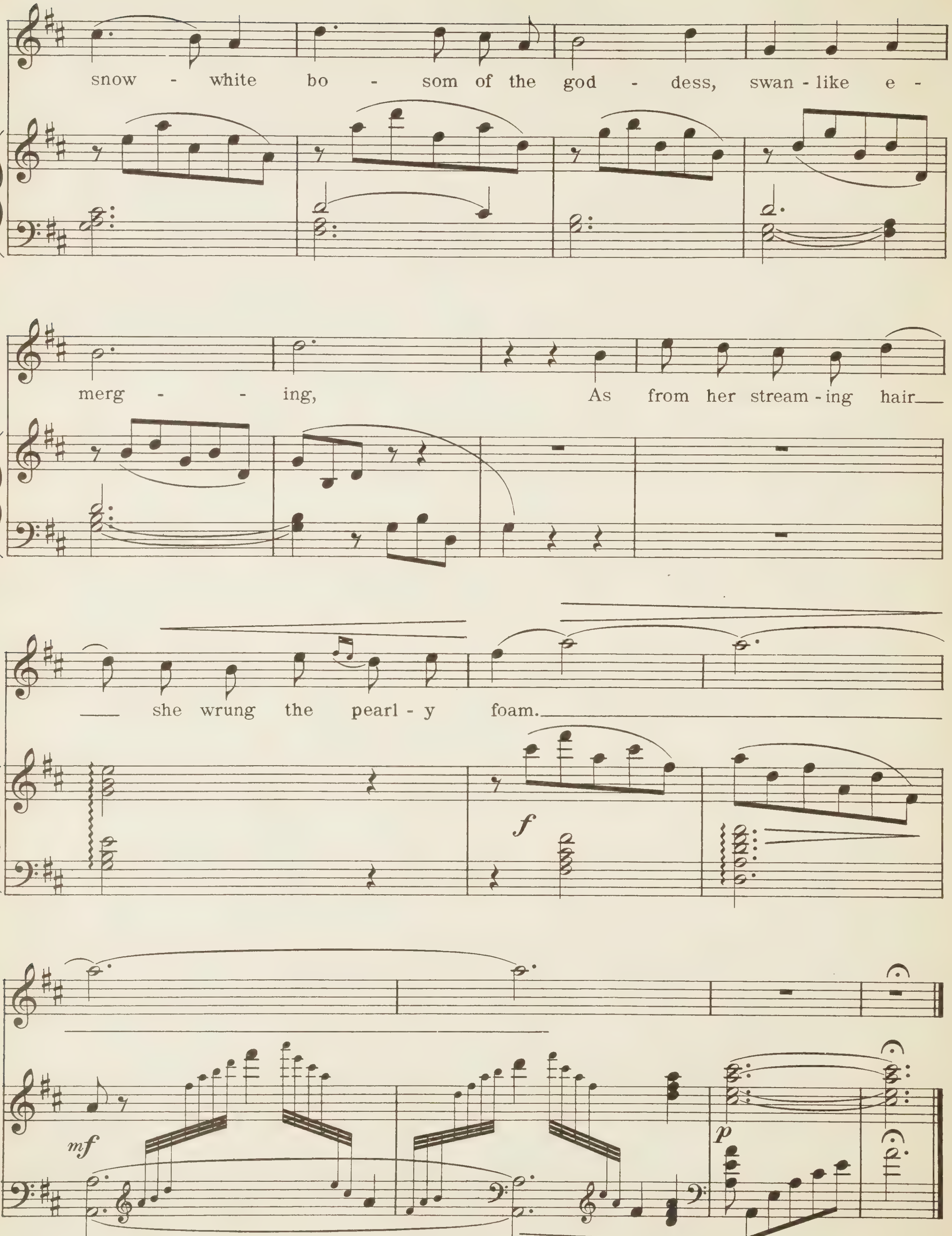

o - cean's wa - ters green I saw a Ne - reid
play - - ing. In shel-t'ring reeds un-seen
mf
8
I let my vi - sion roam. From em - 'rald
dolce
p
mf
depths i - ri - des - cent surg - ing Rose the

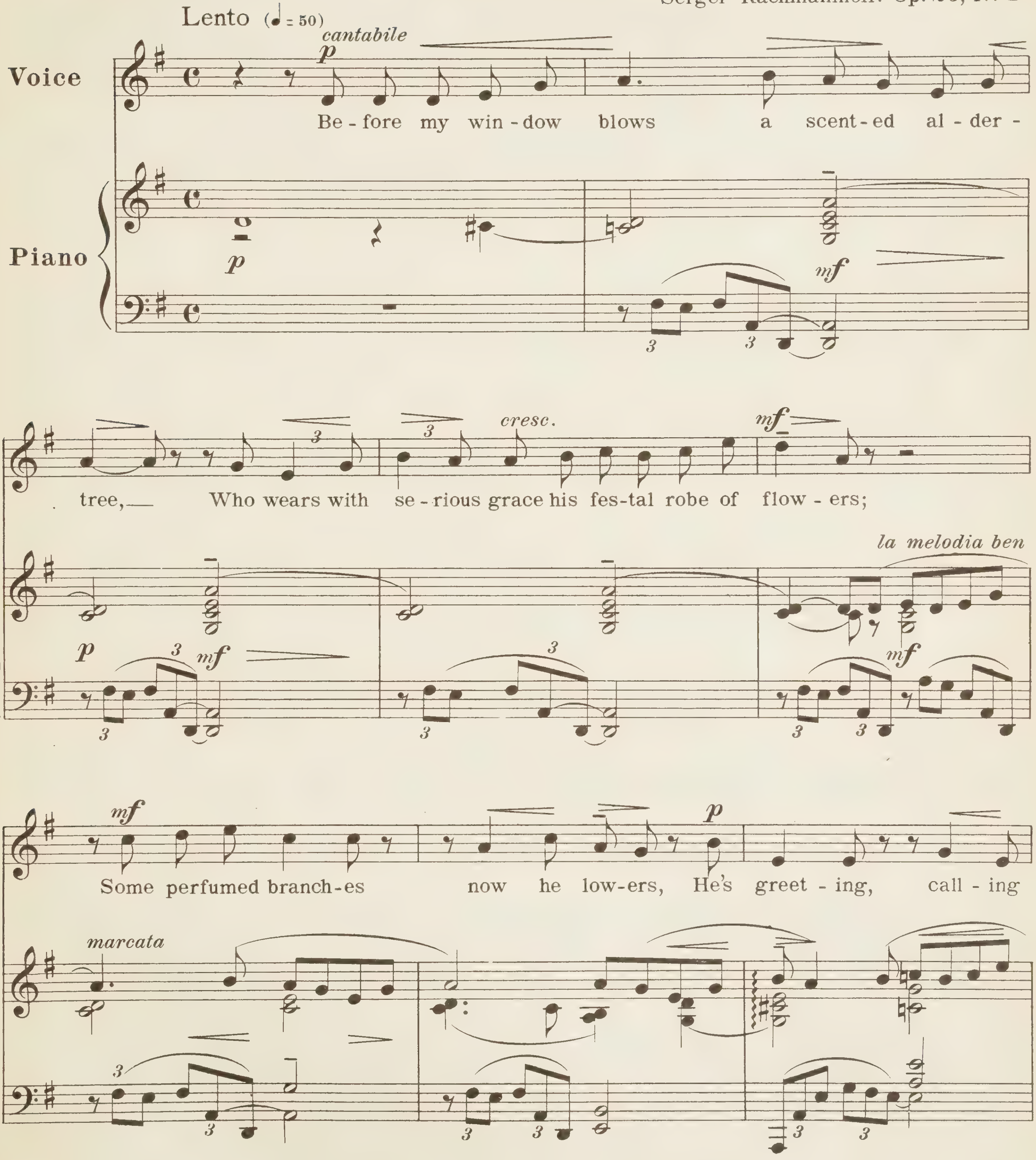

snow - white bo - som of the god - dess, swan - like e -
merg - - ing, As from her stream - ing hair
she wrung the pearl - y foam.
f
mf
p

Before My Window

(G.Galina)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 26, Nº 10



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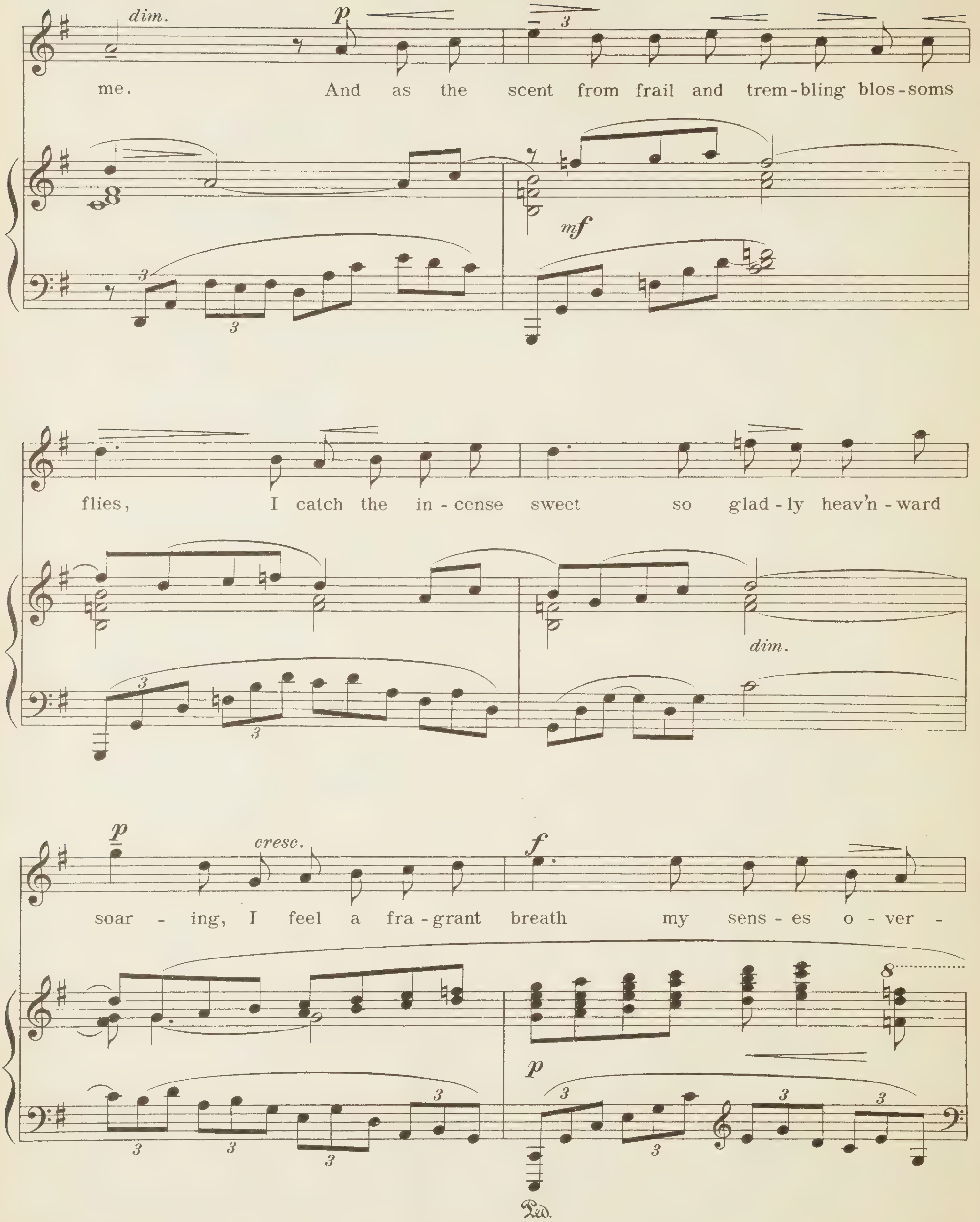
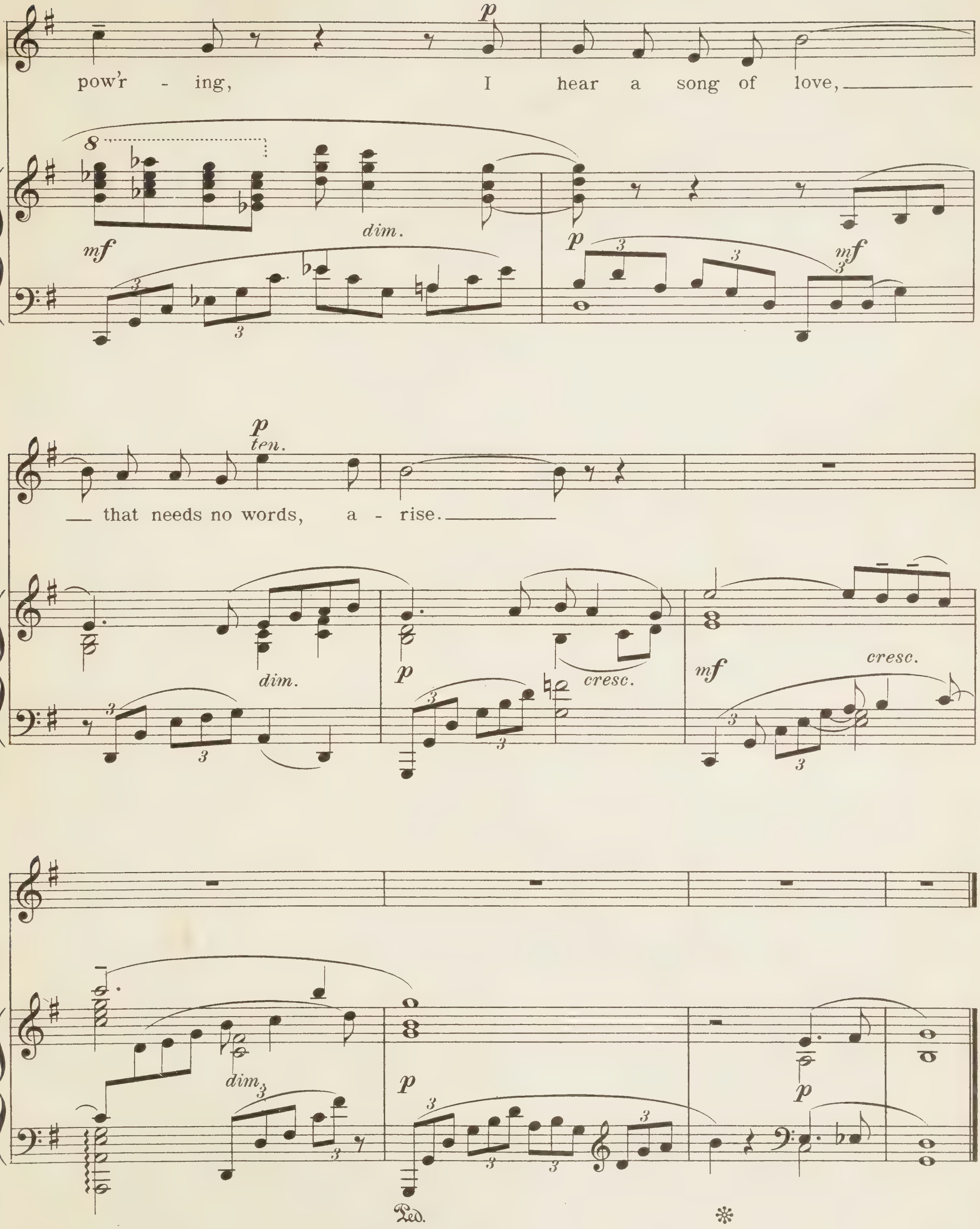

dim.
p
me. And as the scent from frail and trem-bling blos-soms
mf
flies, I catch the in-cense sweet so glad-ly heav'n-ward
dim.
p
cresc.
f
soar - ing, I feel a fra-grant breath my sens-es o-ver-
p
Ped.

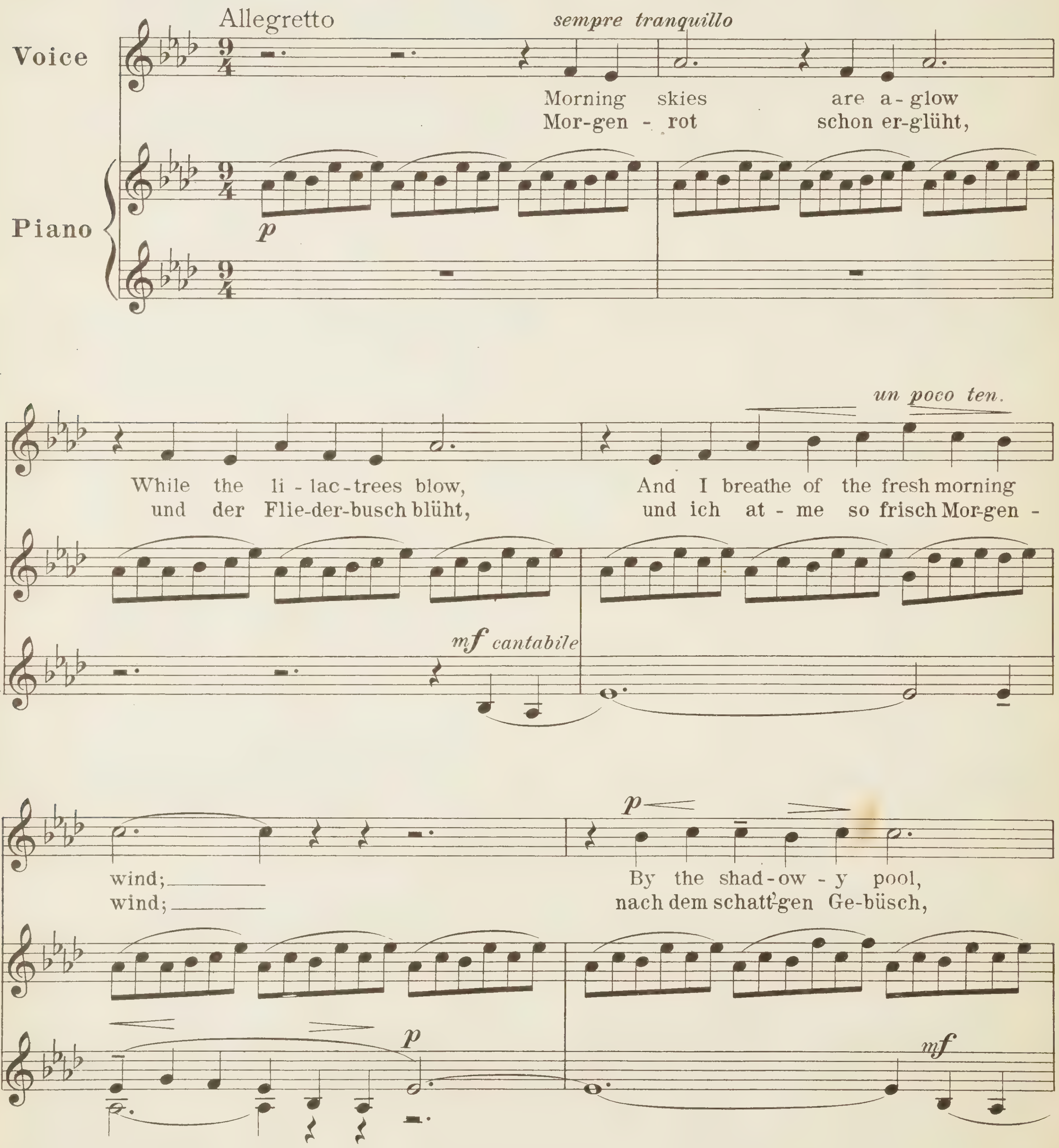

p
pow'r - ing, I hear a song of love,
that needs no words, a - rise.
p
ten.
mf
dim.
p
mf
dim.
p
cresc.
mf
cresc.
dim
p
p
Ped.

Lilacs

(Kath. Begetoff)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 21, Nº 5



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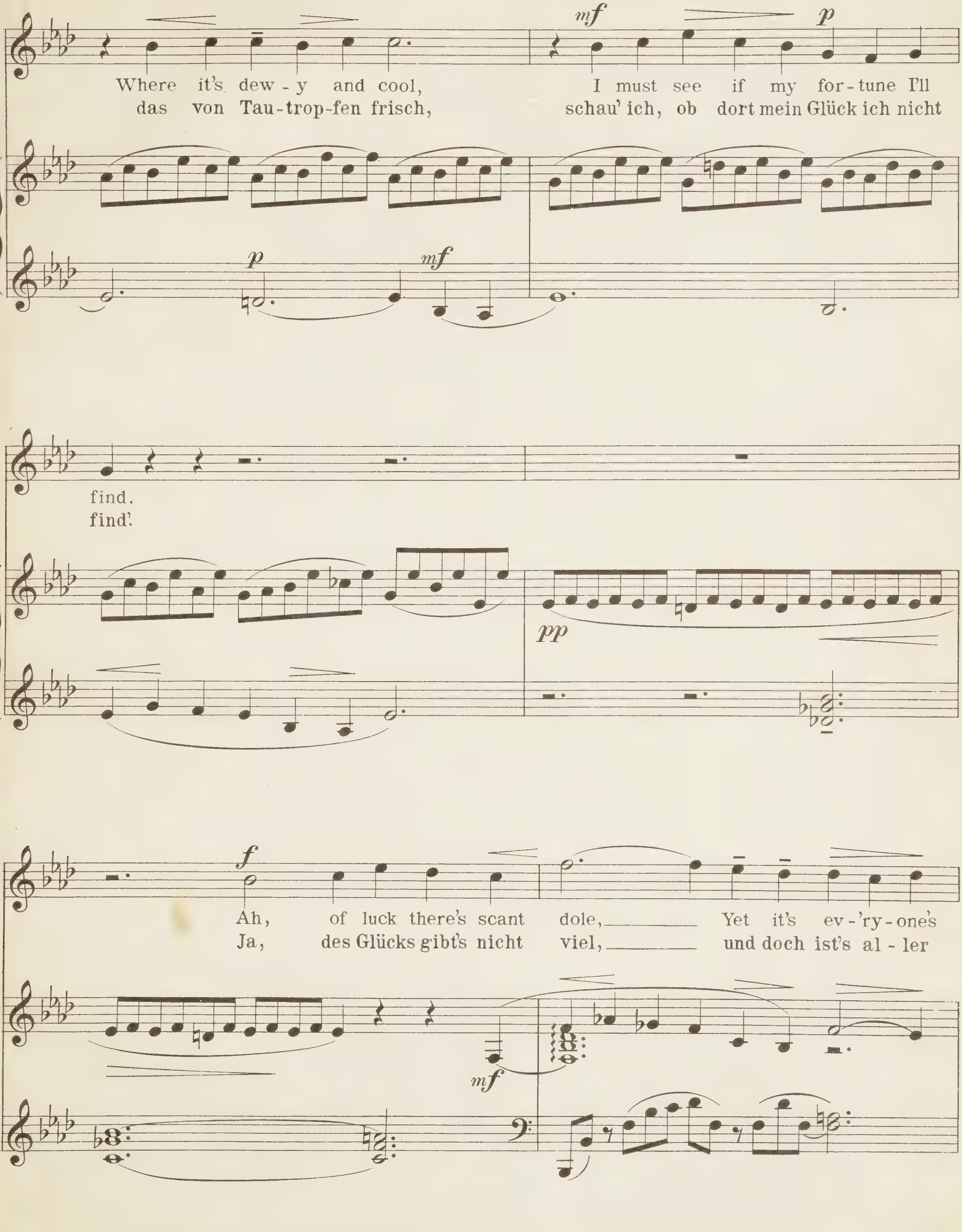
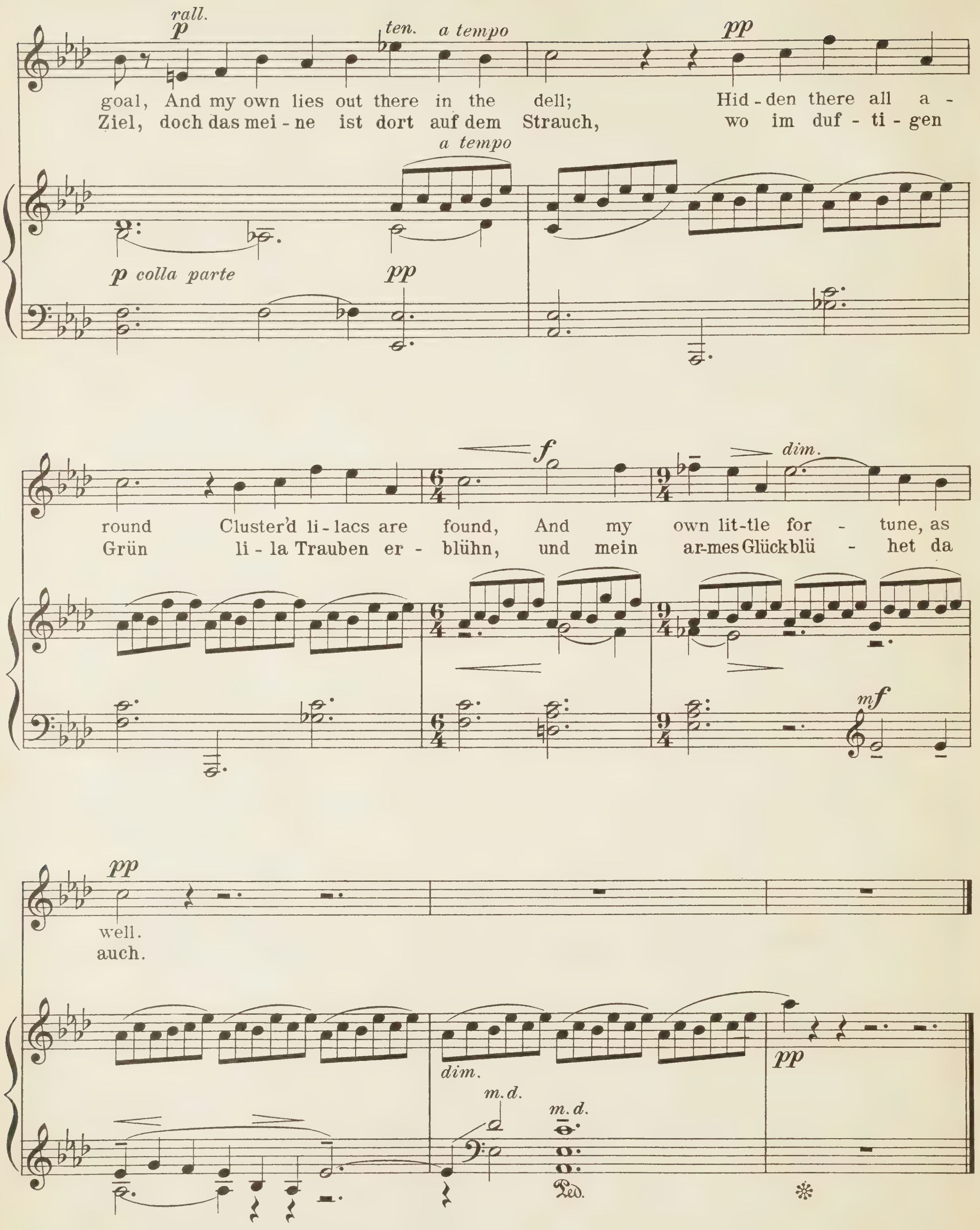

mf
p
Where it's dew-y and cool, I must see if my for-tune I'll
das von Tau-trop-fen frisch, schau' ich, ob dort mein Glück ich nicht
mf
find.
find'.
pp
f
Ah, of luck there's scant dole, Yet it's ev-'ry-one's
Ja, des Glücks gibt's nicht viel, und doch ist's al-ler
mf

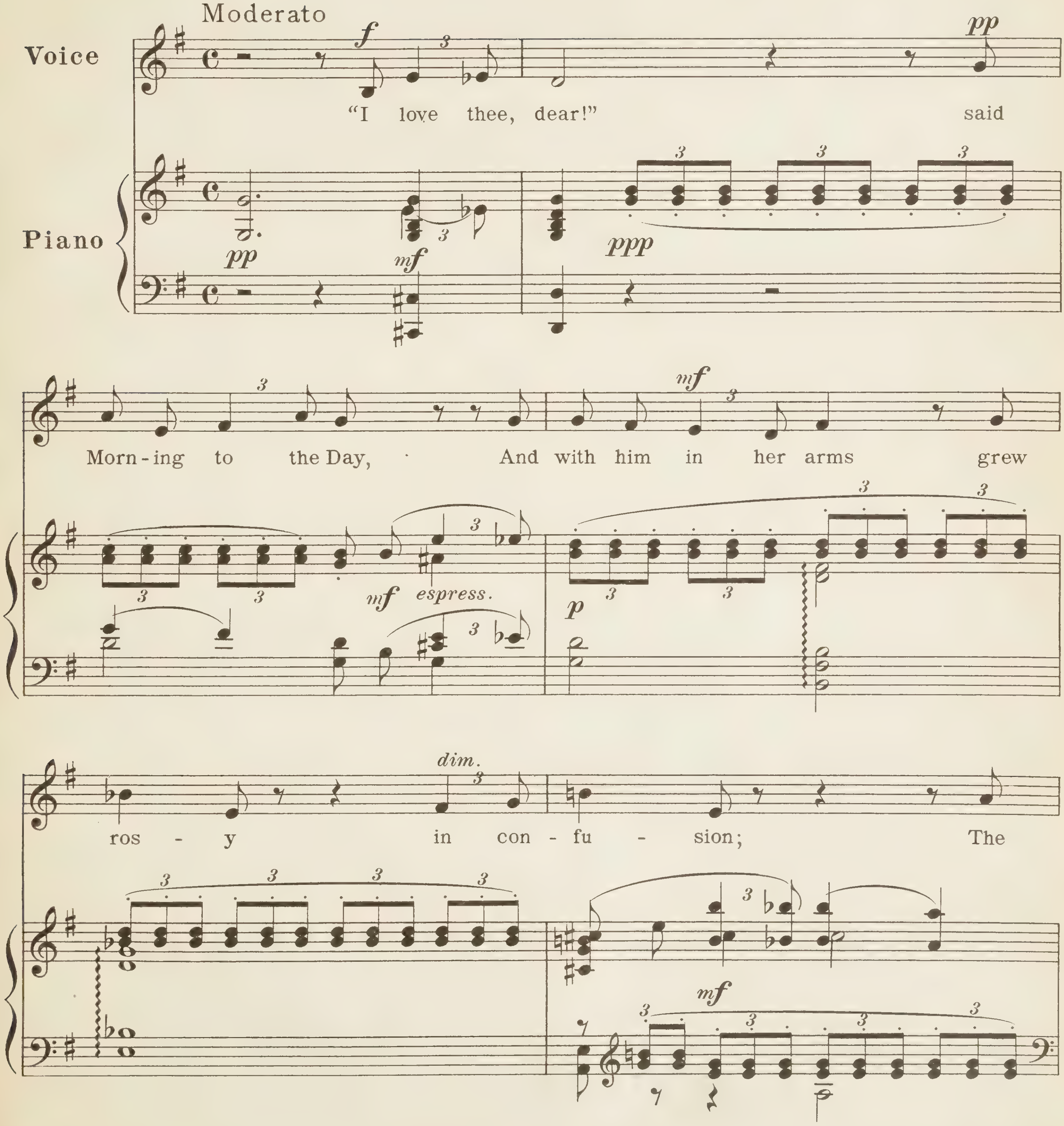

rall.
p
ten.
a tempo
pp
goal, And my own lies out there in the dell; Hid - den there all a -
Ziel, doch das mei - ne ist dort auf dem Strauch, wo im duf - ti - gen
a tempo
p colla parte
pp
f
dim.
round Cluster'd li - lacs are found, And my own lit - tle for - tune, as
Grün li - la Trauben er - blühn, und mein ar-mes Glück blü - het da
mf
pp
well.
auch.
dim.
m.d.
m.d.
pp
Ped.

Morning

(M. L. Janoff)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 4, No. 2



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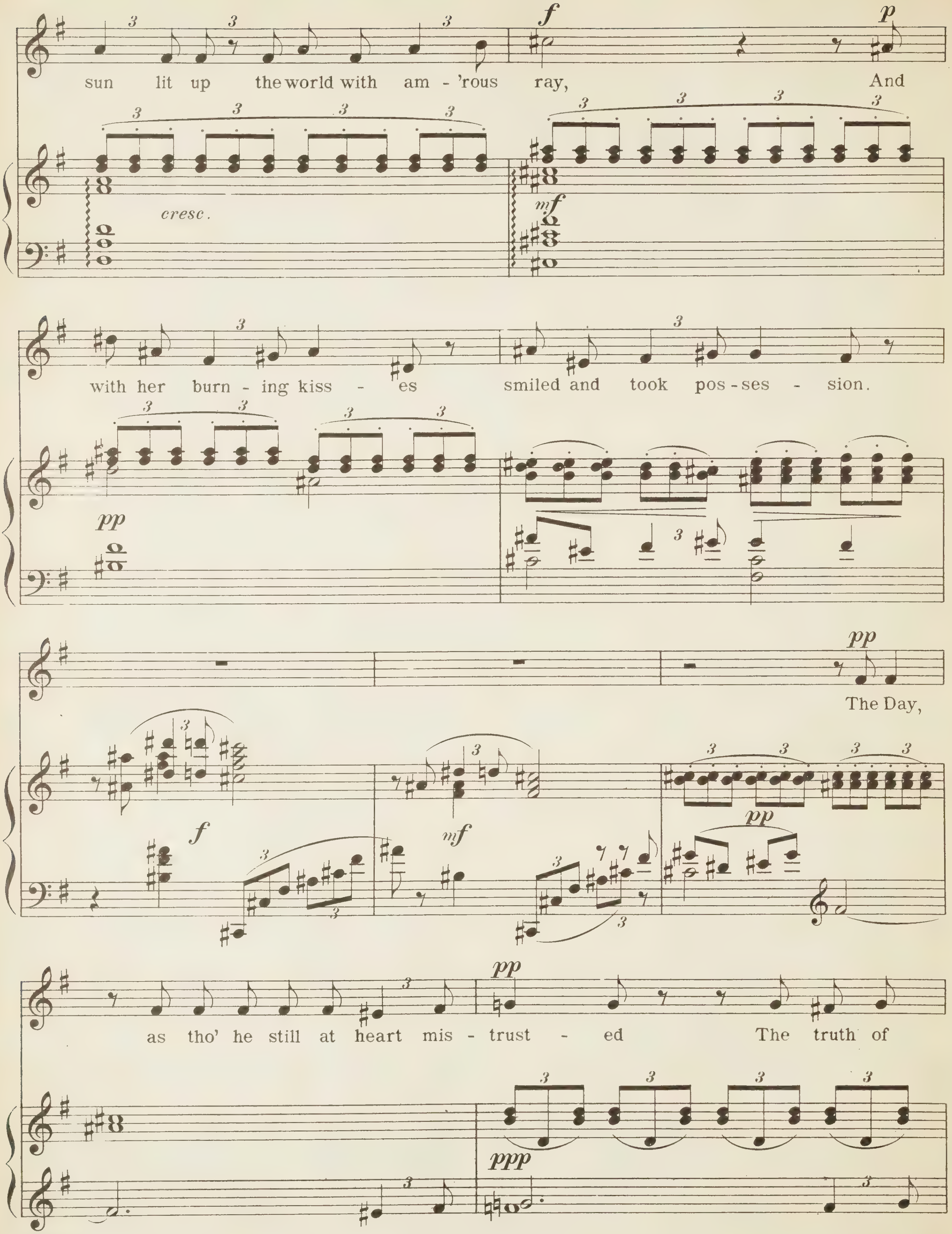
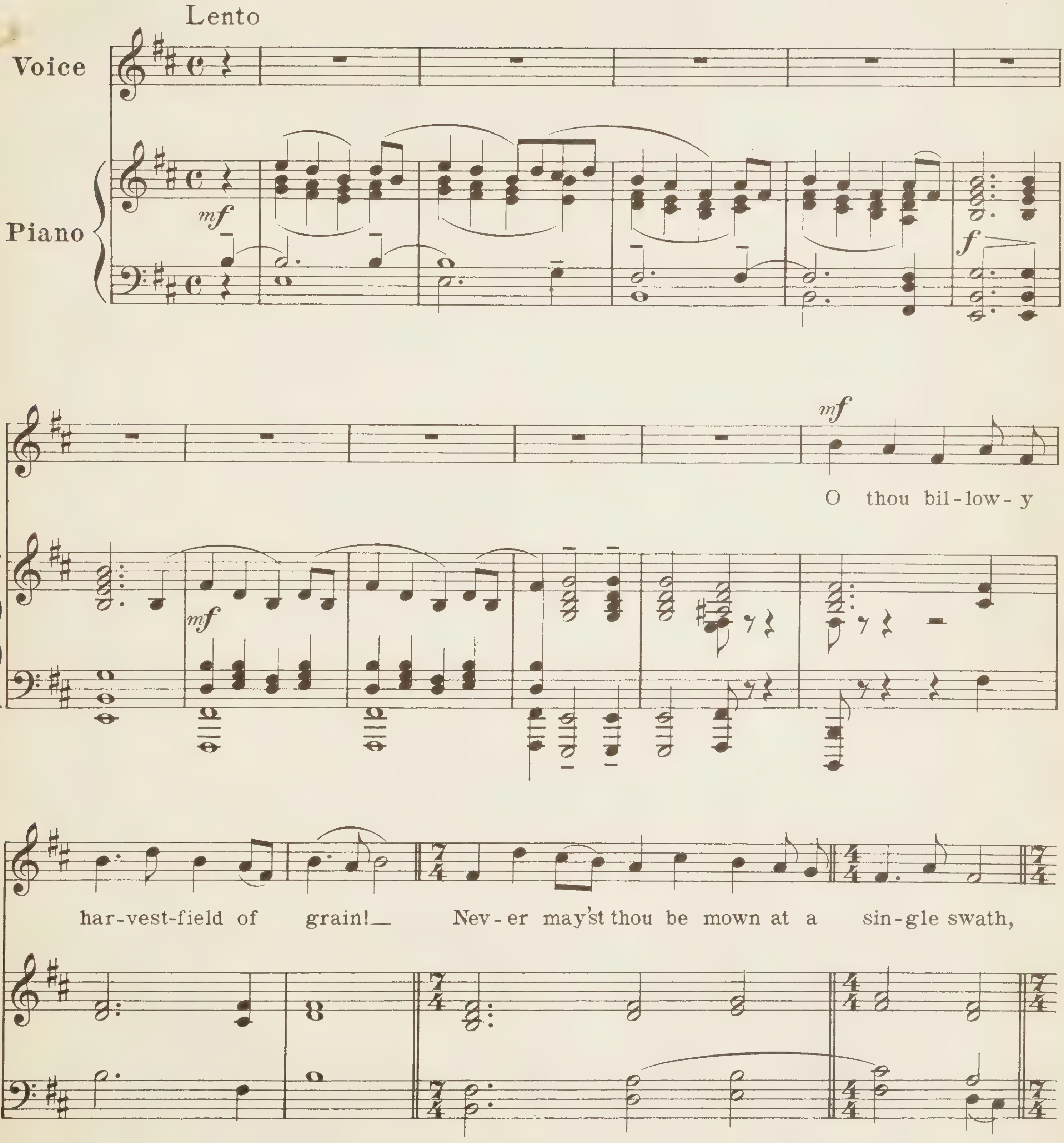

sun lit up the world with am - 'rous ray, And
with her burn - ing kiss - es smiled and took pos - ses - sion.
The Day,
as tho' he still at heart mis - trust - ed The truth of
cresc.
f
p
mf
pp
ppp

"O thou billowy harvest-field!"

(A. Tolstoi)

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 4, Nº 5



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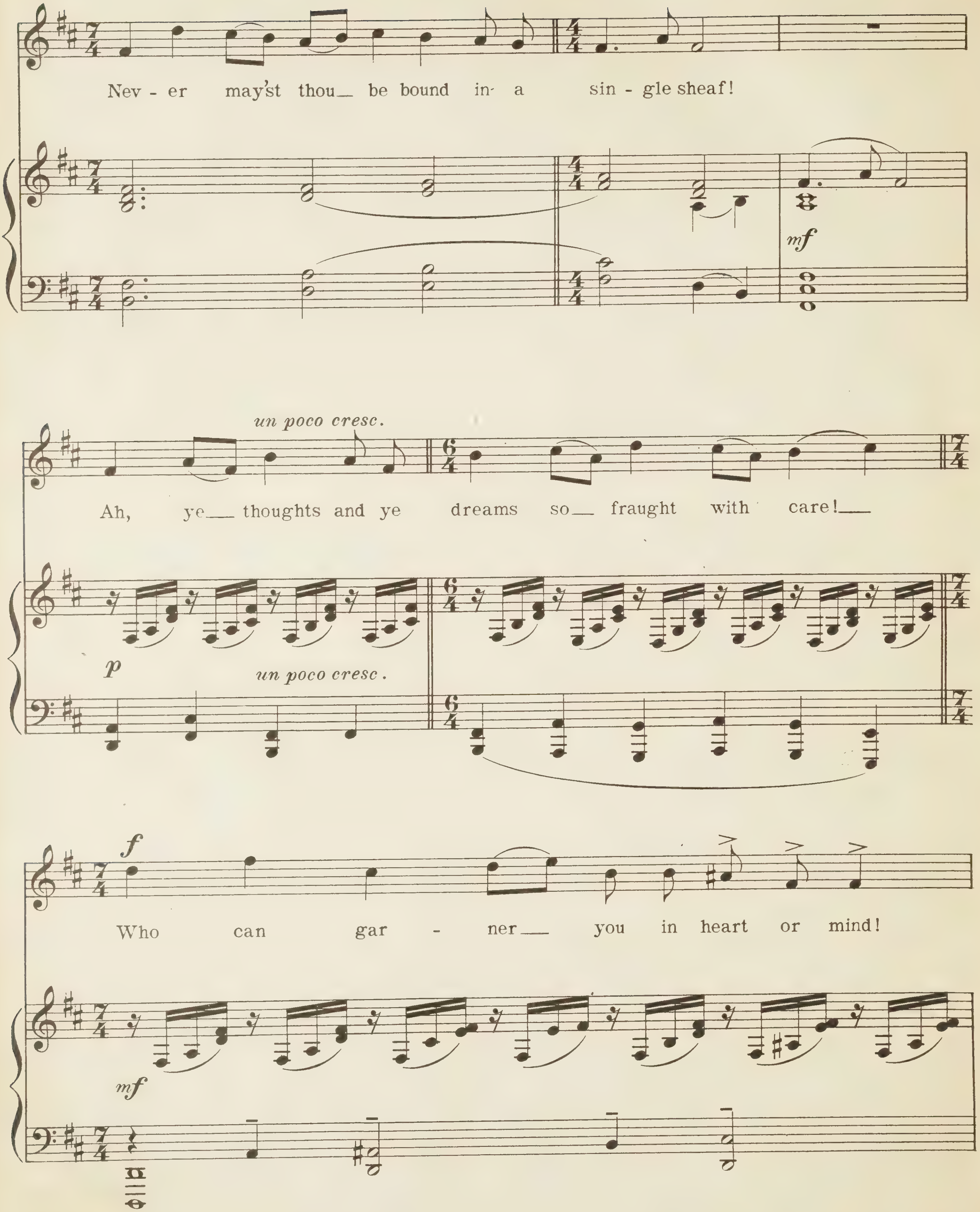
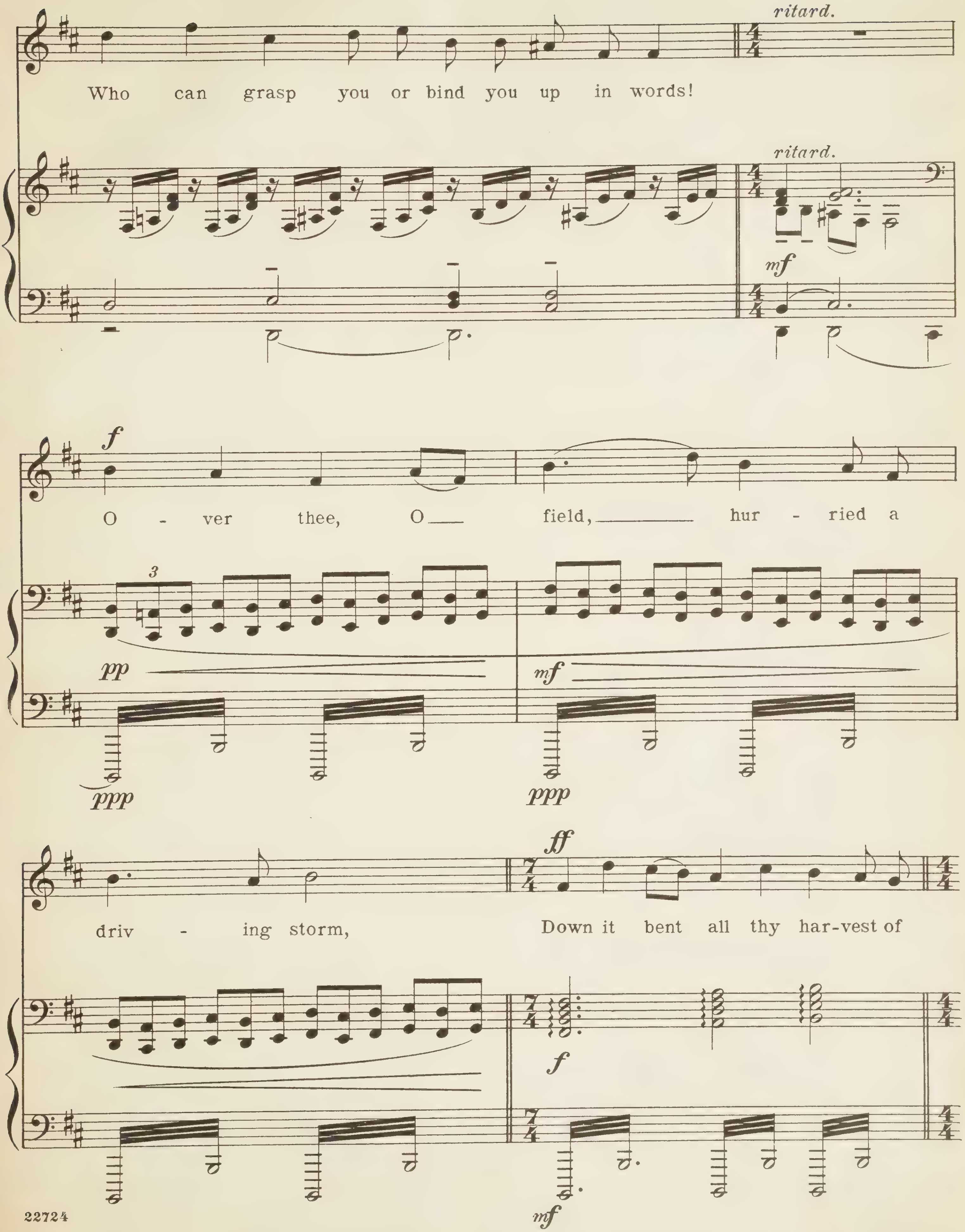
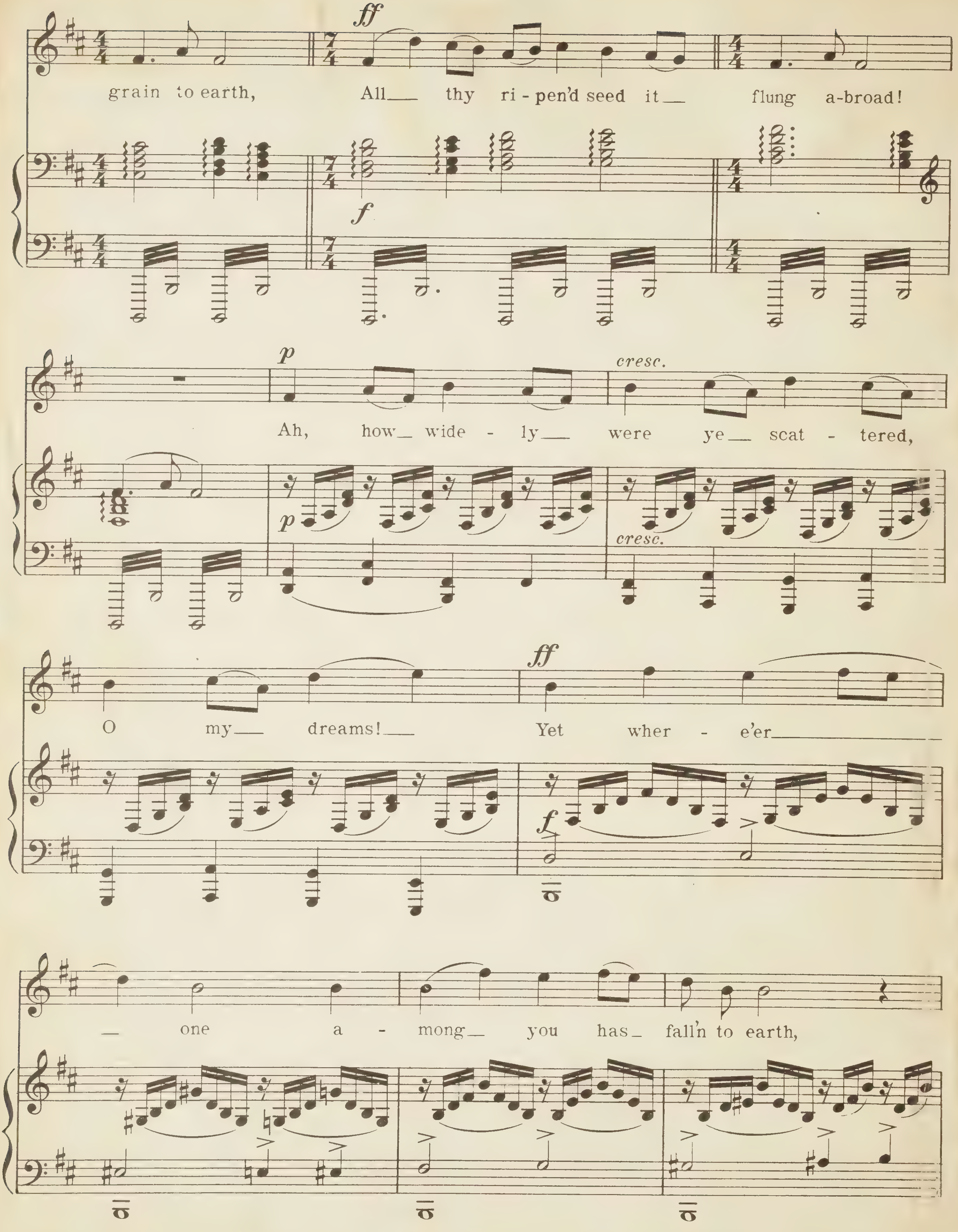
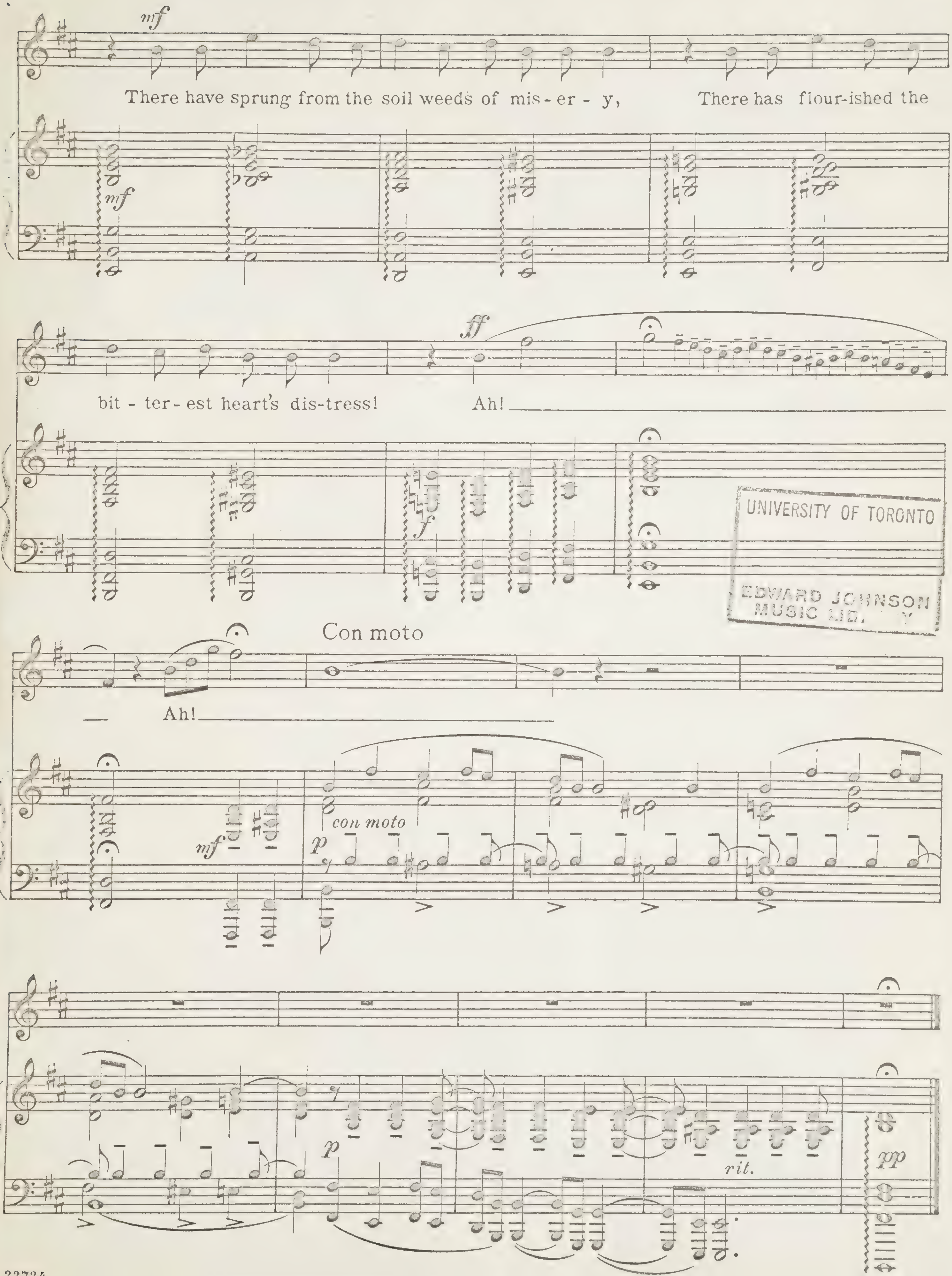

Nev - er may'st thou_ be bound in a sin - gle sheaf!
mf
un poco cresc.
Ah, ye_ thoughts and ye dreams so_ fraught with care!_
p
un poco cresc.
f
Who can gar - ner_ you in heart or mind!
mf


ritard.
Who can grasp you or bind you up in words!
ritard.
mf
f
O - ver thee, O field, hur - ried a
3
pp
mf
ppp
ppp
driv - ing storm,
ff
Down it bent all thy har-vest of
f
mf


ff
grain to earth, All thy ri-pen'd seed it flung a-broad!
f
p
cresc.
Ah, how wide-ly were ye scat-tered,
p
cresc.
ff
O my dreams! Yet wher-e'er
f
one a-mong you has fall'n to earth,



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